PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1981 $2.50

WHY RUSSIA IS UNPREPARED FOR WAR

CATHOLIC JUNKIE POET MUSICIAN JIM CARROLL

THE ADOLF HITLER FAST FOOD FRANCHISE

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH REVEREND JERRY FALWELL

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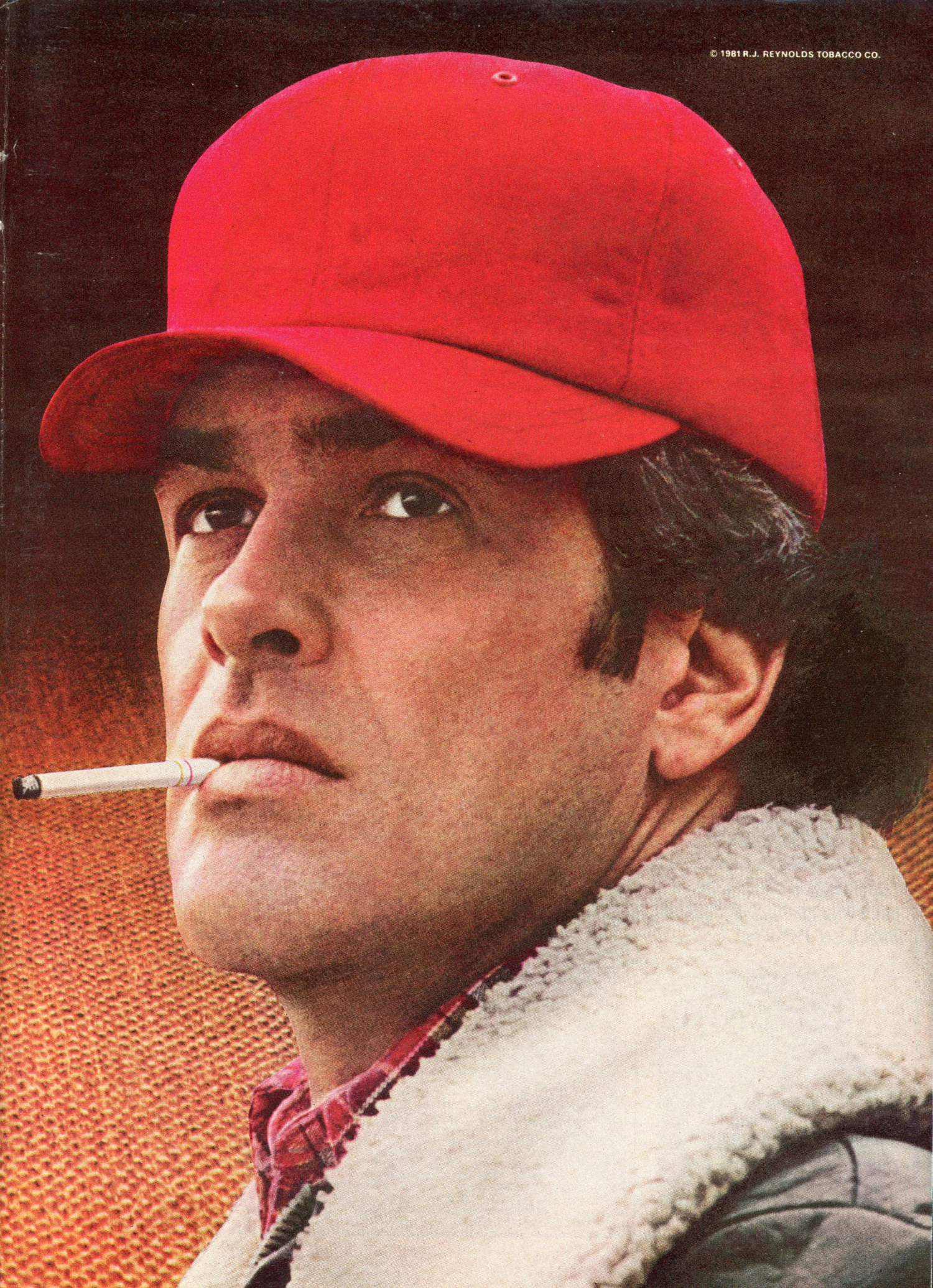
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PENTHOUSE (ISSN 00902020), U.S. Volume 12, Number 7.

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Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by SM Distribution Ltd., 16/18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Controlled circulation postage paid at Des Moines, Iowa. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$26.00 one year; Canada—$32.00 one year; and elsewhere—$32.00 one year. Single copies $2.50 in U.S. and AFO ($3.00 December and January issues), $2.75 in Canada. Address changes, etc., should be mailed to Penthouse, P.O. Box 905, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address, Tel. (516) 420-1894.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse International Ltd., 1707 H St. NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. *West Coast:* Penthouse International Ltd., 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., N.Y.

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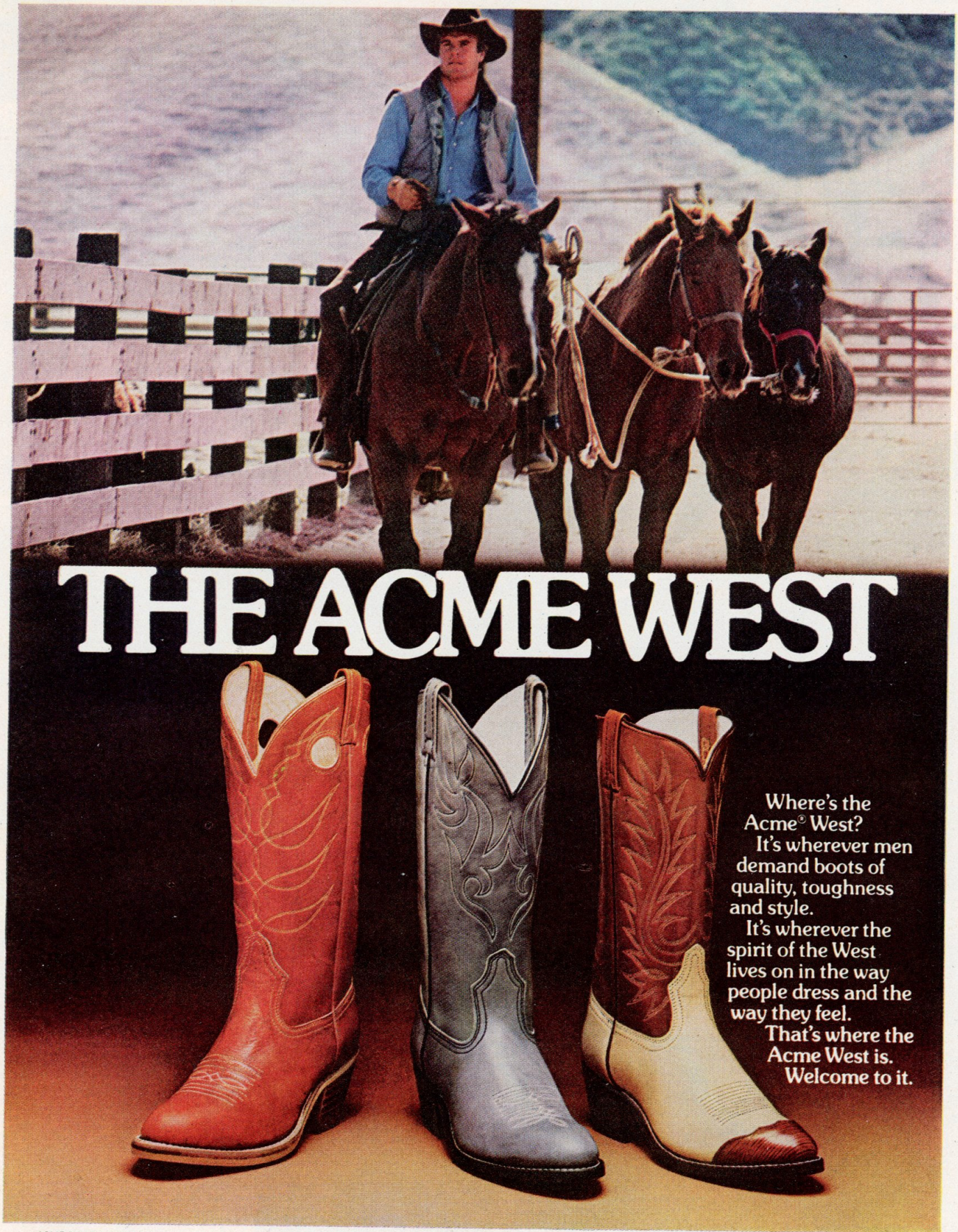

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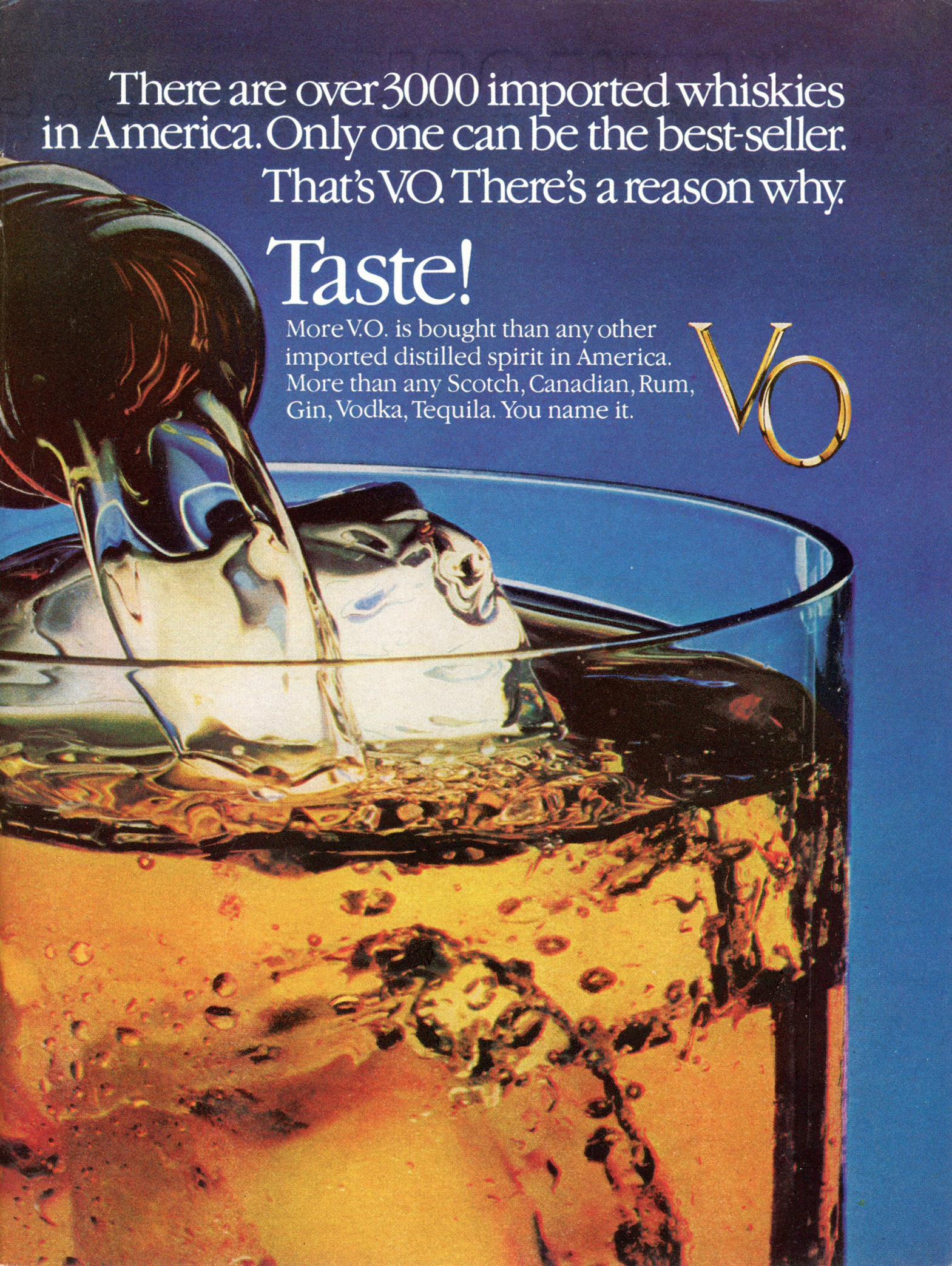
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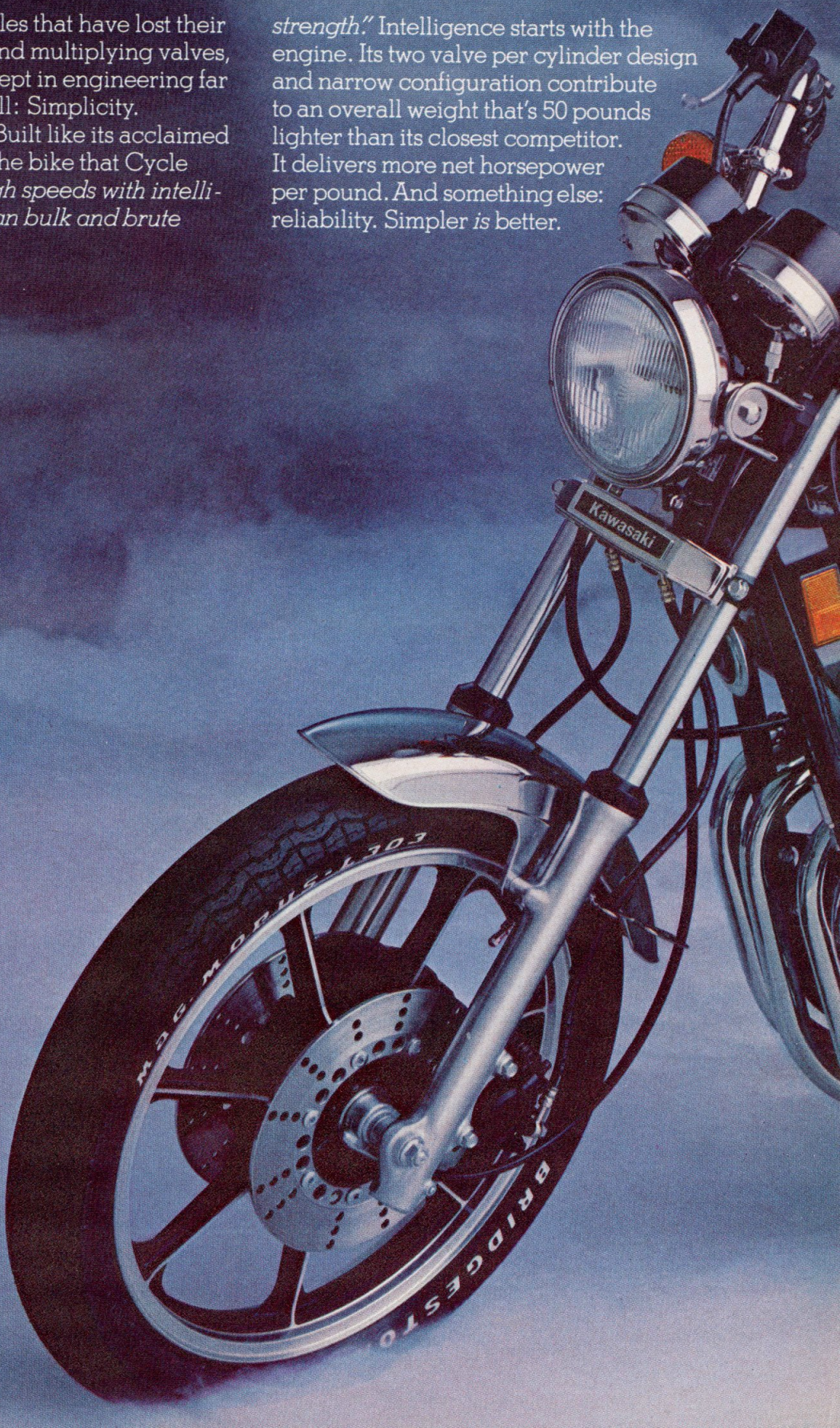

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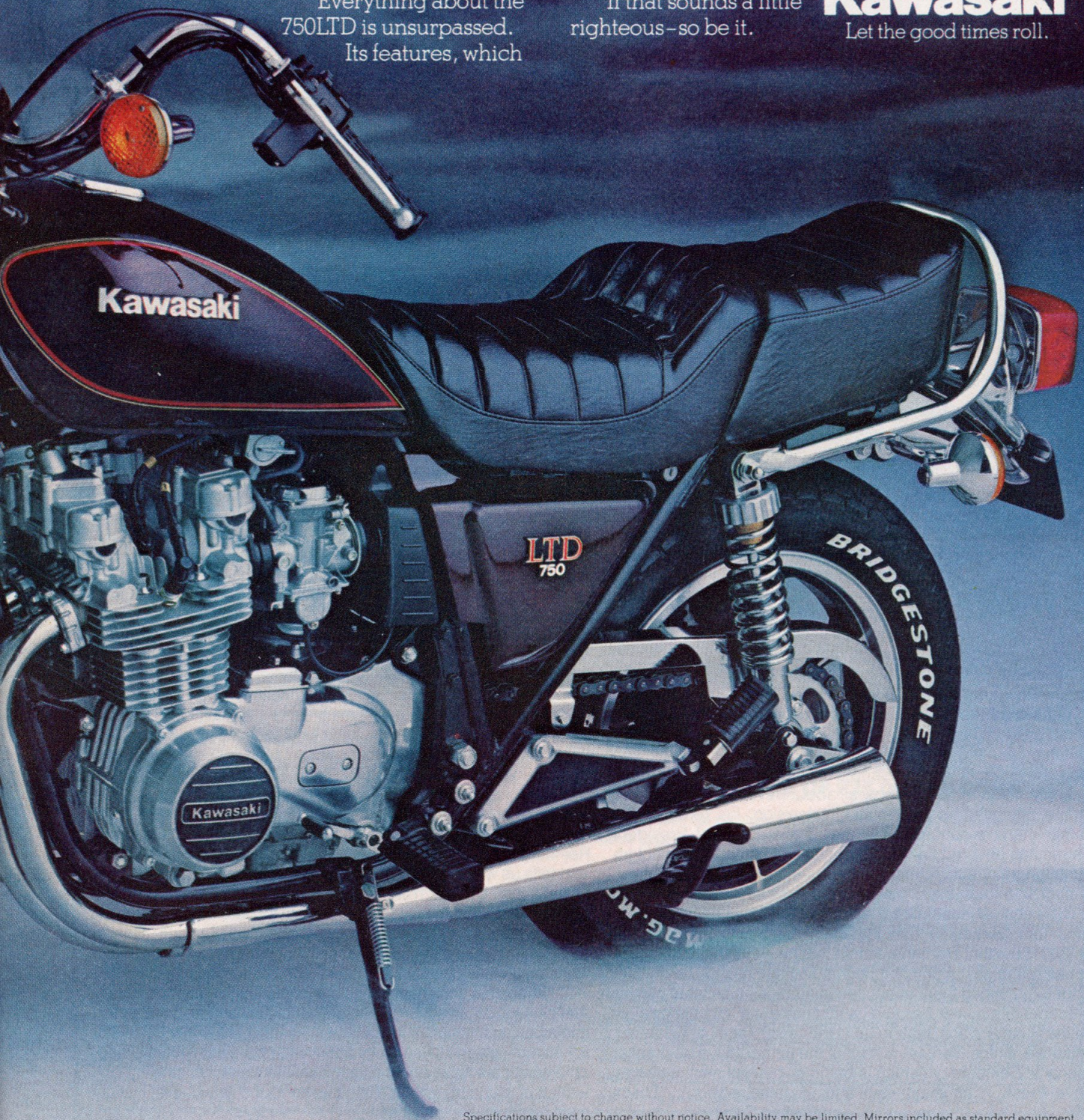

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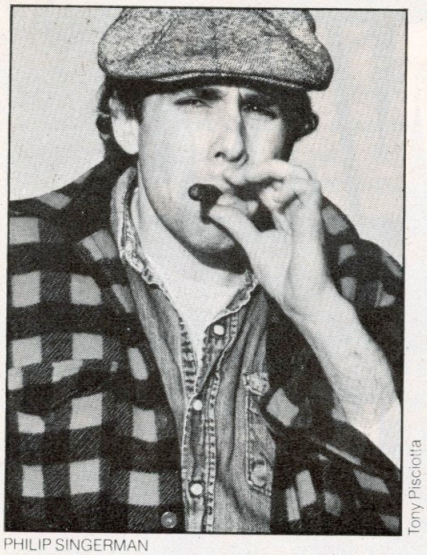

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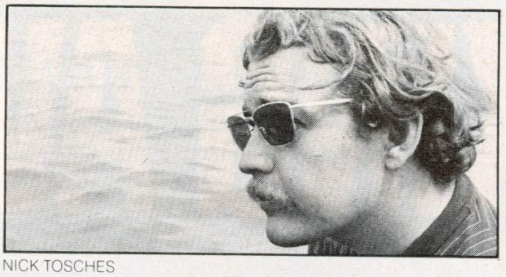

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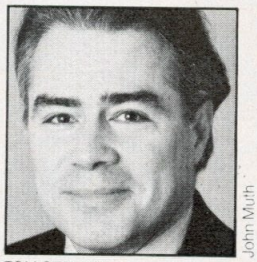

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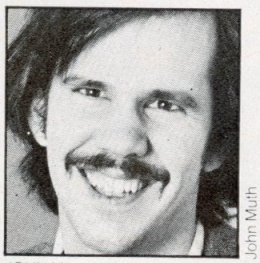

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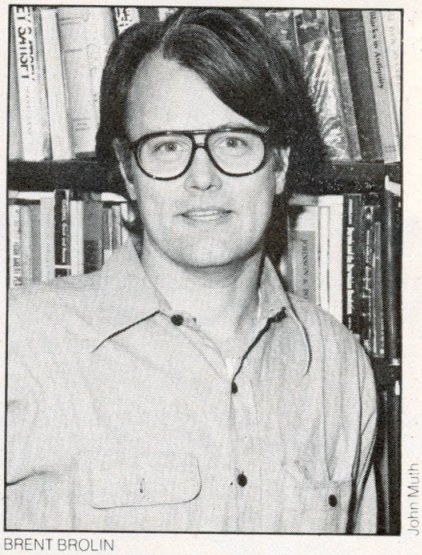

BRENT BROLIN

John Muth

HOUSECALL

This month, for the first time, *Penthouse* is presenting an interview as our leading editorial feature (page 58). We are giving the Reverend **Jerry Falwell** this high visibility because we want to make sure that no one will miss an opportunity to learn, firsthand and without any editorializing, the opinions of one of the most important men in America today. In our first two articles on the New Right (published in December and February), we described the incredible success–both financial and political–of the born-again evangelical movement. Reverend Falwell is the most visible and popular leader of that movement today. From his Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Va., Falwell reaches 50 million viewers each week on his "Old Time Gospel Hour," which is carried by 324 stations in the United States, Canada, and the Caribbean.

As the founder of Moral Majority, the fundamentalist political organization that helped elect Ronald Reagan and helped defeat more than a dozen congressmen and senators last year, Falwell exerts an influence that now extends into the highest reaches of the White House and Congress. "This is the first time in thirty to thirty-five years that the amoral forces in America have had any substantial opposition," Falwell says. "They've been accustomed to doing their own thing, gaining gradually but surely the support of the government. And hardly anyone on what they call 'the right' speaking against them. . . ." In order to present Reverend Falwell's opinions in the fairest manner, we are publishing the unedited transcripts of two interviews conducted with him last year by **Andrew Duncan** and **Sasthi Brata**–two international journalists who were working on book and magazine projects. The transcripts have been cut for space reasons only. If you think you know all about Reverend Falwell from reading newspapers or watching television, his remarks will contain many surprises. Now that the election of President Reagan has ensured Falwell's significance, America cannot afford to ignore or misunderstand him.

According to an expert, we have continually misunderstood the Russians–at least since the end of World War II. It was then, writes **Tom Gervasi** in "The Russians Are *Not* Coming" (page 78), that President Truman was told that he would have to "scare the hell out of the country" if he wanted to expand the military budget. And since then, every administration, in order to gain or consolidate its power, has told us that there is a "missile gap" or that the Russians are beating us in the "arms race" or whatever. Nonsense, writes Gervasi, author of the authoritative best-seller *Arsenal of Democracy* (which is being published next month by Grove Press in an expanded and updated edition). "These bouts of hysteria," he says, "have prompted Congress over the past thirty years to take hundreds of billions of dollars from the American taxpayer" and give them to the defense industry. "Little of this money has been needed to strengthen our defense." In fact, according to Gervasi, a former counterintelligence officer assigned to the Army Security Agency, rather than giving us protection from the Soviets, the arms manufacturers and their Pentagon friends are actually forcing the Russians to compete with us in a needless scramble for increasingly sophisticated weapons systems. President Reagan, who has promised to increase the defense budget by 30 percent, would be well advised to read this article and learn how to protect our real national interests–not the profits of a few.

Our fiction this month is **Nick Tosches**'s hilariously satirical description of the ultimate in American success stories: "The Adolf Hitler Fast Food Franchise" (page 82). Conceived and executed with the same exquisite good taste that has dignified such landmarks as "Hogan's Heroes" and Sambo's fast food, Schicklgruber's hamburgers will probably not remain fiction for long.

An equally improbable, yet true, success story is chronicled by music reporter **John Milward** in "Catholic Boy" (page 140). A high-school basketball star, a budding poet, and a full-fledged heroin addict by the age of 15, Jim Carroll had nowhere to go but down–and down he went, into the New York underworld "bounded by the pursuit and purchase of junk." After he came terrifyingly close to being charged with murder, Carroll forced himself to kick the habit and started writing poetry seriously. When he was 22, his third volume of poetry was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize. Now, at 30, Carroll has formed a rock-'n'-roll band and, drawing on his early experiences, has cut his first album, appropriately called *Catholic Boy*, which is taking the music world by storm.

If you feel that many of the new buildings being constructed these days are the aesthetic equivalent of Schicklgruber's hamburgers, you'll want to read **Brent Brolin**'s "The Arrogance of Architecture" (page 136). Brolin, a professional architect and the author of several respected books on the subject (his most recent, *Architecture in Context*, was published by Van Nostrand Reinhold), explains how high-rise buildings are ruining our cities and tells us what we can do to stop the blight.

You'll also want to read **Robert Palmer**'s interview with **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** (page 55), one of the last interviews given before Lennon's tragic murder last December; reporter **Robert Keating**'s investigative article on the sadistic, crime-ridden world of "Pimps" (page 157); and **Philip Singerman**'s profile of a well-organized commune of "survivalists," who are convinced that civilization as we know it is coming to an end and are determined to get through in one piece ("The Sky Is Falling!! The Sky Is Falling!!" page 112). And, of course, to help *you* survive a long, cold winter, we have again assembled the most outstanding collection of stunning young things to be found anywhere. Happy reading!

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MARCH

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Developing the skills

I have wanted to write this letter for some time, complimenting my girl friend, but she didn't want anyone to know this. But now that she has broken up with me, I can tell the story.

I attend a western university and was 19 and a shy virgin when I met Terry. A friend took me along to a bar once when he was dating her casually. She and I hit it off real quick and knew we had something special going when our first dance together left us both breathless and excited, because my leg had been pressed between hers, allowing me to feel the swaying of her thighs, and she, of course, felt my organ grow into erection against her flat belly. Don't get me wrong—we were both pretty innocent, and there was no hip-grinding or anything.

When we got back to my dorm, she stopped the car short in a vacant lot and asked if I felt like talking, and I said, "Sure!" We really did talk for a while, but then she leaned close to me, and I kissed her again. She then put her arms around me, and we started necking. This felt so special that I told her that I thought that I was in love with her, and she felt the same way. We Frenched at a fierce rate (only the second time I had done this), and I found that I could make her moan with excitement when I nibbled on her neck and bit her shoulder, and we both learned that she could make me do the same by tonguing my ear. But she stopped me short when I got a little too excited and ran my hand over her breast. Later I learned that she had wanted me to do this but didn't want me to think that she was "easy" and would thus stop seeing her.

Several dates later things had progressed to where I could cup my hand over her blouse and rub her nipples to excitement through her bra. Then one time I slipped my hand inside her blouse and felt her frilly bra. She then lifted my hand, in what I at first thought was a signal to stop. But she then pulled up her cup and placed my hand on her bare breast, her nipple immediately stiffening into my palm. I enjoyed this new sensation so much that I replaced my hand with my lips, which caused her to sigh heavily, but that was as far as I went, because I didn't want to ruin the relationship.

On our next date I had her sit on my lap (her car had bucket seats) while I fondled and sucked her breasts. Then I began to slowly run one hand up and down the outside of her panty hose-encased legs, clear up to her bottom, where I would gently pinch her cheeks. I ran my hand up the inside of her leg, and one of my dreams came true when she uncrossed her legs and spread her thighs for my hands. My groping fingers found the huge wet spot in her panty hose (no panties), and I was thrilled that I had caused her dampness. My totally inexperienced fingers were not doing much for her, so she directed my hand to her nylon-encased clit and asked me to rub slowly, and so I did this until she came, and the sensation of her panty-hose-covered ass bouncing on my lap made me come in my pants.

We were now getting into very heavy petting sessions, with both of us being totally naked. She would also get above me, spread her cunt lips, and wrap them around the base of my cock and rub up and down, being careful to avoid the head, since we had decided not to have any protection available to tempt us to go farther than we had intended. We had both decided to wait a while for lovemaking. This was fine with me, because I thought that nothing could feel better than those cunt lips. However, I decided that it would be nice to see how it felt to have her go down on me, and I decided that the best way to do this was for me to go down on her first. So one night, when we were naked in her bed, doing some fast and furious stroking, I stopped and lay my hand over her vagina and whispered in her ear that I would like to try kissing her there. I was terrified that she would get mad at me! Instead, she looked at me with a funny look for a moment and said that I could, but only if I would let her suck me first. Another dream come true!

She slowly crawled down my body until she was smiling up at me and my erect cock was inches from her face. Then she took hold of me with both hands and guided the head of my penis into her mouth. Keeping only the head inside, she began to swirl her tongue quickly over the tip, driving me to heights of pleasure that I had never before experienced. Then she slowly lowered her head, trying to take all of my seven-inch length and five-and-one-half-inch circumference down her throat. She made it to the point where my pubic hairs were touching her lips, but she could never get that last half-inch down. Anyway, she began to suck on me and swirl her tongue around as she bobbed up and down until I could feel that I was going to come. Knowing that all women don't like the taste and that none like to be surprised, I told her to stop as I pulled her head away from me. "What's wrong?"

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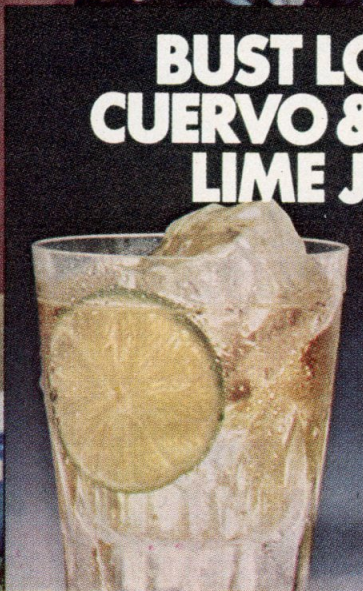

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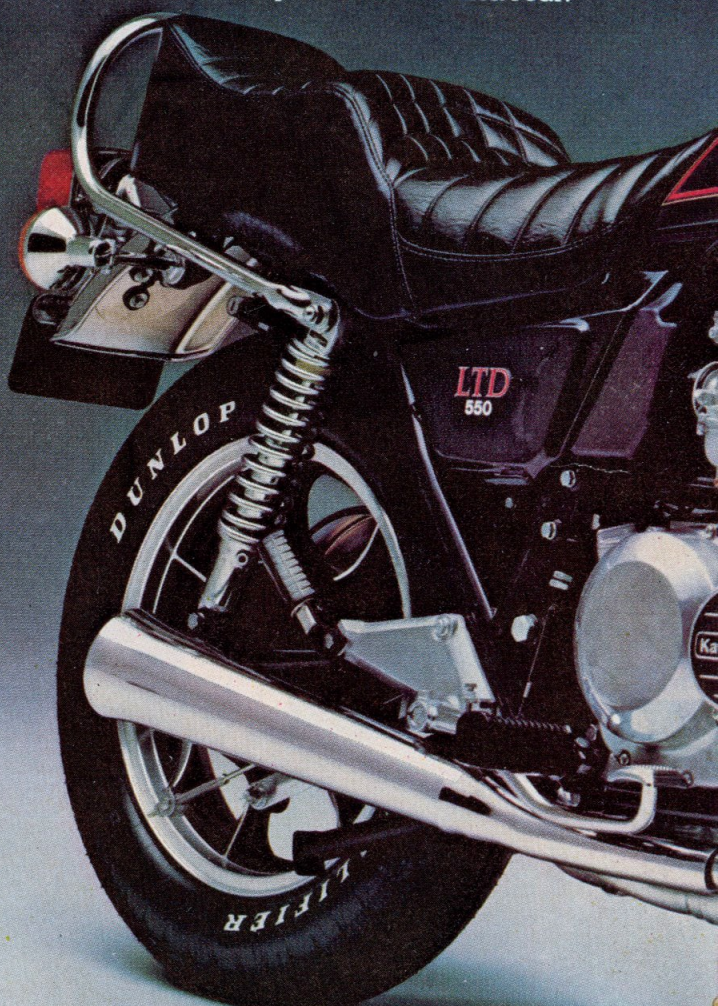
The 550LTD is 30 pounds lighter than its closest competitor, and its simple two valve per cylinder engine design delivers more net horsepower. All in all, it's a remarkably well disciplined machine.

There are other advantages to less bulk. The 550LTD's narrower, cleaner lines make it the best low rider we've ever designed.

The 550LTD has all the features you'd expect from a bike of its class. And many outside its class. Fully adjustable suspension front and rear.



Specifications subject to change without notice. Availability may be limited. Mirrors included as standard equipment. Kawasaki believes in riding safely. Check local laws before you ride. Member, AMA and MSF.

OST TOUCH WEIGHT.

Kawasaki's exclusive Clean Air System that keeps our performance standards while meeting the EPA's. Plus, self canceling turn signals, electronic ignition and quartz-halogen headlight.

You can buy the 550LTD for its style and features. You can buy it for performance and handling. Or you can buy it for its reliability and low maintenance. But most of all, you can buy the 550LTD to put you back in touch with the true spirit of biking.

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

(Advertisement)

Small Connecticut Firm's New Golf Ball Flies Too Far; Banned by U.S.G.A.

GOLFERS LOVE IT

"No more par 5's?"

NORWALK, CT.—All golf balls are not created equal. At least not any more. A small Connecticut company has introduced a controversial new ball it guarantees will out-distance all legal balls, including Hogan, Top Flight, MaxFli and Titleist. The new ball is so "hot" it threatens to pull the rug on par, as we know it, and that might have the United States Golf Association worried.

For thirty-eight years the U.S.G.A. has strictly enforced the rule that a golf ball may not exceed a velocity of 250 feet-per-second off the club head. Without this and other restrictions, high-powered super balls would soon outmode most golf courses. Par fives could disappear, and even an average player could regularly blast 300-yard drives. So far major U.S. manufacturers have observed this speed limit and other U.S.G.A. rules designed to keep all balls created equal.

But now, a little-known company called H & L Labs is distributing a ball that violates nearly every rule in the book, and the result is a ball that flies down the fairway like a Ferrari on the run.

The ball has provoked heated controversy because it looks, sounds, and feels exactly like a regular ball. H & L refuses to release the ball's name to anyone but a buyer—they simply call it "The Hot One"—so about the only way another player can tell he's playing against one is to keep a radar set in his bag.

And while golf prides itself on being a gentlemen's game, it seems that more than 40,000 gentlemen—and ladies—are carrying these innocent-looking buzz bombs in their bags. Some say if the U.S.G.A. ever approved the engineering in this ball, pros might start shooting in the 50's.

What's special about the illegal ball? John McGuire, the director of H & L told me this: "We've doctored up the ball's aerodynamics so that it has less drag than conventional balls. You can tell the difference with your first drive. What's more, the special design could help keep tee and fairway shots straight down the middle . . . 'bites and sits' with more authority . . . putts with a steadier roll . . . and is virtually cut-proof." McGuire believes that more money is going to change hands with this little white bandit than all the tournament purses put together.

So far most pro shops don't dare carry it, but if you want to "test drive" the world's longest ball, H & L will send you one FREE. Just order a dozen balls and they will send you thirteen. They ask you to use the extra ball for a few holes. Tests against the best legal balls on the market prove you could add as much as 22 yards to your tee shots. If you don't, return the remaining dozen for a prompt refund. The free ball is yours to keep in any case—for fun or profit.

And if you ever cut one of these super balls in normal play, H & L will replace it free. You pay only the return postage, about 25¢.

A dozen hot balls cost $19.95 (plus $1.75 postage and handling). Two or more dozen cost just $18.00 each and H & L pays all shipping costs. The address is: H & L Labs (Dept. HO 64), 18 Lois Street, Norwalk, CT 06851. You can send a check or charge it, but be sure you give them your card's account number and expiration date.

she asked, a puzzled expression on her face. I told her that if she kept doing that, I was going to come. Her only reply was to slowly lick the underside of my cock from the base to the tip in one stroke and to give me a dirty smile and say, "So?"

Realizing that she didn't care, I lay back and relaxed as she began to slowly and wetly lick my cock. I moved her hair out of the way so I could watch her do this, and it really turned me on to see my cock become covered with a shiny layer of spit as she flicked her tongue in and out. Then she looked straight into my eyes as she again took me into her mouth and started pumping. Soon I was about to come, and I told her so, so she moved so that only the head was in her mouth and sucked as hard as she could until I started spurting.

When I had stopped coming, she wearily crawled up next to me, a contented smile on her lips. I could see a film of semen on her lips, and so to thank her for what she had done, I kissed her, running my tongue into her mouth and tasting my own semen. Then I began to kiss my way down her body until her legs were over my shoulders and I was breathing the heady aroma of her pussy. She then directed my lips to her clit, and I began to lick and suck it until I had her moaning, but she didn't come this way. She never could come when I went down on her, because it made her nervous, but she sure could come when I fingered her!

When we had finally decided to lose our virginity, we went on a camping trip overnight together, because she did not want to make love in the back of a car the first time, and she also wanted to be able to sleep with me for the entire night. Anyway, that night when we got undressed and she put on her sexy nightgown, we both knew that it would be coming off very soon. After some preliminary kissing and petting, I pulled off her nightgown and moved over to her, whispering in her ear, "I want to make love to you now."

Her only reply was to grab hold of my hard cock, place the head between her cunt lips, and lift her ass off the mattress, causing me to sink into her. The fantastic warm, wet, and tight feeling was so intense that I came after only one stroke.

After I came, my cock deflated very slowly and so I kept stroking into her until there was no hardness left and I slipped out of her pussy. She quickly dove down and began to suck me furiously until I was hard again, and then she spread her legs for me, and we fucked until we had both come, or so we thought, and then went to sleep. That night one of us would wake up and begin to rub the other until they woke up so that we could make love again, and we did this a total of five times.

I said that we thought that we had come, because later in our relationship, when screwing had advanced to the point that we did it at least one or twice a night, Terry found out what a real mind-shattering orgasm was like—when she was masturbating with the shower massage at her house. And she also learned that she could come like this when I was making love to her, or masturbating her, by trying to relax when the orgasm started to build.

Our relationship lasted for another eight months after we had started having sex, and by then we were very well experienced in knowing what the other person enjoyed best. Her favorite position was to have me screw her from behind, with my balls slapping against her ass and for me to reach around and rub her clit at the same time. I enjoyed this position also, except that I would have a tendency to slip out of her when I began stroking too fast. My own favorite was the missionary position or having her sit on my lap facing me, with her legs wrapped around my waist, because in this way I could get the greatest penetration and kiss and fondle her at the same time.

We also tried 69 only once, because when I made her come by stroking with my finger and my tongue, she bit down on my cock incredibly hard; and when she made me come, I couldn't tell her, because she was grinding her pussy into my face, and licking my balls and the patch of skin at the base of my balls (too sensitive for me to handle for more than a couple of seconds), and so I started coming all over her hair and her breasts after she

A new intelligence in a metal tape deck. After it senses the bias and EQ levels, it precisely controls the recording levels.

Making an accurate and faithful recording on most cassette decks requires a lot of practice, a lot of patience and a lot of jumping up and down. After all, with conventional decks, you have to adjust the recording levels as the music varies. But not with Technics RS-M51.

The first thing the RS-M51 does is select the proper bias and EQ levels for normal, CrO_2 or the new metal tapes, automatically. That makes life easy.

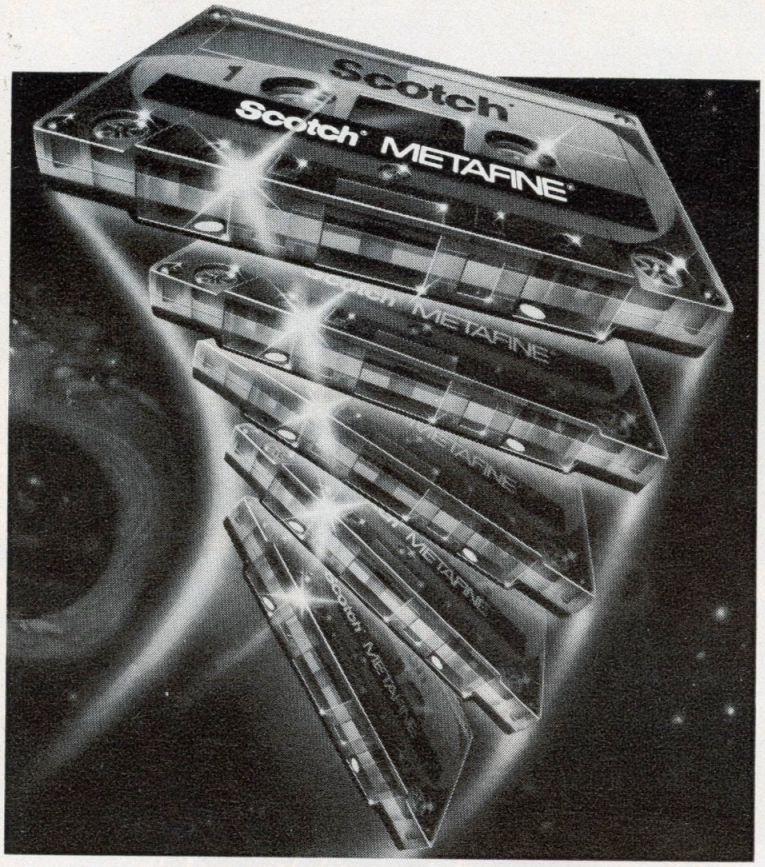
So does our Autorec™ sensor. Just push a button and wait seven seconds while the RS-M51 seeks the proper recording level. 16 red LED's tell you the deck is in the "search" mode. When the green LED lights up, you're ready to go.

For manual control of the recording level, there's also a fine-adjust switch which raises or lowers levels in precise 2 dB steps. While the RS-M51's two-color peak-hold FL meters show you the signal being recorded.

With the RS-M51's record/playback and sendust/ferrite erase heads, you'll not only hear superb dynamic range, you'll also get a wide frequency response: 20 Hz to 18 kHz with metal. And with an electronically controlled DC motor and dynamically balanced flywheel, wow and flutter is just a spec (0.045%), not a noise.

Technics RS-M51. Don't be surprised if its intelligence goes right to your head.

Technics
The science of sound



SCOTCH®: THE SOUND THAT BROKE THE SOUND BARRIER.

Scotch® broke the sound barrier with the introduction of Metafine®, the world's first metal tape, and brought cassette recording to the ultimate of true, pure sound.

But then, that's what you get with *every* cassette Scotch makes: true, pure sound.

So, if for any reason, you're not perfectly satisfied with a Scotch cassette, just send it back to us. We'll replace it free. And that's a lifetime warranty.

SCOTCH® CASSETTES. THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

3M

shoved my spurting cock onto her chest. But that had its benefits, too, because she left the slippery semen on her chest and then wrapped her breasts around my cock and began to fuck me with her breasts until I was about to come again, and then she crawled over me and rammed her pussy down onto my cock, making us both come violently.

Now that she has broken up with me, she already has three guys that she is seeing, and I am sure that they will soon be reaping the benefits of the previous experiences that she had with me, although I am still hoping to get her back. In the meantime, I am looking for another girl that I can practice my now well developed skills on.—*Name and address withheld*

A dream come true

Before last summer it looked as if I would only *read* of great sexual adventures in "Forum," but now I know these exciting escapades do happen, and evidently at least once to everybody!

I was spending the summer on the beautiful, sunny beaches of Padre Island, near Corpus Christi, Tex. The area is a tourist haven, and the shoreline hotels and condos are filled with college girls and career women on vacation from all over the U.S. for many reasons. Back in Missouri it is what you would call "like shootin' decoys"—a real paradise.

Now I'm just an average 22-year-old, and aside from long curly hair and six-foot-plus height, I'm not considered handsome by a stretch. As a matter of fact, I was sometimes taken aback by beautiful women, afraid of rejection. This is the fear and shyness that the following encounter laid to waste like an atomic blast!

Equipped with our quick wits and two six-packs of Lone Star beer, two friends (John and Rick) and I hopped into my '69 MGB and headed for the island.

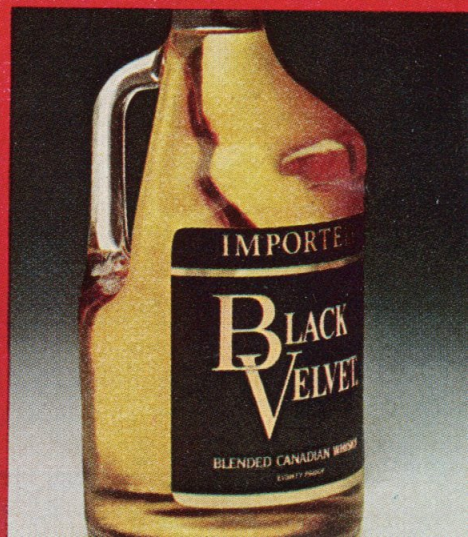
We were feelin' *fine!* Rick thought we should find a good spot amongst some female company and throw the pigskin. Our football skills had gotten some attention before. "Go out for—and then make some—passes," I think Rick said.

Further on we saw three girls sunning on towels near the water, and from John's and Rick's reactions you would have thought these chicks were right out of *Penthouse!* They wanted to go back, but traffic wouldn't allow it then. I, as usual, started thinking that they would put us off, noses high in the air, a depressing thing. However, today I didn't give a damn! I said that I'd go back, but now John said something like, "Go on, forget it." Like hell!

A strong wave of confidence came over me, as I powered into a 180-degree U-turn and headed back down the beach, nearly losing John in the process. From my side now I could see the three chicks in eye-popping *Viva*-like swim suits. They were gorgeous! We would need a big entrance, so I brought us around in a four-wheel drift and it stopped us angled up alongside them, maybe ten feet down the beach,

Velvet feels like a million

Premium. Imported.



BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF.
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Come to
Marlboro
17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Country.
FILTER CIGARETTES
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20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
100s
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Marlboro
100's
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
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you get a lot to like.

LECTRIC SHAVE MAKES YOUR BRISTLES STAND UP FOR A CLOSER SHAVE.

Lectric Shave is putting its money where your face is. Here's the deal: apply Lectric Shave® to one side of your face. Then use your electric razor. Compare the Lectric Shave side with the dry side. The Lectric Shave side should feel closer, smoother. That's because Lectric Shave makes your beard stand up. So you shave closer, faster, with less irritation.

OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

GUARANTEE

If you don't agree that Lectric Shave gives you a closer shave, we'll give you a complete refund. Just send your bottle of Lectric Shave with the unused portion and the cash register receipt with the purchase price circled to: J.B. Williams Lectric Shave Guarantee Offer, P.O. Box 5036, Hicksville, New York 11816.

so that we were looking right at 'em!

Pleased with the success of the maneuver and with a confident grin on my face, I laughed. "This has to be the best place to play football on the beach . . . maybe even in the entire world." I used my best Texan accent as John nervously spun the football into the air. The girls were all smiles, and the look in their eyes was not one that makes a man feel unwelcome. The old icebreaker "Where are you girls from?" followed. The brunette in the middle and the blonde on the end lit up especially as they all three answered "Dallas." (They had been flattered because we thought they were all about 18, which the auburn-haired babe nearest to me was; the other two were 27 and 28, as we learned later.) I grabbed the ball like a former quarterback does, boldly hopped over the door, and stood directly in front of this luscious lineup. The ice broken, I went for it, my eyes meaning business. "Well, we aren't the Cowboys, but y'all are pretty enough to be their cheerleaders." The other guys didn't say a thing, and it looked like it was up to me. Luckily I was on a roll. Now, all their eyes were on me, and it was more than enough to trigger a bulge in my baggies. They started giggling, and Laura, the brunette with the fantastic long hair and dark complexion, replied, "We're *not* cheerleaders." "Oh, yeah? Models?" I asked. As an old girl friend once told me, flattery will get you nowhere but keep trying. I guess that did it. Faye, the foxy blonde, looked me square in the eye and said, "Boy, have you got a good line." I wouldn't trade that moment for a million bucks.

By now old Rick had managed to get Sandy's attention and was doing well. She was really his type, it seemed. John was helping me make small talk. Laura was getting up to get some beer from the cooler, and my eyes feasted on a succulent cunt lip that was peeking around the skimpy crotch of her swimsuit. I guess I knew right then I wanted her, but I was feeling that Faye was getting interested in me. I didn't want to miss any boats, and it looked like Faye might have been an inch or two taller than John. (He says he likes tall girls, and I should have known it, but I'm glad I didn't remember it just then.)

Seemingly paired off to everyone's satisfaction, we learned they worked together and this was the last day and evening of a three-day vacation—the previous two having been spent with some guys who evidently hadn't showed them a very good time. (Like shooting decoys, I tell ya!) Faye then asked me if we would take them out that night.

We would meet at the Beach Hotel Lounge at eight. I would have a table reserved with a view of the surf. They ate it up! We sang all the way home and hoped they would show.

The band hadn't started yet, but we were laughing and drinking a bit, and I for one was enjoying myself. I noticed right away John was too quiet. (I was surprised to learn later that he was stunned by the way they had foxed out and wasn't sure what to do or say.) I must admit my head was swimming, and if I had stopped to think about what was happening, I know I would have fouled everything up.

Suddenly, I knew I had to have Laura. I didn't know what Faye might think, but I hoped John would pick up on her, and she would understand. After all, this was just a one-night stand, one-for-all, all-for-one affair. Anyway, I convinced myself.

My eyes met Laura's and her raw beauty melted me! I pulled out all stops to keep her attention, and when I knew I had it, I moved quickly. I put my hand under the table on her thigh and whispered in her ear that she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever met and that I would make love to her that night. She smiled and placed her hand in my other hand and squeezed it firmly. We drank a bayful, and the band was excellent. Everybody danced with everybody. I had one thing on my mind.

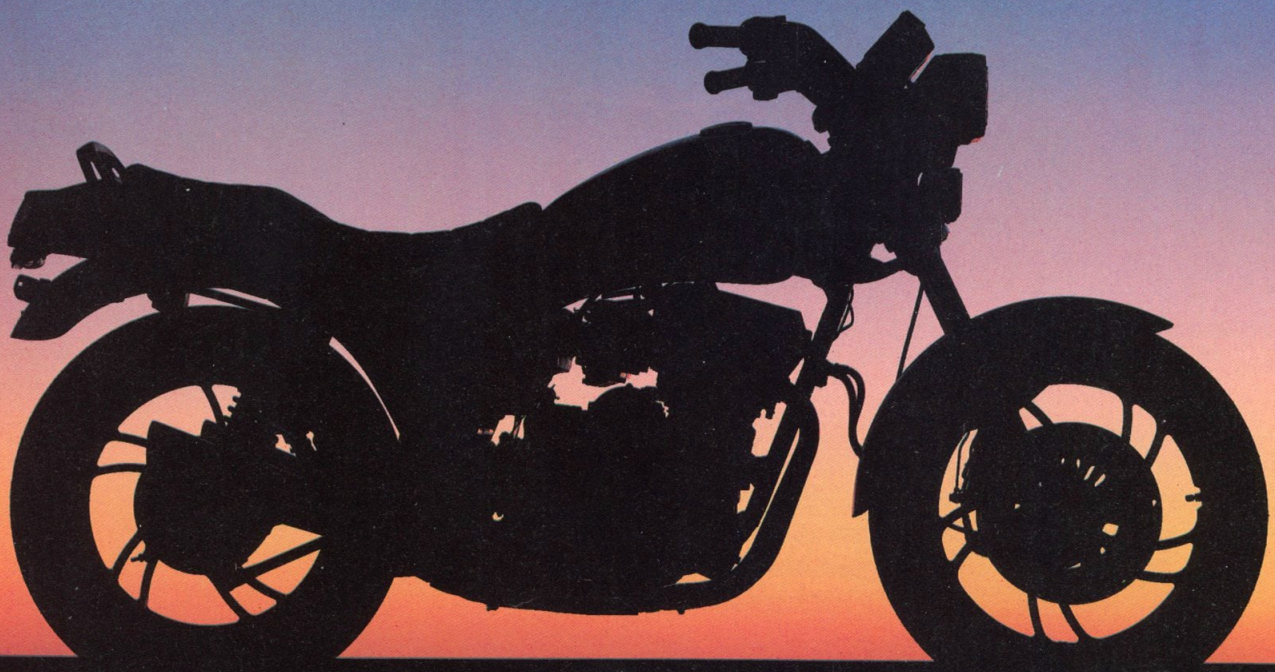
After Laura and I sneaked out for a walk on the beach, we kicked off our shoes and walked awhile in the surf. She said she loved my car, so we went for a cruise along the shoreline. Laura nuzzled up against me as I drove, and as her hand found its way inside my shirt front, she whispered in my ear that she wanted me more than any other man before. She told me I made her feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. I assured her she must be. She asked me if I was afraid of being with an older woman and suddenly started crying. I stopped the car and held her. Explaining that she was really 27—separated from her husband and with three children, the oldest a boy of nine—was a painful thing for her. She hated to deceive me and thought that after I knew the truth I wouldn't want to be with her. The only thing she had to be afraid of was that a silly romantic like me wouldn't let her go back to Dallas, I told her. I held her firmly and said I was taking her home to my bed and would make love to her like no man had. She threw her arms around my neck and gave me the hardest kiss of my life!

I was confused, insanely happy with Laura, and now very horny. The girls had even shelled out $15 for the $50 bar tab. It was 1:30 A.M. I was pretty smashed and hopelessly in love with Laura. I knew I was, and she could probably tell it easily, but I didn't want to spoil the magic by just saying it.

We smoked a joint and drove through Ocean Drive to look at the moon coming up over the bay. She asked me many questions about myself and soon had me spilling my guts. It was wonderful. She found my insecurities and reassured me to the point where I remember warning her that my ego might burst. She told me that now I knew how she felt when she had cried earlier. I understood a *lot* of things much better now than I had that afternoon.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO BUILD MOTORCYCLES. THE WAY THEY ARE AND THE WAY THEY SHOULD BE.



Of all the things a manufacturer brings to building motorcycles, we think the most important is an attitude.

Ours, simply stated, is that good enough is not enough.

So, every year, Yamaha engineers are faced with a formidable challenge: to make our motorcycles even better.

And, every year, they do.

They break any rule, explode any theory, follow any lead that will knock an inch off the width of an engine. Or a second off its quarter-mile time.

Through long days and late nights, shaft drives become smoother, suspensions more responsive, brakes more efficient, seats more comfortable, styling more exciting.

And while our engineers sit hunched over their desks, Kenny Roberts, world champion road-racer and one of our most valuable R&D men, sits hunched over his Yamaha, screaming through the turns at Imola, Italy or Laguna

YAM

THE WAY IT

Seca. Learning things we can't learn in a lab. Proving things we can't prove on a test track.

Our relentless refusal to compromise has resulted in technological and styling breakthroughs that have changed the way people look at motorcycles. And the way people look when they're on them.

It has resulted in motorcycles that meet your personal demands for handling, performance, comfort and styling as well as our demands for excellence and innovation.

You can feel the difference our attitude makes when you lean into a turn. Or pull away from a stoplight. Or just look at your Yamaha parked in the garage.

And when you do, you probably won't think about Kenny Roberts. Or Imola, Italy. Or the long days or the late nights. You'll just enjoy your Yamaha.

We do all the work and you have all the fun.

And that's the way it should be.

AHA
SHOULD BE.™

25 YEARS OF RACING HAS HELPED US BUILD MORE THAN A REPUTATION.

At Yamaha, we don't build great motorcycles to win races. We win races to build great motorcycles.

For 25 years, we've been very successful at it.

This year, we've done it again.

Introducing the motorcycle we've both been waiting for. The incredible new Seca 750.

FIRST TO THE FAST LANE.

As high performance motorcycles go, this one goes like you wouldn't believe.

Its 748cc in-line four is lighter than any production 750 engine. And, to the complete despair of the competition, narrower as well. With more power than you ever thought possible.

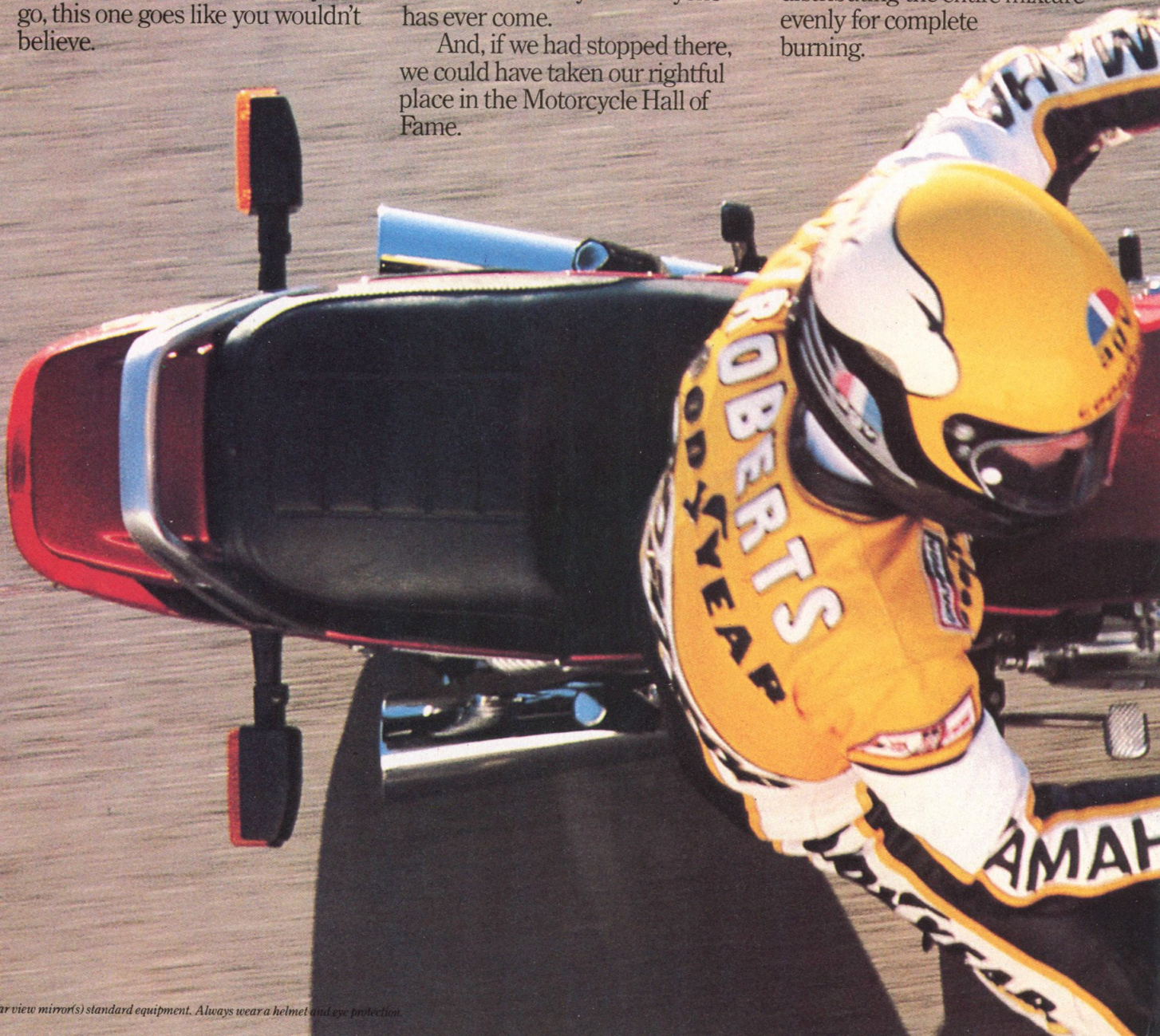
This combination of maximum power and minimum bulk further combined with an ultra-smooth, fully-enclosed shaft drive makes the Seca as near to a perfect performance motorcycle as anyone has ever come.

And, if we had stopped there, we could have taken our rightful place in the Motorcycle Hall of Fame.

LAST TO THE GAS PUMP.

We went on to make the Seca 750 as frugal with fuel as it is generous with power. With a remarkable new development called the Yamaha Induction Control System (YICS for short).

Utilizing an ingenious system of sub-intake ports, the air/fuel mixture is literally blasted around the wall of the combustion chamber, distributing the entire mixture evenly for complete burning.



Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

By eliminating inefficient, wasteful burning, YICS can result in an average fuel savings of 10%. With no moving parts. And absolutely no loss of power.

THE YAMAHA TRAVEL SERVICE.

When it comes to suspension travel and handling, the Seca 750 is in a class by itself. Again.

Because up front, you'll find our exclusive Anti-Dive Suspension System—until now, the exclusive property of road racing machines.

During hard braking, a unique valving mechanism restricts the flow of oil, and thus travel, in the forks, reducing front end "dive." What this does for handling—not to mention smoothness and comfort—is a revelation.

THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT.

After all that, it will probably come as no surprise that the Seca 750 is the only two-wheeler that can think.

Thanks to the amazing new Computerized Monitoring System located in the instrument panel.

Unlike motorcycles of ordinary intelligence, the Seca sports an LCD display, connected to sensors throughout the bike, which lights up to report any malfunction in brake fluid level, engine oil level, battery fluid level, headlight, taillight, brakelight and sidestand position.

So while the competition is still out there in the 20th century, Yamaha has been busy in the 21st.

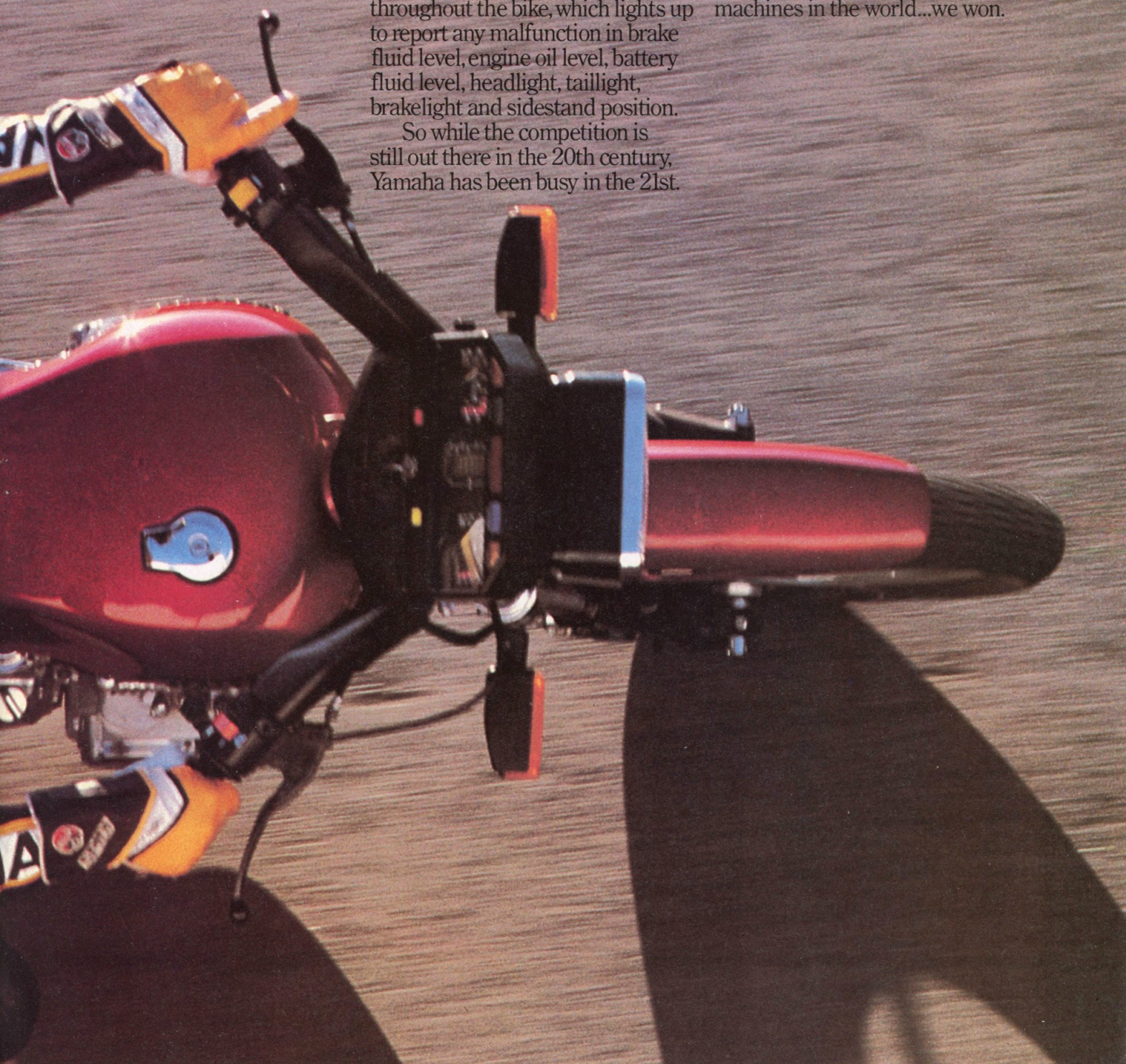
BRAINS AND BEAUTY.

Of course, it can't have escaped your attention that the Seca 750 is pretty nice to look at, too.

The trim, sculpted styling extends from the generous 5-gallon tank along the swept-back side covers, all the way to the neat tail fairing with its integrated taillight. And notice the covered handlebars. Smooth, clear and uncluttered.

The new Yamaha Seca 750.

Powerful proof that in the race to build the finest, fastest, most sensible, most technologically advanced high-performance street machines in the world...we won.



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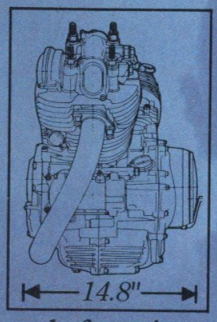
YOU HAVE TO D



Introducing the most radical improvement to the V-twin engine in 75 years.

We made it a Yamaha.

Starting with the classic fore and aft engine configuration developed nearly a hundred years ago by Gottlieb Daimler.

Over the years, the V-twin proved to have a lot going for it. Reliability. Narrowness. Highly efficient weight distribution. And an inherent fuel economy that made it an ideal engine for today, now that gasoline is measured in dollars.

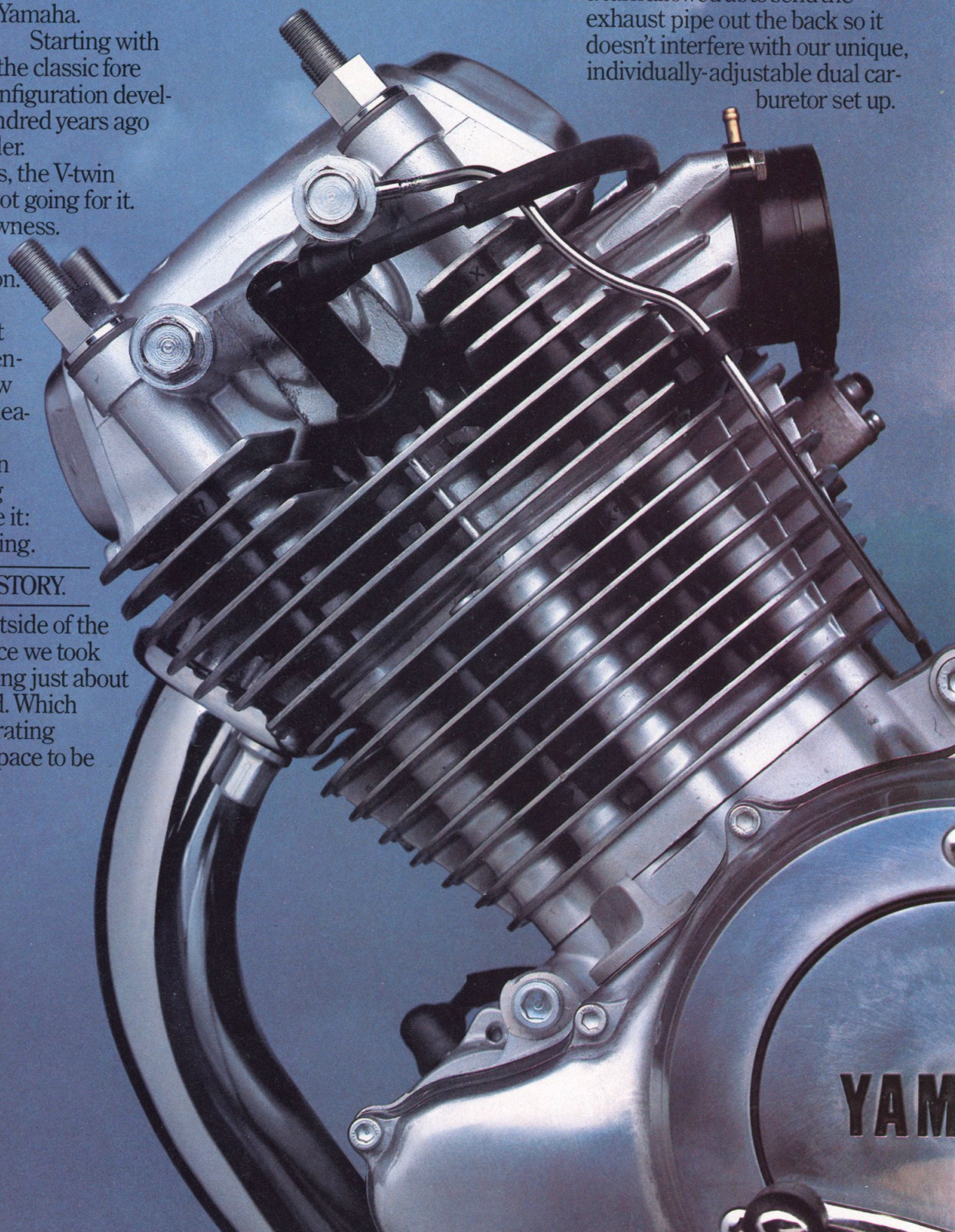
Still, the V-twin lacked something only we could give it: Yamaha engineering.

THE OUTSIDE STORY.

Looking at the outside of the engine, you'll notice we took the liberty of moving just about everything around. Which succeeded in liberating precious engine space to be put to more efficient use.

For instance, we placed the cylinders at a 75° angle, creating the ideal combination of engine height and length, leaving plenty of room in between for carburetors and intake components. Plus extras like two separate oil pumps—one to feed the transmission, the other for the top end.

Rotating the rear cylinder half a turn allowed us to send the exhaust pipe out the back so it doesn't interfere with our unique, individually-adjustable dual carburetor set up.



THING DONE RIGHT, O IT YOURSELF.

And by off-setting the cylinders slightly, we even managed to improve rear cylinder cooling.

THE INSIDE STORY.

Inside the engine, relatively simple operational changes resulted in appreciable performance changes.

For example, to eliminate the V-twin's traditional "dead stroke," we developed our own firing sequence on alternate crankshaft rotations. This, combined with the 75° cylinder angle, produces power so smooth, there's no need for a balancer. So torquey, you can pass an 18-wheeler without even downshifting.

And by simply reversing the crankshaft rotation, we succeeded in shifting any ambient engine vibration from the frame to the rear wheel. So you leave it somewhere on the road behind you.

We could go on and on. About self-adjusting cam chain tensioners. Through-the-frame air intake systems. Independently-driven single overhead cams.

But the best measure of our technological contributions to the V-twin lies on the next two pages, in two of the most distinctive motorcycles in our 1981 lineup.

Motorcycles known before you ride them as the Virago and the XV920.

And known after you ride them as the way a V-twin should be.

YAMAHA
Virago
YAMAHA

THE YAMAHA VIRAGO.

Even a casual glance at our beautiful new Virago will tell you that when we set out to revolutionize the V-twin, we didn't stop at the engine.

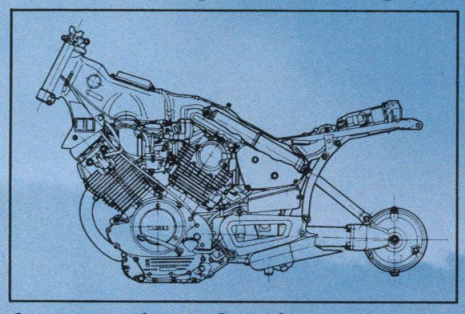
And if you think the Virago's looks are a radical departure from the ordinary, wait till you slip into the seat, slip into gear, and make your own radical departure.

SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL. BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE.

Our engineers were determined to strike a balance between two equally desirable attributes. Sophistication. And simplicity.

They succeeded beyond their own not-so-modest expectations.

The Virago's highly sophisticated monocoque frame design,



for example, makes the engine a stressed frame member, simultaneously eliminating the excess bulk and weight of downtubes.

This not only allows passersby an unobstructed view of your dynamic duo, but lets the engine sit lower, without sacrificing ground clearance. The resulting 29.5 inch seat height and extra-low center of gravity give new meaning to the words comfort, control and stability.

While the engine functions as part of the frame, the frame, conversely, functions as part of the engine. Air for the intake system actually passes through the frame, eliminating the side-mounted air cleaner. It also contributes to the 14.8 inch engine width that can have you and your Virago banking at a better than 47°lean angle.

ONE FOR THE ROAD.

Our roadracer-proven Monoshock rear suspension system—the first ever on a street machine—works with a rigid triangulated swing arm to keep the rear wheel running straight and true.

It's also adjustable for dampening and preload, with only one point of adjustment that's easy to get to and easy to set. With your hand. Blindfolded.

SMOOTHING LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

Our state-of-the-art, fully-enclosed shaft drive adds its own uncanny smoothness and quiet to the already relaxed, virtually vibration-free power of the engine.

The 5-speed transmission delivers top speeds, even at low rpms. Which doesn't hurt your gas mileage any. And TCI produces a hotter spark electronically. So your Virago runs mile after maintenance-free mile.

Over the years, thanks to our unique combination of engineering innovation and common sense, Yamaha has established a reputation for outdoing the competition.

This year, with the remarkable new Virago, we've enhanced that reputation.

By outdoing ourselves.

Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment.

IF YOU CAN'T DECIDE BETWEEN LOOKS AND PERFORMANCE, DON'T.

Before this bike was ever metal, it was a piece of paper. On it, a list of totally unreasonable demands.

Make it the lightest, the leanest, indeed, the fastest 650cc in-line four ever built. And while you're at it, give it styling every bit as exciting as its astonishing performance.

A LIGHTWEIGHT WITH A KNOCKOUT PUNCH.

To say the Maxim 650 is the fastest motorcycle in its class is a bit misleading. Capable of covering the quarter mile in 12.6 seconds,* it'll challenge a 750. And smoke a few 850's as well.

But show it a curve and you'll quickly discover yet another reward of the Maxim's remarkable light weight.

Honest-to-goodness handling.

Its extremely low center of gravity and excellent steering geometry help create the sensation that the bike is actually an extension of you. A light, effortless responsiveness that is also the contribution of its incredibly narrow engine and very tunable suspension.

The Maxim's clean, quiet, dependable shaft drive is smaller and lighter than conventional shafts.

Those unique spiraled wheels are as strong as conventional, but more importantly, they're lighter—reducing unsprung weight.

Complimenting all this state-of-the-art technology is state-of-the-art styling.

Rather than compromising engineering, a Maxim's looks flow from it—naturally, fluidly integrating the pieces into a striking composition of form and function.

And for those of you who are simply not satisfied with a masterpiece, this year we're introducing the blackest, goldest, meanest Maxim you've ever laid eyes on.

The Midnight Maxim joins our other two after-dark Specials, the 850 and Eleven, as the ultimate synthesis of styling and technical sophistication. From the brilliant sheen of its black chrome tailpipes to the elegant gold of the gas cap, a Midnight Special is a one-of-a-kind machine limited only in number.

But the few we do build, you can be sure, are magnificent.

*Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. *Source: Cycle Guide.*

YAMAHA
YAMAHA
BRIDGESTONE
MAG.MOPUS-5

EVEN OUR LITTLE IDEAS ARE BIG IDEAS.

At Yamaha, we don't think small just because we're building a small motorcycle.

Hence, the Exciters.

An exciting series of smaller machines with some of our bigger ideas built right in.

Take our brand-new Exciter 185, for example.

OUR IDEA OF ENGINEERING.

The reliable, SOHC, 4-stroke single was designed just for the 185. It's lightweight and narrow for effortless maneuvering. A gear-driven balancer makes for smooth, steady, quiet power. There's even an electronic ignition for maximum power with minimum maintenance.

If you can lift a finger, you can fire up an Exciter. The starter's electric, just like on the big bikes. And a special mechanism allows the motor to start only in neutral, or when the clutch is depressed. So the bike won't leave before you're ready to go.

OUR IDEA OF FUN.

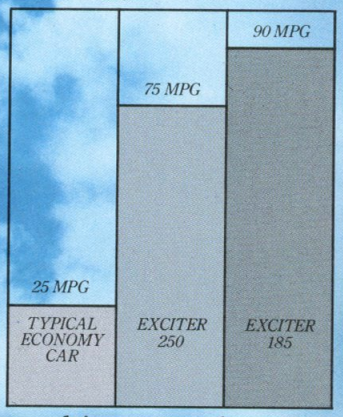
Nuts and bolts aside, most riders, even first-timers, buy a motorcycle for the way it looks and feels.

The Exciter 185 looks and feels like a real motorcycle. Not a cute little runabout. It'll take you shopping, cross-town, even on the freeway.

And no matter where you're going, it's just about the most fun you can have getting there.

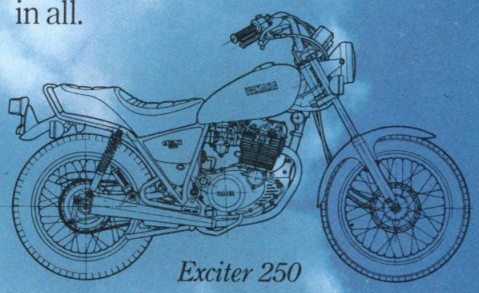
That includes gas stations.

Because an Exciter 185 gets nearly 90 miles per gallon. Nearly as much as a moped. And about three times more than most economy cars.

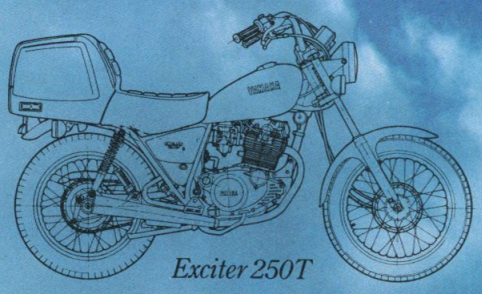


THE BIG THREE.

There are three exciting Exciters in all.



Exciter 250



Exciter 250T

The 185, of course. The Exciter 250, for getting a little closer to the fast lane. Or the Exciter 250T with a handy travel trunk.

So whatever you're looking for in a small motorcycle, we've got you covered in a big way.

YAMAHA

THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.™

Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Mileage figures based on EPA testing, for city riding. Your mileage may vary depending on the way you ride.

LIT-11241-1300

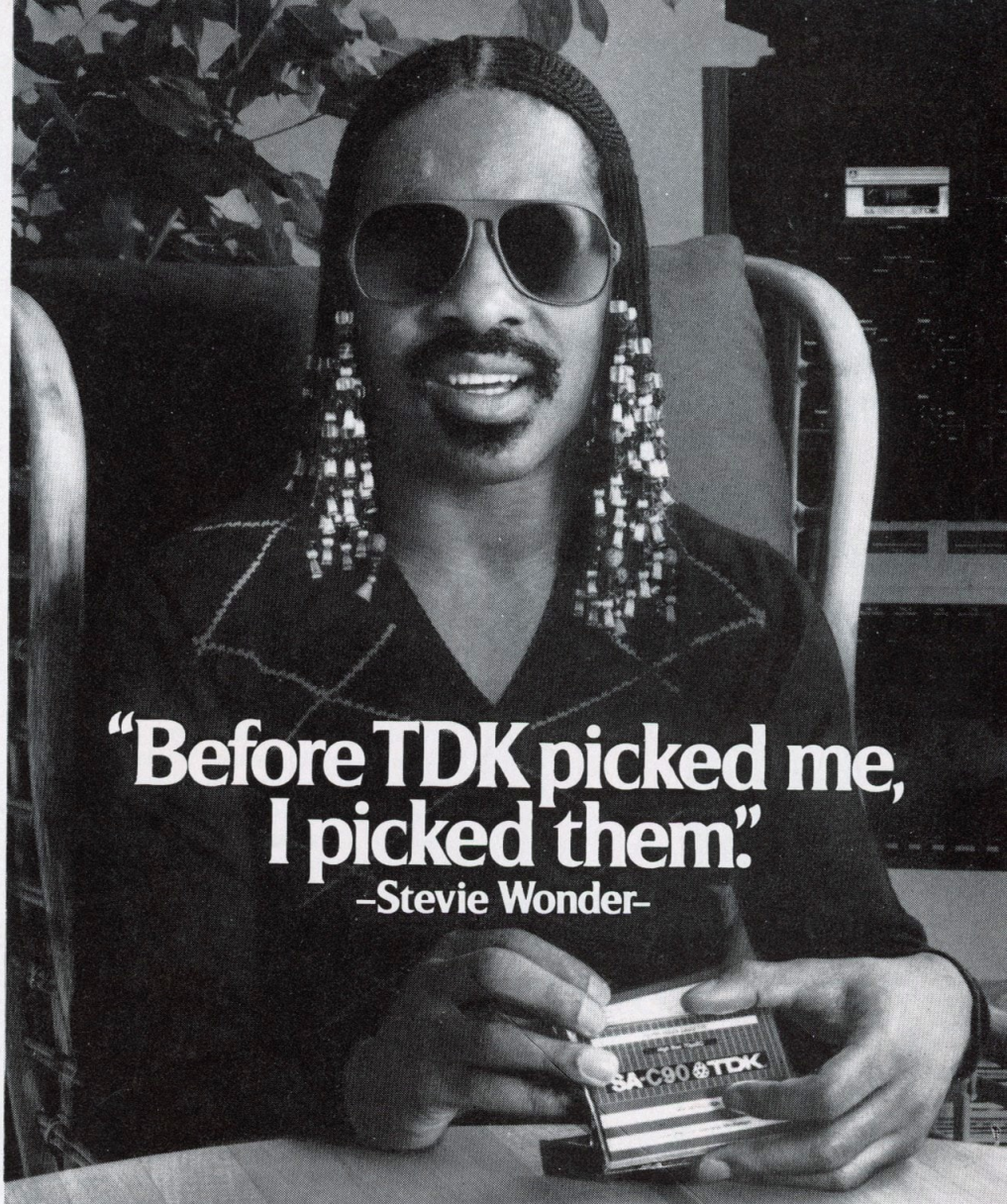
Now, with the ride and the soul-searching near an end, she asked me what I *really* wanted to do. The truth came out without hesitation: "Make you come and come and come." Her head on my shoulder, she whispered, "Take me," running her hand through the hair on my chest and stomach. Needless to say, I went.

I had decided to go to Rick's condo, as the beach house where I was living was practically a commune and a mess. Once there I put on my favorite Springsteen album and led Laura to the bedroom. We crashed together, her lips bruising mine in a fierce embrace, her tongue plunging down my throat. I pulled away for air just as she ripped open my shirt and pulled it off, digging her nails into my biceps. I heard a rushing hiss of air between her teeth in her open mouth. Lowering her head, she bit my neck and then my shoulder painfully, huskily saying something about loving my body. I enjoy a woman's nails and teeth and usually have to ask my partners for the pleasure. Laura was a wildcat, and about all I remember saying all night was "Oh, God, Laura, Laura!"

Now her tongue was in my navel as she dropped to her knees, her hand easily freeing my straining, rock-hard cock from its confiner. What a relief! I thought it would break in half! I know it was a full inch longer and much bigger around than ever. She said it was beautiful and flicked her tongue out after the wetness on the end just before pushing her lips over it. Her mouth clamped tightly around the shaft. She moved forward, and I could feel the warmness of the back of her throat. She withdrew slowly, and as her mouth came over the head, she raked her teeth across the top, making my knees shake. When she pulled my pants down around my knees, my head fell back against the wall that was holding me up, my eyes closed. The breath trapped in me. She just licked around the shaft, lapping and sucking on my balls. My head was reeling, consciousness almost lost, while she continued, purring like a cat, her breath hot on my hard, tongue-lashed dick. Coming to my senses, I looked down as she expertly ran her thumb up the front of my stiff member from the base to the tip, pushing out a small drop of come. She tilted her head back as she swirled this wet stuff over her lips, and her dark eyes looked up, an almost wicked smile hidden on her face. My hands pushed up through the soft locks that cascaded over her shoulders, and cradled her pretty face. She reached behind me, grabbing the cheeks of my ass and closing her eyes, and quickly said, "Just fuck me in the mouth . . . now!" Submissively at first, then commanding. Maybe the best invitation to a headjob ever.

Her head plunged down, mouth around my cock, tongue swirling 90 miles an hour. Now it's my turn, I thought. I was the aggressor now; she was mine. Not a stroke missed, I grabbed the flips of hair that surrounded her face and began pumping my full length down her throat.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204



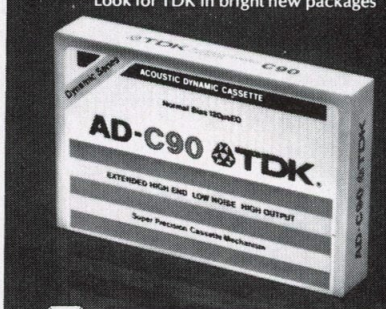
"Before TDK picked me, I picked them."
–Stevie Wonder–

Stevie is a perfectionist through and through. He records a song track by track. Plays it back countless times to check quality and performance.

We felt we had a lot in common with Stevie. Each TDK cassette has 250 components, assembled with microscopic precision. There are 1,117 check points for the shell alone. TDK is tested under extremes of heat, humidity and shock. It performs brilliantly. Which is why each TDK package has a full lifetime warranty.*

As we discovered, Stevie has been using TDK cassettes for years. Long before we asked him. For a perfectionist, that says a lot.

Look for TDK in bright new packages



TDK
The Amazing Music Machine.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

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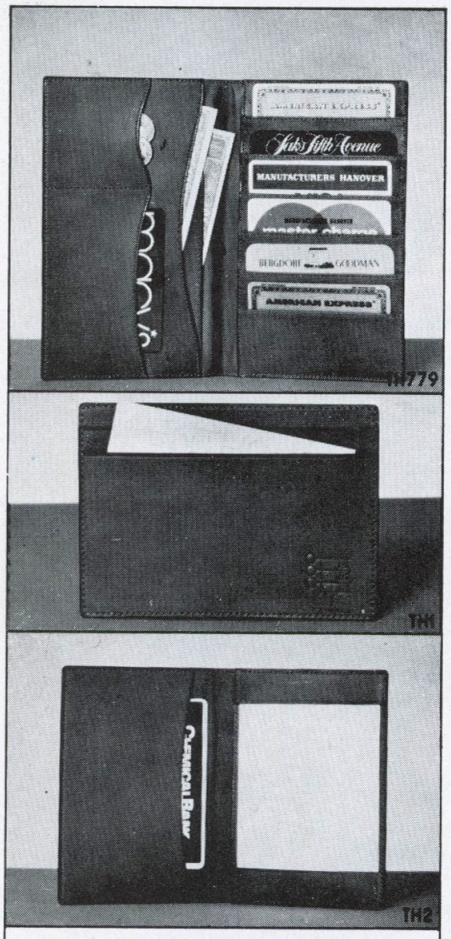

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Rockefeller and Iran

I am writing in reference to L. J. Davis's article in your October issue, "David Rockefeller: An American Disaster."

David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, has blocked confidential arrangements for the release of the American hostages in Iran, thus replacing the psychotic Ayatollah Khomeini as their real jailer. It was Rockefeller's callous plunder of Iran's resources that provoked the Iranians to revolt and seize the hostages in Tehran in the first place, and it is Rockefeller's actions now that prevent their release! The liberal-establishment media have obediently drawn a curtain of silence over Rockefeller's role in the Iranian mess—as they invariably do when Chase Manhattan's vital interests are at stake. In his examination of how the late shah had managed to convert tens of billions of dollars of Iranian public funds to his personal and illegal use, European-educated Dr. Ali Nobari, the new president of Iran's national bank, suggested that a sizable share of this loot was concealed in vast loan transactions between the shah and David Rockefeller.

Chase Manhattan reportedly made available what one well-placed source described as "trunkfuls of money" to Iran on the mere signature of the shah and his blindly obedient court ministers. It was disguised as funding for extensive state projects or public investments—roads, harbors, and giant military installations. But these credits were surreptitiously divided by the principals—the Wall Street bankers and their royal Iranian accomplices—who pocketed the scam money.

Not content with its corrupt profiteering while the shah was alive and allied with the Rockefeller brothers, Chase Manhattan devised another Iranian scam when it persuaded President Carter to freeze all official Iranian funds in U.S. banks. Determined to appropriate as large a share of these blocked assets as possible, Chase listed a number of allegedly "unpaid or defaulted" Iranian loans. It then proceeded to pay itself—interest, penalty, extra claims, and all—by transferring Iran's inert funds to its own books.

By this action, Chase Manhattan improved its own balance sheet but aggravated the situation of the hostages, who had to suffer the fury of outraged Iranian fanatics and the verbal abuse of Communist guards. Following Chase Manhattan's lead—and often with Chase Manhattan's encouragement—dozens of other U.S. banks and corporations filed claims against the Khomeini government's frozen funds totaling $804 million for defaulted loans, unpaid obligations, broken contracts, and other liabilities.

The most brazen claim was made by Chase, which, having already pocketed nearly a billion dollars of Iran's blocked deposits, boldly filed a further claim for $364 million more, which it represented as compensation for "unsatisfied" loans and obligations!

To make certain that he gets away with it, however, David Rockefeller needs continued conflict between Iran and the United States, because improvement in relations might produce *an exchange of intelligence* between the investigative agencies of the two governments—with almost certain criminal prosecution for Chase Manhattan's top executives as a result.

No matter how Rockefeller's forecast turns out, his veto of the hostage negotiations adds yet another unlawful and antipatriotic act to the long count of his many crimes against Iran. Congress should no longer shirk its responsibility for impaneling a full-scale investigation of this unprecedented scandal, which may yet cost the lives of the tormented hostages!—*Name and address withheld*

Sold out

I note in the November previews that the next issue of *Penthouse* will contain an article on "The Selling of America." It is very likely that the writer will take aim at Canada and mention the regulatory agency known as FIRA (Foreign Investment Revue Agency), which examines foreign takeovers of not just Canadian-owned firms but also companies that are owned by other foreigners.

Lest your readers take umbrage with the FIRA and equate the Canadian situation with that of the United States, it should be noted that instituting FIRA was a matter of locking the barn door after the horse had gone. At this point a minority of ownership in Canada is held by Canadians in major companies. Initially, it was the English who owned us. The American capital began coming in, and to this day American ownership of Canadian industry, resources, and land is so vast that it would be impossible for Canadians to buy back what Americans own.

As a Canadian sitting almost on the border with the United States, I think it's interesting to watch how irritated the U.S. media get when the situation is akin to that of the princess and the pea. In the case

Super Sours begin with Seven.

For a super Whiskey Sour, start with the very special taste of Seagram's 7 Crown. Add 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 to the juice of one lemon and one tsp. of extra fine sugar. Shake, strain over ice and garnish with an orange slice and a cherry. A Seagram's 7 Sour is super! Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown

Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

of Canada, our ox has been gored so often that we've come to enjoy it as the national perversion.—*Marshall F. Shapiro, Toronto, Ontario*

Editor replies:
The article to which Mr. Shapiro refers was an "Advise & Dissent" by Rep. John Conyers, Jr. Representative Conyers did not criticize the FIRA, and, in fact, he suggested that the United States adopt a similar policy. Penthouse *is well aware of American business exploitation of Canada. In June 1978 we published "Say Uncle," by Canadian journalist Walter Stewart, which dealt in depth with this problem.*

Genocide
Is the United States as responsible as any other country for the millions of Cambodians murdered since 1970, as Edward Rasen asserts in his essay "Stop the Cambodian Genocide" (October 1980)? What does Mr. Rasen offer as evidence to link his own country to the crime of genocide?

Rasen speaks of nerve gas, which he alleges was used twice in a sparsely populated part of Cambodia, and of 13 villages, with 1,640 villagers, that were bombed. Finally, he asserts that 800,000 Cambodians had been killed by 1975. But he does not flatly say that they were killed by U.S. bombing. They died (if that figure is accurate) in the civil war between the Lon Nol government and the Khmer Rouge of Pol Pot. Mr. Rasen's figures do not add up to "millions" slain.

For some reason, Mr. Rasen never tells *Penthouse* readers in his essay what U.S. planes were bombing in Cambodia. Perhaps he remains unaware of the 100,000-man North Vietnamese army that operated out of Cambodia and threatened Saigon. Perhaps he is uninformed about the planned major offensive by these troops that could have cost the lives of thousands of Americans and South Vietnamese had it not been broken up by bombing. He should have done his homework better, since none of this is now undocumented.

As for the question of responsibility for the genocide that began in 1975, the great onus must be borne by the Cambodians themselves. Anka, the Khmer Rouge organization, and no one else, killed millions of Cambodians in the great holocaust that lasted until the Vietnam invasion in 1979.

But if there is an indirect American responsibility for this tragic event, doesn't it lie with those who urged cutting off aid to the Lon Nol government, thereby bringing about its collapse? Two groups in the Ninety-third Congress, the "Liberal Members of Congress for Peace through Law" and the Democratic Caucus, backed by liberal opinion writers in the media, cut off U.S. aid and support.

Many Americans, including the members of the Ford administration, were utterly opposed to abandoning Cambodia to Pol Pot, a man whom intelligence experts and some journalists had already identified as genocidal. Does not responsibility also lie with the media for failing to raise public awareness of the genocide when it was at its height? The record of the networks and Mr. Rasen's own is shameful in this regard.—*Henry Rosin, Chestertown, Md.*

Ed Rasen replies:
After one reads Henry Rosin's letter, it is obvious that he has never been to Cambodia or worked as a combat correspondent in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam War. It would appear he is completely ignorant of the realities of the secret air wars carried on by the United States against Cambodia and Laos.

Obviously, we will never know how many of the 800,000 Cambodians killed during the late sixties and early seventies died as a result of the U.S. bombing. However, it is unlikely that many died as a result of the war between various Cambodian guerrilla organizations and the United States-backed military government led by General Lon Nol. Following the failures of the Chenla I and II military operations in 1971 and 1972, the Lon Nol regime abandoned approximately one-half of Cambodia (all areas north of the Mekong River),

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

The first video camera that lets you focus like this.

With Toshiba's auto-focus color video camera, you get sharp, clear pictures without focusing.

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And don't forget our own new programmable 5-hour VCR. The V-8000 operates at normal speed, Beta-scan and Super☆Scan.™ This last speed, another Toshiba first, allows visual search up to 40 times faster than normal speed.

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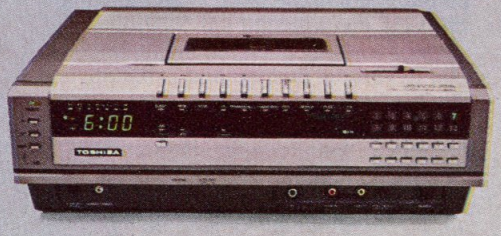

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• The sexiest girls are the ones that keep on a tiny piece of clothing—a shawl, a long string of pearls, or maybe a garter belt and stockings. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My present husband is just about the same as my first husband so far as sex goes: when the urge hits him, I am expected to lie back in bed, receive a kiss or two on the lips, and then have my vagina penetrated by a stiff penis. Then, after a few fast strokes, he rolls over and goes to sleep. I figured this was the way sex was supposed to be—to satisfy your husband and raise kids.

Now my sex life has really changed. Two years ago another teacher from my school and I were both delegates at a meeting in Atlanta, where we were staying at the Regency Hyatt. John and I had known each other for several years but had never been close.

After an all-day meeting, John suggested that we go out for dinner and cocktails. I am not use to drinking very much, and I was a little tipsy when John escorted me back to my hotel room. Once we were in the room, John took me in his arms and kissed me, working his hot tongue between my lips as his hands began to lightly rub my large breasts. This really turned me on, and it was only a short while before we were undressed and in bed. John did not rush. He stroked my breasts and thighs and kept on kissing me. I had not been kissed or fondled like this by either of my husbands, and after about half an hour of foreplay I had a feeling in my vagina that I had never experienced before. My cunt was really wet, and this was the first time that I really felt like having a stiff penis rammed up my cunt. John knew that he had me excited when I told him that I needed him. He spread my legs and inserted his hard dick into my dripping cunt. His strokes were long and slow; he was not in a hurry. Then I had this wonderful feeling, and I realized that I was having my first orgasm. After the waves of excitement had faded some, I realized that he was still hard and had not come. I asked him if it was because of me, and he told me that he was going to really satisfy me before he came. He kept on pounding that stiff rod into me, varying the strokes—slow, then fast; short, then deep. When I reached my third orgasm he released his hot juice way up inside me. John then spent the rest of the night with me, cuddled up in my arms.

Next day the meeting was over at about mid-afternoon, and John asked me if I had ever been to a porno movie. I told him no. I had been raised to think that only perverts went to see things like that. John said he had never been to a real porno movie either, only to one-reel eight-millimeter movies that didn't have any sound. I told him I would go with him but that I had to have a couple of drinks first in order to loosen up and screw up my courage to get up the nerve to do it.

We went to the cocktail lounge and had a couple of Bloody Marys, then took a cab to a porno double feature that had all kinds of sex acts that I had read about but never really thought people did. Vaginal, oral, and anal sex. Two people, three people, and more. The come shots showed spray all over the girls' mouths and faces, and I thought I would get sick. And when the girls were penetrated anally, I could almost feel a pain in my butt. But the movies excited me, and when John put my hand on the bulge in his pants, I knew he was excited also. It was dark when we got out of the movie, and he carried me up to his room. After one drink we were undressed, and John took me into the shower with him. He soaped and washed me from head to toe, rubbing all my body parts. That rubbing sure felt good! My nipples were hard and my cunt was wet. Then he asked me to wash him. After the shower we went to bed.

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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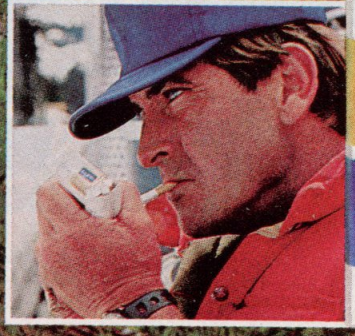

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

John kissed my lips slowly, letting his tongue rub inside my mouth. Then he sucked my tongue into his mouth. He moved on down and began kissing my tits, and he asked me what I had thought of the movie. I told him that parts of it had made me sick. He asked me if I wanted to try some of the things we had seen in the movie. I told him that some of those acts were shocking to me but that I was now wondering about them. Then I realized his lips had moved down my belly and his hot breath was blowing over my vagina. I felt his hot tongue lick my clitoris. This was a feeling I had never felt or thought that I could feel. He kissed and licked all around my cunt and clit. The feeling was driving me up the wall, and I began to come. I clamped my thighs tightly around his head, and I thought I would never stop coming. John kept on until I had climaxed four times.

After I had caught my breath and was relaxing, John kissed my lips and I could taste my own juices. It was exciting. I saw that his penis was hard, and I asked him if he wanted to put it in me so he could get his relief. He said it was okay if I didn't want to put his dick in my mouth, but I felt that since I had felt so good having him suck me off, I should repay him.

I slowly kissed the head of his dick and could taste the sweet drops that were sneaking out. His cock was so large that I had trouble getting only half of it in my mouth. He whispered that I should take it slow and easy at first. I was afraid that I would gag, but it was throbbing in my mouth and felt good. John began to moan, and his dick throbbed and got bigger, and to my surprise he began to come with a big gush of hot sperm in my mouth. I knew I would gag if I swallowed it, so I let it run out of my mouth and down his hot shaft. He told me how much he loved me and how good it felt to come in my mouth. I was surprised that I had also enjoyed it.

My cunt was getting hot again, so I kept kissing John's dick until it was hard again. He got me up on my hands and knees and got behind me. I then thought of the movie and asked him what he was fixing to do. He said he was going to screw me dog-fashion in my cunt. I was afraid he was going to put it in my back hole, and I told him so. But he slipped that hard dick up my cunt and really pounded it to me until I had two more climaxes. On the last one I felt his rod spray the inside of my honey pot with love cream.

The next day was the last day of the meeting, and we had one more night to be together. His sweet dick was hard and right in front of my face when we finished our shower together. I took the hint and put my hot lips over the purple head. I sucked on his rod until I had the head inside my lips. He began to finger my ass hole. I was so hot that I moved my head

It was a dancer before

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down until I had the entire length of his sweet dick in my mouth and throat, and we both began to come at the same time. This time I was so hot that I took his load down my throat, swallowing every last drop. We moved to the bed, and John began rubbing Vaseline over my anus. Then he slid his middle finger all the way in. I told him how good it felt, and he got the hint. He rolled me over on my belly, greased his dick, and slowly slipped it up my virgin ass hole. He went real slow, so it didn't hurt as he furiously fingered my clit. It took ten minutes of slow pushing until he was all the way up my ass. There was some pain, but it all turned to pleasure as I began to explode in the strongest orgasm I had ever experienced. My tight ass clamped his dick as he exploded, filling me with his hot love juice. We spent the rest of the night sucking and screwing.

For most of my life I have missed out on sex. These past two years have really been wonderful. I am really looking forward to our next meeting in Atlanta so John and I can catch up on our lovemaking. Just thinking about it as I write this letter has made my panties dripping wet.—A.S.A.

You see, it is never too late to learn, even if you are a teacher yourself. Accept the fact that you now have the chance of your life to catch up on lost time. As long as you stay youthful and in shape, there is no reason why you shouldn't continue loving and fucking for many years to come.

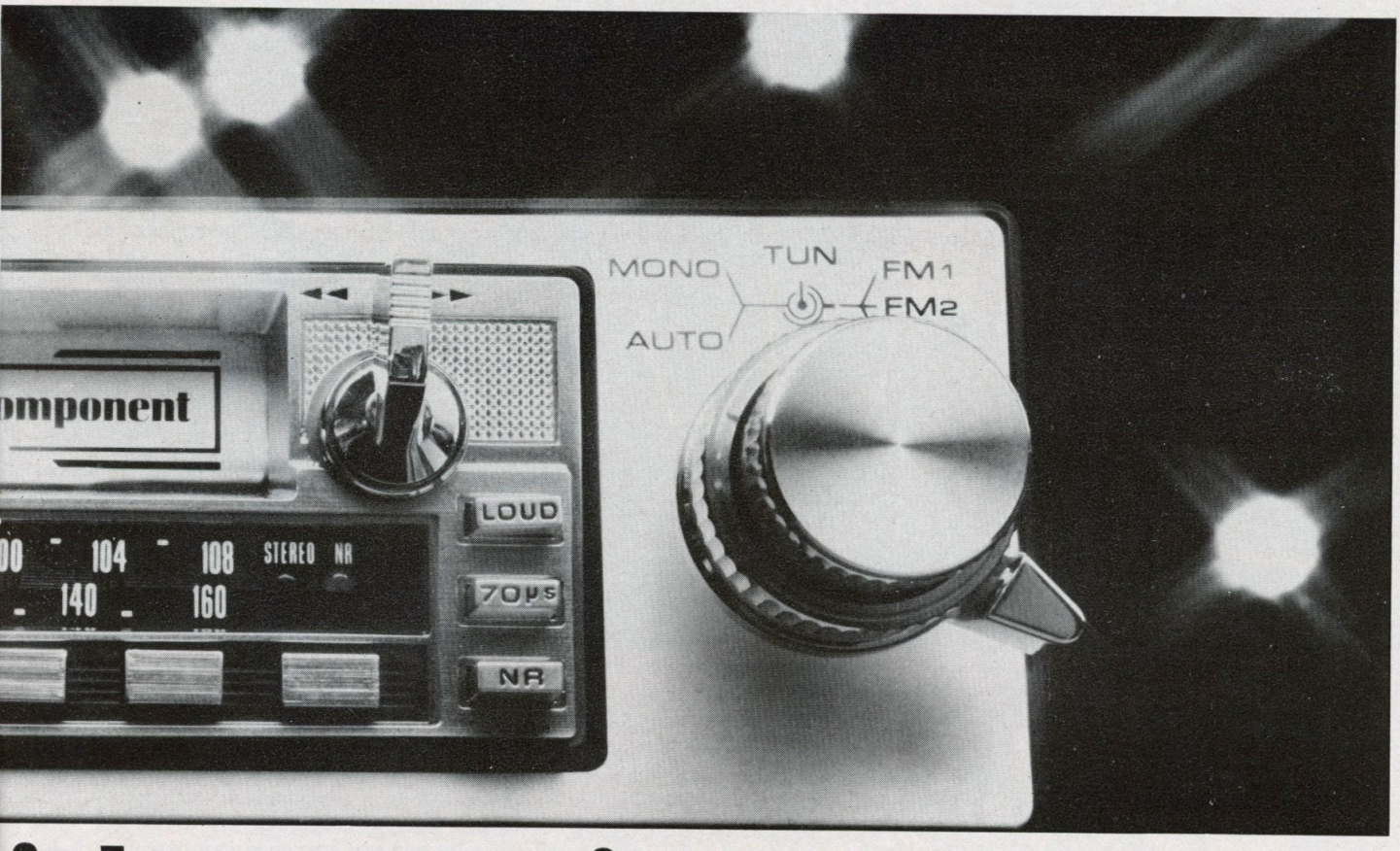
FORBIDDEN FOREST

Last Friday my good friend Candice and I took off to our favorite beach, a secluded place in the country where we could be alone and run around naked. On the way, she brought up the subject of group sex. We had engaged in several lovely threeways with one of my boyfriends, and she was saying we should try a group grope with a whole lot of people.

Later on, we had our blankets laid out in a hidden spot in the dunes. The beach was deserted, and we spent a marvelous morning naked in the sun. A little past noon I was dozing while Candice looked for shells. She came sprinting up the beach and said that some people were headed our way. We had brought some swimsuits along—microscopic string bikinis that were blatantly immodest. But putting them on seemed like the right thing to do, so we got "dressed."

The intruders turned out to be a group of four young men, all about 18, tossing a football around. Eventually we all introduced ourselves and ended up choosing sides for a rough-and-tumble game of touch football.

After a while I noticed that her swimsuit was starting to work itself loose. I had been adjusting mine constantly, but she



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had neglected hers and was showing bare buns and a little fringe of pubic hair. I knew she was playing the exhibitionist, and it turned me on enough to let my own suit ride until the center of the crotch had bunched up into a half-inch-wide strip. Our new friends seemed to enjoy this little display, and they were all smiles when Candice, running for a touchdown, bounced right out of her bikini top. Surprisingly, she just threw it to the ground and completed the play. Since no big fuss was made over her bare breasts, I eventually dropped my own top. I found it incredibly titillating for us to be flaunting our bronze bodies while the boys tried to act so blasé.

Some time later, Candice took a sliding fall while catching a pass, and her bikini bottom ended up around her knees. The four boys just stood there in dumbfounded embarrassment, trying vainly to look politely away while she recovered herself. But she only laughed and calmly got in place for the next play. In a sudden moment of shock I realized that Candice intended to go a good deal beyond the realm of playful exhibitionism. I was equally shocked by my own growing desire to see this seduction through. Still, the football game went on. My apprehensive arousal turned into a pounding erotic fever when my friend ran up behind me and pulled my strings loose. Amazingly, the boys made no overt sexual moves as Candice and I frolicked stark naked amongst them, and we were able to keep up this delicious absurdity for a good half hour or more, until Candice suggested we go break open our cooler of iced tea.

With my heart pounding and my knees wobbling, I let Candice grab my hand and lead me up toward the dunes. She whispered, "Don't be nervous. We're just going to have some fun." We all sat on the blankets and drank tea for a while, and I tried to imagine what it was going to be like, letting each of these sexy teenagers have his turn invading the tight, slippery warmth between my legs. Candice finally broke the suspense by turning to the boy next to her and kissing him passionately while her hands were busy undoing his cutoffs, freeing a stiff cock, which she took into her mouth. The others undressed quickly, and suddenly I was on my side surrounded by eager young flesh. I raised a leg and guided the boy behind me deep into my pussy. He came to a quick climax while his friend gripped my waist and ran his tongue over my breasts and belly. In a moment I was flipped on my back, and the second boy charged into me, thrusting half a dozen times before orgasm.

All four boys had come in a matter of minutes, but what followed was an orgy that lasted the rest of the afternoon, pushing my body to limits of endurance I never dreamed were possible. Our newfound lovers were delightful in their enthusiasm to try anything we suggested. Candice and I demonstrated the art of giving head to a woman, which they learned well, and we tried to see how many different fucking positions we could think of. After we had each taken on every boy one at a time, we invented all sorts of multiple combinations. One of my favorites was being held up spread-eagled and rocked back and forth, impaled on the boy standing between my legs while dropping my head back to take another down my throat. My most ambitious encounter involved squatting down over the smallest boy's cock, taking it deep into my ass until I was relaxed enough to lean back and have another enter me from the front. This sort of experimentation went on for hours, until we had all collapsed in exhaustion. I must have had a dozen orgasms that incredible afternoon, and it was two days before I could walk with my legs together.

Crazy as this may sound, I would like to know how I can control my nervous inhibitions enough to take the plunge again. I would love to be able to abandon myself to such exquisite pleasure as often as possible, so please give me the benefit of your experienced advice.—T.H.

"Dr. Hirsch here is a black belt in root canals."

I recently organized an orgy, the first that I've held at my house in years. Altogether there were about 36 people. There were about a dozen of the old-time swingers around, and the rest were newcomers to the group sex game.

For the first few hours any outsider would have thought that it was a normal party, because everybody kept their clothes on and didn't know how to get the ball rolling. At midnight I served some hot food and snacks and announced, half-jokingly and semiseriously: "Ladies and gentlemen, since this party was supposed to be an orgy, I now announce the food is ready and we can all eat or fuck, or fuck what we eat or whom we eat, but I suggest each lady start undressing at least the upper half of her partner's torso."

And so, sometimes with effort, sometimes with finesse, the men got their shirts and sweaters and scarves peeled off. Then I announced that the men could do whatever they wanted to the women. Soon there was a mutual stripping of clothing. The sexiest girls were the ones who kept on a tiny piece of clothing—a shawl, a long string of pearls, or maybe a garter belt and stockings (nobody wore bras). The amazing thing was that the new swingers who had never publicly undressed before became uninhibited once they got over their initial shyness.

The next day I got many enthusiastic phone calls from people who had finally overcome their jealousy of their partner's having sex with others—as long as it remained under their close supervision and was completely sexual. In your case, you have no possessive feelings toward anyone. So have fun and swing round the clock if you wish. If worse comes to worst, get a joint or drink a few martinis beforehand to loosen up.

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Around

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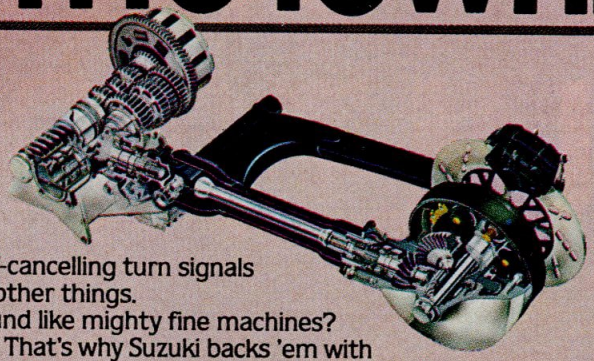

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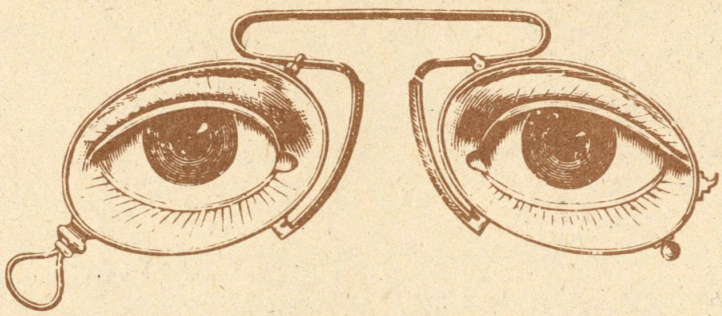


VIEW FROM THE TOP

OUR BEARDS, OUR SELVES

BY CHRIS HALLINGER

As we grow into adulthood, our bodies go through a striking transformation, one that will have a profound effect on us for the rest of our lives. Our beards start to grow. Let's face it: we all want to have sexual relationships and jobs, and we're not going to get anywhere unless we shave. So we're going to have to practice some kind of beard control. In order to make an intelligent choice, we have to look at what methods are available and decide between them according to their safety and cost. No one method is perfect for every man.

In the old days men had beards whether they wanted them or not, and they suffered in silence. Look at pictures of men in the 1890s: even the presidents had beards. Now, with the advent of modern shaving technology and the raising of men's consciousness, we have new freedom and power that we never knew in the past. We are gaining power over our own faces and the freedom to choose when and where we will have a beard.

The first step toward taking control of our faces is getting to know them. We must lose our inhibitions about touching our own bodies. The best way to begin is with a personal facial examination.

Personal Facial Examination. Usually this is done in the privacy of the bathroom or bedroom, in the early morning or just before bathing. However, it can be performed anytime, as often as you like, alone or in groups. All you need is a mirror and a fluorescent light.

Don't be embarrassed about exploring the entire facial area. There is nothing to be ashamed about; we are all curious about our bodies. With some practice you can learn to find and identify your mouth, ears, neck, and other vital areas. Soon you will be able to recognize and understand what your beard is doing.

The first self-examination may prove to be a joyous and thrilling event, as this college student reports: "At first I was repulsed by the idea. Nice guys don't touch themselves 'up there.' But once I started, it was fascinating. I enjoyed it. I found out that I have nostrils. Two of them! It was the most wonderful experience of my life."

It is also important to learn the scientific terminology. The American Barber Association has tried to keep us ignorant for years so that we will be helpless and dependent on it. Now it is time for us to educate ourselves so that we can speak to our barbers on their terms. Jerry, a 25-year-old single man, tells a typical story: "I told my barber, 'Just a trim. I want it to come halfway down my ears.' He was, of course, shocked. 'Where did you find out about ears?' he wanted to know immediately. 'What are you, some kind of cosmetology student?' "

Now let's look at the different methods of beard control.

The Electrical Scraping Device (ESD). *What It Is:* An ESD consists of a motor that is encased in plastic, a row of metal blades, and a coiled-up electrical cord. The blades may be either single-file or rotary, stationary or floating. The whole business is enclosed in a case, with instructions and a warranty.

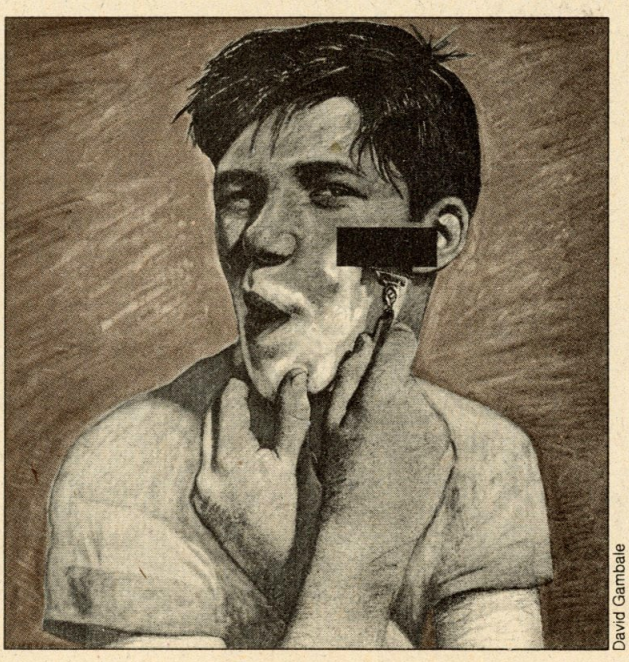
How to Use It. Take the ESD out of the case. Attach the cord to the device (follow directions). Plug it into a 110 outlet and shave.

Advantages. It is quick. It is convenient. It is safe. There is no cutting or bleeding of the face.

Disadvantages. It sounds terrible. Most ESDs sound like chainsaws, which may not be the noise you want to hear at 7:00 A.M. It can be irritating to the skin. Many men report that they have to keep going over the same places until it hurts so much they have to stop. It is expensive. An ESD can run as high as $50, not including maintenance.

Effectiveness. ESDs have a low effectiveness rating, getting only 70 to 80 percent of the beard. The effectiveness varies according to how sharp the blades are and how hard you push. The electrical scraping device was once considered to be the ultimate solution to the problem of beard control. However, many men are becoming disenchanted with ESDs and are going back to more "old-fashioned" methods.

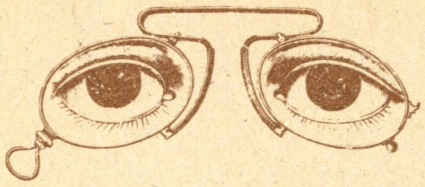
The Blade. *What It Is.* This device consists of a thin piece of metal that is incredibly sharp, attached to a T-shaped holder. The blade can be single- or double-edged, and it can be either injector or manual. It can be made out of chromium, tungsten steel, Swedish steel, U.S. Steel, or melted swords. The handle can be made out of plastic or metal. Some handles are hollow, so that you can whistle into them, while some are not. Consult your barber or the nearest football player for advice on choosing the correct device for you.



David Gambale

How to Use It. Warning: It must be used with some kind of foam or gel.

Wash your face with hot water. The water temperature should be as close to boiling as possible. Apply the foam or gel to the facial area. This must be done within five minutes of shaving every time you shave. The whole whisker area must be covered. Now you are ready to shave. You should stand erect, in a well-lit area, with a source of water close at hand. You should be reasonably awake and alert. The object is to take off as much beard as possible while leaving behind as much skin as possible.



Advantages. It doesn't make an unpleasant noise. No electricity is needed. It can be used while camping or in developing nations. It is inexpensive to purchase.

Disadvantages. It must be used with foam. It can be dangerous. Cutting and bleeding are common, especially among the new users. There are possible dangerous side effects: your hands and face can be burnt by scalding water.

Effectiveness. The blade has a very good effectiveness rating: as high as 90 percent of the beard, if used with caution. Despite the hassles involved with its use, many men rely on its simplicity and effectiveness, just as our grandfathers did.

Astrological Beard Control. This new and controversial method of beard control relies on astrological charts, knowing the exact hour and location of your birth, and a lot of luck. Any results from this method are as yet unproven by science, although some men swear by it. We don't recommend astrological beard control, unless you want to be the proud owner of a new goatee.

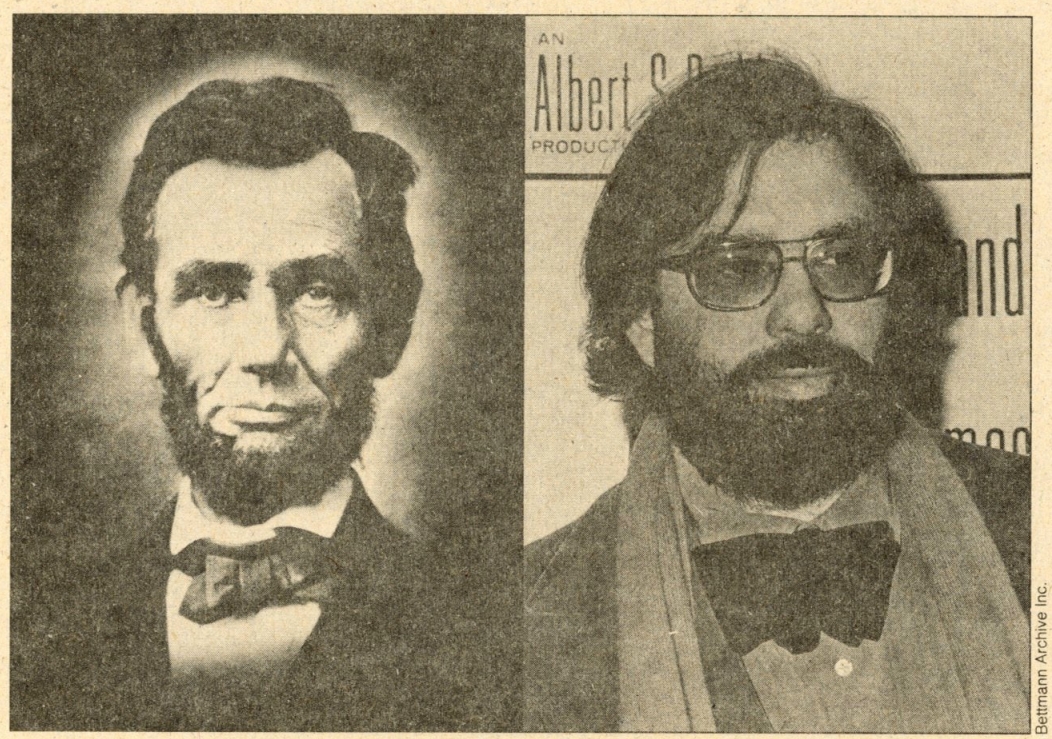
Abstinence. Abstinence is a perfectly legitimate choice for some. You simply go without shaving. You'll be miserable in the summer, your face will feel hot and dirty, and you'll look like a derelict—even with a suit on. It's up to you.

Men's Consciousness. Times have changed. Our society has become more permissive. Matters that were once never mentioned in public can now be talked about openly; we can speak frankly and plainly about beard control. Parents are telling their children the facts about their whiskers so that they won't grow up learning half-truths at the street corner. You even see ads for masculine hygiene products in newspapers and on television.

It is important to communicate with our partners and our friends. We need to support each other and to talk about our needs and feelings. Here is one man's experience of the value of group support:

"I was in the barbershop, waiting to have a whiskerectomy. I was very nervous. I felt isolated and afraid, with nothing to comfort me but old issues of *Field and Stream*. I looked at my brothers in the room and realized that despite our differences in age and background, there was a common bond between us. After we talked awhile and shared some experiences, we discovered that we had many similar ideas and feelings. We all felt that the Eagles had an improved defense this year and that they had a good chance for a play-off spot. But what troubled us was their need for some offensive firepower, somebody who could break away for a long gainer. After our rap session, I felt relaxed and comfortable. I knew I was no longer alone."

Women and Beard Control. Unfortunately, even in our "liberated" society, almost all of the responsibility for beard control still falls on the men. We are the ones who must go to the barbershop and to the drugstore; we must go through all the hassles ourselves. It is often a strain on us—physically, emotionally, and monetarily. We do it for their benefit as much as for our own, but many women will just shrug and say, "That's your problem." It's no wonder that we feel angry and bitter.



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From Lincoln to Coppola: abstinence is a perfectly legitimate choice for some men.

SCENES

BLESSED MONSTERS

People tend to get very mystical when a performer impersonates a legendary figure on the stage. They talk about the "uncanny" physical resemblances and claim to see spiritual affinities between actor and subject. Sometimes they secretly wonder if some act of sympathetic magic has taken place, some mysterious "possession" of the actor's identity.

Not to worry about Jane Lapotaire. Edith Piaf has not moved into the actress's body to occupy her soul. Jane Lapotaire is too much her own woman to share her identity with anyone.

Which is not to say that something magical hasn't happened between the two women.

It began two years ago, when Jane Lapotaire won the challenging role of Edith Piaf in Pam Gems's biographical play ***Piaf.*** Presented in cabaret style, with the actors taking multiple roles as the characters who figured in the singer's life, *Piaf* covers the biographical details in brief, compact segments, directed with lightning-flash style by Howard Davies. But essentially the play is a two-woman tour de force, shared by the dead Piaf and the living Lapotaire.

The Royal Shakespeare Company first presented *Piaf* in a small workshop production in Stratford-upon-Avon, where it was instantly acclaimed. In a second RSC studio production, this time in London, it won more acclamation, enough to move it to the West

End, where it gathered a bouquet of awards for its star. This February the show opens on Broadway, advanced by trumpets of international applause for Lapotaire, whose interpretation of the tragic French chanteuse has sent critics and audiences into adjectival ecstasy.

On her first weekend in New York, Jane Lapotaire vanished. Oblivious of the frantic calls and search parties sent out by her Broadway management, the new RSC star blithely took off on a tourist's toot. Subsisting on pastrami sandwiches, she hit the theaters, caught a couple of ballets, made

Jane Lapotaire stars in Piaf.

the museums, booked a holiday trip to Mexico, bought a Calvin Klein pantsuit at Bergdorf's, and found a private school for Rowan, her seven-year-old son by her director-husband, Roland Joffé—wondering all the while why nobody on the show seemed to need her.

"I'm such a hick," she confesses, when tracked to earth. "You know that little red light on hotel phones? I thought it was to show you where the phone was. It took me all weekend before I twigged on the fact that the red light meant you had phone messages."

As she rocks back and forth, laughing at herself, it's easy to see why Jane Lapotaire was pegged to play Piaf. She is taller, heavier, and healthier than the Little Sparrow, who stood four feet ten inches in her arthritic feet and weighed 99 pounds when she died, at the age of 47, of too much living. But there's a Gallic soul under that sultry olive skin and the understanding of a woman's self-destructive passions under that sleek head of auburn hair. For all her composed airs, she gives it away with her eyes—luminous, almond-shaped eyes that grow dark and seem to sink deeper into her skull when she declares her feelings for the great and tragic singer.

"I do not admire Piaf," she admits, as her eyes storm over. "I love her and feel compassion for her, because she was such a wild thing. Had I known her, I think I would have found her what Charles Aznavour called her—a *monstre sacré*. A blessed monster. Someone you love to hate and hate to love."

Lapotaire may or may not be aware of what a passionate woman she appears in her tightly coiled body, behind those smoldering eyes. But she staunchly disclaims any emotional affinities with her stage character ("She was voracious, always starved for strong emotions and experiences. I am too much of a Puritan for that") even as she admits the startling similarities of their lives.

"Piaf's life," playwright Pam Gems has written, "was open to us all—the men, the drugs, the accidents, the illnesses, the stresses, the exploitation, the collapses. What amazes is how long she survived."

Piaf was born on the streets of Paris, quite literally: delivered by two gendarmes and left in the care of her grandmother, who ran a whorehouse. As a child, she performed on the pavements with her acrobat father, developing both the powerful voice that allowed her to be heard above Paris traffic and a bad case of meningitis, which left her blind for a time. At 16 she had a child, who died in infancy. At 22, she was taken off the street by Louis Leplée, the nightclub entrepreneur who renamed her Piaf, put her in the plain black dress that would become her trademark, and, before he was murdered in gangland style, launched her career.

"Tears are necessary for love," Piaf advised us in one of her songs, and her life was well watered by both. For every step forward her career took, her life stumbled deeper into misery. Besides the drink, the drugs, and the debilitating illnesses and accidents that battered her frail body, there were the lovers who left deeper scars. It all went into her songs. As Pam Gems has said, "She'd done and seen it all and you knew that. She could make you wince with pain."

Jane Lapotaire's early life was no picnic, either. Her maternal grandfather committed suicide when his French common-law wife died in childbirth, leaving no one to care for Jane's mother, who was sent to a foster home in England. Here, the girl met a soldier, name unknown. (In various accounts of Jane's life, he is identified as French, English, and American.) When Jane was born of this brief liaison, her mother abandoned her and returned to France. Brought up by the same elderly foster parent who had raised her mother, Jane took the name of the Frenchman her mother eventually married. But she defied the British welfare courts by refusing to join her mother and stepfather in France, electing to remain in England with the old woman she called "Gran."

Under the Englishwoman's care, the girl finished her education, won a place in the repertory company of the Bristol Old Vic, and in 1967 joined the National Theater Company. After playing her Katharines and Jessicas and Lady Fainalls, Jane moved to the Royal Shakespeare Company to play her Violas and Rosalines and Lady Macduffs. A familiar face on British television, she is best known for her portrayals of such outsized characters as Cleopatra, Madame Curie, and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Now, at age 36, the illegitimate, abandoned child has been adopted by hordes of admirers, who call her one of the most thrilling acting talents of her generation.

"I developed the weapons to come to terms with the limitations of my childhood; as far as I can see, Piaf learned no defenses at all," says Jane Lapotaire, summing up succinctly the basic difference between them. "I think Piaf had a basically addictive nature," she says thoughtfully. "She was addicted to men, drugs, alcohol,

Springer/Bettmann Film Archive Inc.

Piaf: "Someone you love to hate and hate to love."

Bettmann Archive Inc.

The Little Sparrow on stage.

money, her own fierce emotions. I don't like to feel that anything can dictate my life. I get huge pleasure out of saying: No, I will not be used by this or that particular desire. I do not *need* that drink, that cigarette."

At the same time that she sums up Piaf's excesses as destructive of her talent, her happiness, and her life, Lapotaire acknowledges that the ferocity of those appetitive emotions gave the singer's art its depth and validity. She hasn't resolved the ironies of that—but she's clearly made her choices for her own life and career. "I believe in surviving," she declares, setting her rather magnificent jaw. "Piaf had a great, pure instinct, but I don't think she was particularly aware of how to conserve it, how to protect herself and her talent. When you take a very wild, free, uneducated spirit like that and give it money and fame, you must also educate it to conserve itself."

One of the most poignant moments in *Piaf,* in the opinion of its star, is the scene in which a friend of Piaf's, a woman clearly based on Marlene Dietrich, advises the singer to use some technique instead of always delivering her whole soul on stage. But Piaf was unwilling, or perhaps unable, to hold anything back. Even for survival.

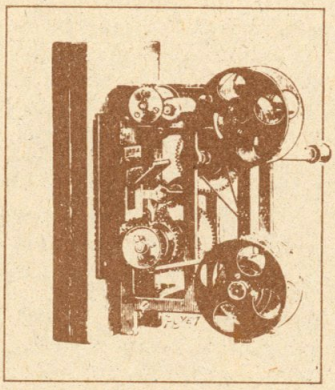
Lapotaire's own weapons of survival, of holding back, are her work and her private life. She's a self-declared overachiever in her work and ferociously protective of her personal privacy. Her own child, she admits, is a buffer against whatever lingering urges might tempt her to hurl herself into the intoxicating dangers of fame. "I want my child in New York with me because he puts roots in my life," she explains. "I'm not just being a fond mom or feeling pangs of maternal guilt. I need him to ask me to sew a button on his gray shirt or to take him out for pizza. I need him for the perspective, to remind me who I am."

This staunch belief in the protective values of work, home, and education is terribly middle-class, she admits—with a disarming grimace of apology. This, too, keeps her a healthy distance from the wild, crude creature she portrays so very sympathetically onstage but never off. The defiantly low-class Piaf maintained, says her impersonator, "a strong instinct to stay in contact with her roots." In *Piaf,* Pam Gems goes so far as to represent Edith Piaf's loyalty to her gutter-class origins as a quasi-political stance. "She was that extraordinary phenomenon," notes the playwright, "a woman who made it to the top of her profession without changing class."

But for Jane Lapotaire, middle-class stability and sanity is well worth the loss of lower-class vitality. "It's true that the play is a celebration of a tragic but tough little woman who never let the system package her the way it wanted to," she agrees. "But in the end, she was still eaten alive. The system always discovers that spirit and exploits it, because of its value. I still believe that the spirit, in order to survive, has to learn to capitulate."

For all her fierce admiration for Piaf, Jane Lapotaire is even more fiercely determined to escape the Little Sparrow's burnout. "I am not Piaf," Lapotaire says, smiling, mostly with relief, but also with just the slightest shadow of regret. "I don't try to *be* Piaf on stage, either. And there's no way I can sing like her . . . But I do try to find the emotion she felt in her music and in her life. I try to feel and deliver that emotion. That's what I do."—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS

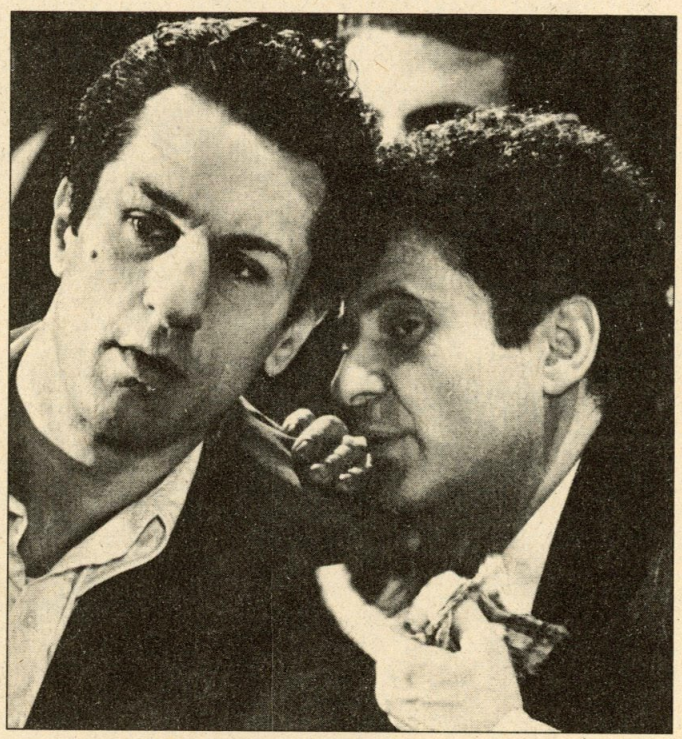


SCENT OF BLOOD

Prize-fight movies always tend to have something big in mind. Something about the human condition: hope, despair, career, corruption. So it stands to perverse reason that you'll learn less about a prize-fight movie from listening to its self-proclaimed deeper thoughts than you will from watching what goes on in the ring.

In Martin Scorsese's ***Raging Bull***, the not-so-happy story of former middleweight champion Jake La Motta, the ring seems almost a place of respite. Oh, the boxing is bloody enough, probably a bit too bloody for real life, with streams of unidentifiable liquid spurting out of a succession of mashed faces. But in the ring there is a purposeful solemnity, a reason for the aggression, sometimes even a hushed silence imposed on the sound track. It is as if the ring offered a vision of ritualized violence to counter the unritualized violence everywhere else in Scorsese's film. For all its sophisticated ironies and sometimes elegant stylization, *Raging Bull* is one fight movie that really means to be about the act of fighting.

The life of Jake La Motta, as the movie sees it, consists of very little else. There is, of course, his wife—the beautiful, blonde, teenage Vickie (Cathy Moriarty). And there is his brother, Joey (Joe Pesci), plus the various categories of hoods who hang around their neighborhood in the Bronx. But Vickie fuels Jake's brutal jealousy. Joey becomes his punching bag. And the neighbors—at least, the ones Jake knows—are either managing fights or fixing fights or get-



Unritualized violence: Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci in Raging Bull.

ting beaten up because Jake may have caught them looking cross-eyed at Vickie in a bar. The La Motta temper never stops. It's merely better channeled at some times than others. But even the boxing won't ever be a contest. Whether Jake wins or loses, it will be a slaughter—brief, direct, and deadly serious.

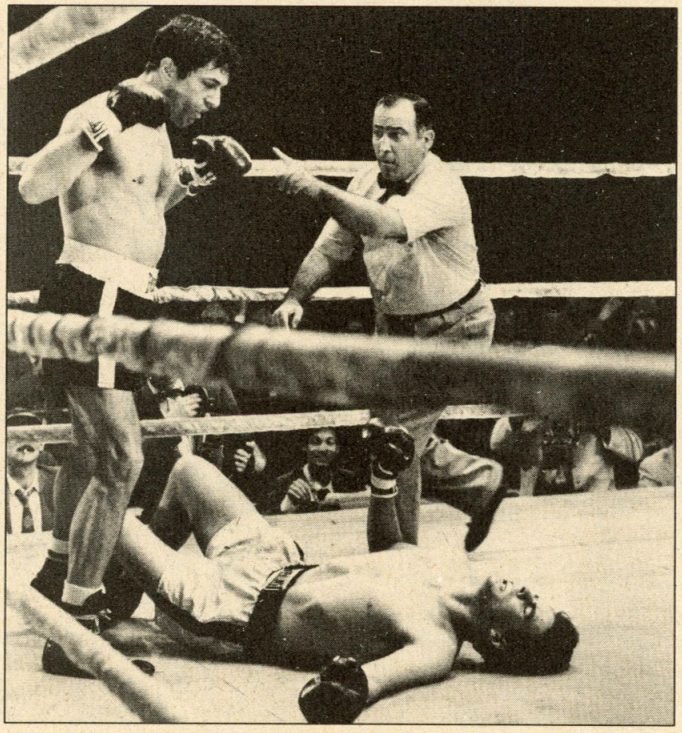
La Motta's career flourished in the late 1940s. The film picks him up a bit before then, and it follows him into the early 1960s—long after he had gone to fat, lost his title, lost his wife and kids, lost his Miami nightclub, lost the affection of his loyal brother. Like so many movies nowadays, *Raging Bull* is in black and white, except for some quite marvelous simulated home-movie footage shot in tacky color during the early days with Vickie. The film is arresting to look at but never self-servingly "handsome." After Jake's retirement from the ring, it becomes very strange, fragmented, picking him up first as a stand-up comic onstage at his own nightclub, then in jail for serving liquor to minors, and finally in New York City at the Barbizon-Plaza, giving readings "from Paddy Chayevsky, Rod Serling, Shakespeare, and Budd Schulberg." For some, the mere ordering of that list might be worth a whole movie—though not necessarily the movie they've been seeing.

I think it reasonable to ask of *Raging Bull* whether the Jake La Motta story is really worth the telling. Not whether it has some special moral significance, as its last words, a quotation from the Gospel According to St. John, suggest, but whether all the fights, faithfully dated and documented by titles on the screen, the ruined marriage, the middle-age indignities, also dated and documented, amount to anything more shapely than what a brief career and the mere passing of time supply. I suspect that they don't and that *Raging Bull* never really opens the mystery that it surely sees its hero's life to be.

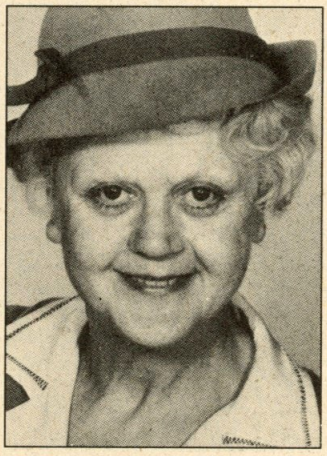
But everything around the mystery remains interesting. Those fabulous, unreal fight scenes, especially the first two matches with Sugar Ray Robinson (played by Johnny Barns); the huddled gamblers inside the Bronx social clubs; the orchestration of eye-contacts at the local swimming pool where Jake first notices his wife-to-be—each of these is in its own way thrilling, ominous, funny, as the case may be. Robert De Niro put on a famous excess 50 pounds in order to play the too fat La Motta. But the pounds are secondary to the weight of characterization that De Niro always puts on. To a role that consists mainly of nonstop yelling, except when it takes time out for actual fighting, he brings exactly the potential for complexity and the sense of hesitation that can humanize his man. Cathy Moriarty, who plays Vickie opposite him, has never been in movies before. She is gorgeous, almost frighteningly poised. For the purposes of this film, she seems just about ideal.

But the purposes of this film keep inching it toward control over a larger context. Give him a room full of people, and Martin Scorsese becomes a poet of intrigue. For example, one night Jake takes Vickie and Joey out to a midtown nightclub, the Copacabana. Jake is edgy, jealous of anyone in pants. Joey is protective, nervous, conciliatory. And Vickie is cool, quiet, just conscious enough of knocking everybody's eyes out—of being the reason why Jake, politicking his way from acquaintance to acquaintance seated at the dance-floor banquettes, just can't stand turning away from her for long. An adequate assessment of the tensions in that sequence would fill a column. Scorsese sometimes even slows down the film's motion just a bit so you can savor them. And when he does that you'll know, for a scene if not for a whole movie, that you are in the company of a master.

Only a moment before the chattering Heather Badcock keeled over, dead from the massive dose of tranquilizer that had been dumped in her daiquiri at the Gossington Hall reception, a look of frozen doom, noticed by several, had crossed the face of her hostess, American film star Marina Gregg, planning a comeback in the title role of her husband's new production, *Mary, Queen of Scots.* Why the look? Was it shock at the unexpected sight of arch-rival Lola Brewster grandly sweeping up the Gossington Hall main stairs? Was it giddy boredom from having listened to everything Heather said? Was it something about the Bellini *Madonna and Child* hanging across from her on the wall of the staircase landing? Whatever it was, it of course becomes the principal nagging clue in ***The Mirror Crack'd,*** the new Agatha Christie movie, directed by Guy Hamilton and starring a white-haired Angela Lansbury as Miss Jane Marple, ancient supersleuth of the rural English village of St. Mary Mead.



Scorsese's prize-fight movie: the ring as a place of respite.



Lansbury as Miss Marple.

There are problems with *The Mirror Crack'd,* and in an odd way Angela Lansbury happens to be one of them. She is so good and so vital an actress, and her opposite number, Edward Fox, as Chief Inspector Craddock of Scotland Yard, is so fine and ingenious an actor, that singly or together they utterly dominate the film. Considering that they play against four supposedly flamboyant show-biz types, a certain imbalance arises. Watch either of them spar with Elizabeth Taylor as Marina or Kim Novak as Lola or Rock Hudson or Tony Curtis as the respective husbands, and you'll have a very good lesson in who is and who isn't the true theatrical pro.

The Mirror Crack'd includes two murders and at least two dozen clues, 23 of which will lead you

astray if you're not careful. It is shamelessly full of British types—and Hollywood types, of which the best is probably Tony Curtis's producer Marty Fenn, who can't figure why the English operator has to ask "What coast?" when he grabs the phone and yells into it, "Get me the Coast." I guess I'm grateful for its bringing back Kim Novak, still too pneumatically ravishing for the gravity of our world, but not for its continuing Elizabeth Taylor, who can't begin to probe the conventional psychological depths her role offers.

Solving Heather's murder, if indeed Heather was even the intended victim, takes perhaps less energy than does sorting out the various egos descended on St. Mary Mead. In fact, the story ultimately forces itself upon the movie, rather to the disadvantage of the people, in whom we've probably been more interested all along. One trouble with the Agatha Christie movies (most recently, *Murder on the Orient Express* and *Death on the Nile*) is the Agatha Christie novels, with their elaborately contrived plotting and their extensive manipulation of clues. They do employ logic, but it is a logic that depends upon the introduction of unknown information virtually at the moment of the solution—fun, perhaps, for a mystery reader, but no one at the movies can be blamed for losing patience. Film gives us a different kind of information, rationally less authoritative but more sensory and more complete. Against it, even the curiosity of a Miss Marple will seem trivial by comparison.

But there is nothing trivial about the skill of Angela Lansbury or the bandy-legged charm of Edward Fox. I'd accept the whole Miss Marple series in monthly installments just to have the two of them acting together. She is here in a role that years ago would have gone to the late, great Margaret Rutherford, and you can trace some Margaret Rutherford in her characterization. You can also trace some reasons why it's worth doing movies about aging British spinsters and their world—reasons like that nighttime moment in *The Mirror Crack'd* when Miss Marple suddenly sits bolt upright in the bedroom of her darkened cottage and, in discovery and self-reproach, exclaims: *"Of course! The vicar!"*—*Roger Greenspun*

Novak, Hudson, and Taylor: picking the true theatrical pros.

WORDS

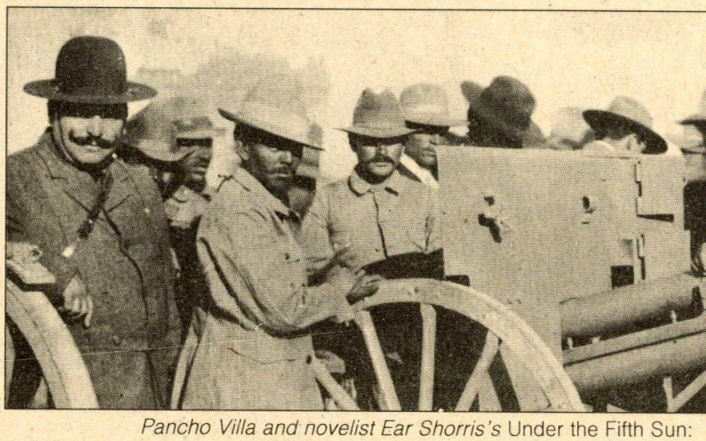
PULP PLOTS

A rudimentary synopsis of the plot to Ear Shorris's ***Under the Fifth Sun*** (Delacorte) suggests that what we have here is another sockdolager from the humming atelier of Lyle Kenyon Engel, the wizard of Canaan, N.Y.

Engel doesn't write books; he emits them, rather as if they were bars of pig iron. Like all great industrial breakthroughs, the process is a simple one. Engel thinks up a plot (usually of a historical nature), sells it to a publisher (usually Bantam), and finds an author to write it down (usually Noel Gerson). He insists only that the story be as potentially self-reproductive as an amoeba, that there be a sex or bondage scene once every 23 pages or so, and that the style be as uncomplicated as a peroration by the Pillsbury Doughboy. It works. It also proves that you can write a novel about, literally, anything. Engel persuaded John Jakes to write *The Kent Family Chronicles*, and they made a million bucks. The Windhaven and Oakhurst sagas followed (or is it Windhurst and Oakhaven? no matter), and he currently has Gerson—under the nom de guerre of Dana Fuller Ross—following a fictitious wagon train around every state in the Union, happily banging the womenfolk and tying them up.

It is instructive to observe what happens when a different writer takes essentially the same rip-snorting material and treats both it and his reader's intelligence with respect, as Dickens did, as Shorris does.

Shorris's unlikely protagonist is Pancho Villa. His subject is the Mexican Revolution of 1910. He includes a lot of battles, because Villa was first a bandit and later a general, and he includes a certain amount of lust, because Villa couldn't resist the ladies. So far we seem to be safely in Engel-Gerson territory, but the similarity is far more apparent than real. *Under the Fifth Sun* is a meditation on the character of Mexico, rendered in faultless prose and with a wealth of detail that seems effortless and inevitable only because it's brilliantly selected. It is, in short, everything that a novel was once supposed to be: a metaphorical method of telling a truth unavailable by other means, for which the plot is the occasion and in which the lust is a symbol, as are the flies that swarm to the eyes of the dead on the forgotten battlefields of Chihuahua. At its heart is the dilemma of a man being torn apart by con-



Pancho Villa and novelist Ear Shorris's Under the Fifth Sun:

flicting urgencies: the wisdom of the machine gun as opposed to the fading Aztec wisdom of his *raza*. We haven't seen anything quite like it since Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon*, although this is much better.

In literature, the plot is a little like a trip to the grocery store or a chance encounter with a naked, nubile grandma; the real story is what happens then. Given the current publishing climate, we aren't allowed to have many books like that anymore, but here is one. —*L. J. Davis*

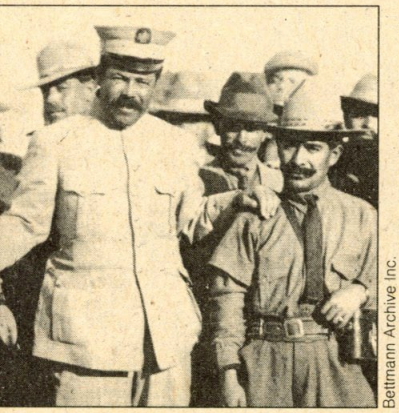
THE GREATEST CON GAME

A great story of modern American mythology is the tale of the intrepid investigative reporter who, supported by crusty editors and feisty publishers, digs out the truth, slays the monster, and restores democracy. A. J. Liebling, our greatest reporter and press critic, would have been thoroughly amused by the media's view of their own heroism in the Watergate affair. He was a bit more skeptical about the relationship between news and reality. As Raymond Sokolov writes in his excellent new biography ***Wayward Reporter*** (Harper & Row), Liebling knew that news "was not an objective phenomenon reported on by passive observers; it was simply what reporters and editors decided was news. Interviews were . . . staged by reporters and interviewees, both of whom almost always had something to gain. . . ."

Liebling, whose death in 1963 unfortunately precluded his analyzing Vietnam or Watergate, also had no illusions about newspaper publishers. Describing a 1960 meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, he wrote: "The New York publishers, through their editorial-page hirelings, welcome their country cousins . . . and acclaim them as uniformly astute fellows, with . . . their fingers on the pulse of the nation. . . . After denouncing the current Administration (of no matter which party) for withholding information from the press, they go off to a series of closed meetings and later dole out releases to reporters, who wait respectfully in the hall between the door and the men's room."

Obviously Liebling was not destined to work long on any newspaper, even the august *New York Times*. ("The best way to kill Communism," Liebling once wrote, "is to give it several pages in the *Times* every Sunday. This is also the best way to prevent war. Nobody can fight while he is asleep.") Fortunately, in 1935 Liebling went to work at *The New Yorker*, and for almost 30 years that magazine published the best of his reporting (he was with the first troops to land on D-Day), his writing on boxing and food, his profiles, and, most important, his press criticism. His style of reporting was later adopted by such lesser writers as Capote and Mailer, but, Sokolov says, Liebling was no New Journalist: "He is only along for the ride, as a professional observer, not as the reason for the exercise."

There is no writer working today whose stature is close to Liebling's. He is, in Sokolov's words, "learned without heaviness, funny, stylish, verbose, rebellious and, finally, heroic. Liebling's journalism is the cheerful and defiant, confident monument of a troubled, pained, diffident man." *Wayward Reporter* makes us mourn Liebling's absence (how he would have loved the spectacle of union-busting American publishers rushing to support *Polish* strikers!). The highest compliment one can pay Sokolov's book is to say that his writing is fully worthy of its subject.—*Peter Bloch*



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the character of Mexico.

SOUNDS

STARTING OVER

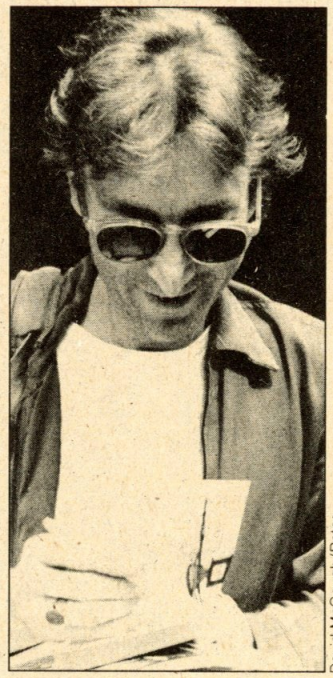
The following profile was on its way to the printers when John Lennon died last December. It includes one of the last interviews Lennon granted, and is a fitting eulogy to a great life and career in music.

When ex-Beatle **John Lennon** and his wife **Yoko Ono** returned to the recording studio last August after a five-year "break," the security was tight. They took over the top floor of the Hit Factory, a recording complex in midtown New York, and throughout most sessions the elevator that provided the only access stayed on the floor with them, securely locked. A guard was stationed in the lounge area that separated the elevator and the studio just to make sure.

Inside the studio, work proceeded methodically. Lennon and Ono sat at the console, quietly smoking Gitanes and Shermans, respectively, while coproducer Jack Douglas and engineer Le DeCarlo set playback levels and asked for opinions. As recording progressed and the pace had to be stepped up to meet a November release date for *Double Fantasy*, the first album to come out of the sessions, Douglas and DeCarlo began looking more harried. Douglas developed a cold and would show up unshaven, and after hours of staring at blinking lights and moving tiny switches, DeCarlo's eyes would begin to look bloodshot.

But Lennon and Ono, who made all the final decisions, seemed unruffled. They'd each contributed seven songs, and when Ono was working on one of hers, Lennon would often retire to a couch in an adjoining room and take a nap. "I'm very good at sleeping almost anywhere," he explained. "Once, when the Beatles were appearing on "Ed Sullivan" or some such show, I disappeared, and they were all looking for me. I'd gone to sleep under a table or something." When Lennon was working on one of his songs, Ono took care of business details.

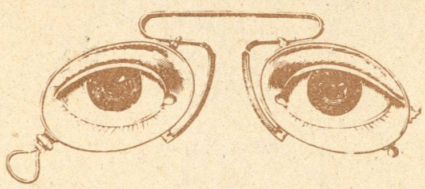
As soon as the pair retired from music-making in 1975, Yoko began administering the family business (land, cows, and of course royalties from John's days as a Beatle) while her husband looked after the house, with special attention to their son, Sean. A picture of Sean, who turned five during the recording sessions, on the same day his father turned 40, hung in the studio. Both Lennons wrote songs about him.



David McGough/Retna

Lennon: chronicling a crisis.

"Sean became a catalyst for me," Lennon said one night after a session. "He enabled me to withdraw from the whole music business and gave me a focus in my life. I didn't make a conscious



decision to take care of him for five years, not at first, but people kept asking me 'What're you doing?' and I'd say 'I'm with the baby.' They'd expect it to end in six months, but when people would ask, I'd say five years as a kind of pat answer. And it turned out to be the truth. It's still going on, and I feel it *should* go on. But I think he's old enough now to be without me while I'm working; actually, I probably miss him more than he misses me."

Lennon's most immediately attractive contribution to *Double Fantasy* is his optimistic "Starting Over," but another song, "Watching the Wheels," includes his most explicit answer to the inquisitive friends and acquaintances who've wondered why he abandoned music. "People say I'm crazy doing what I'm doing," he sings in an unmistakable Liverpool accent over a lovely mesh of guitars and piano arpeggios. "When I say that I'm okay they look at me kind of strange/Surely you're not happy now you no longer play the game." In fact, he claims, no longer playing the game has *made* him happy.

"The first eighteen months or so were really hard," he says, "because I was in a frame of mind where I thought I was supposed to be producing something, no matter what it was, what it meant. But that really went away—the music business and all the problems and preoccupations of being a creative whatever just floated out the window one day, and I thought, 'Oh, God, this is great!' And only the fact that it went away enabled me to even consider 'starting over.' "

Fans and critics who remembered (or wanted to recapture) the magic of the Beatles were eagerly awaiting new music from John Lennon; that made *Double Fantasy* the pop event of the year. But Yoko Ono's new material wasn't as breathlessly anticipated. When Lennon left the Beatles in the late sixties and, in league with Ono, participated in a series of avant-garde happenings, freak-outs, and political protests, Ono received much of the blame—not just for Lennon's puzzling tangents but also for the breakup of the Beatles. "One year in there a certain magazine named us Most Unpopular Couple," Ono recalls wryly. Their popularity wasn't exactly strengthened by most of her Apple recordings, which tended to feature lengthy episodes of screaming and other somewhat extreme vocal tactics.

Ono was expanding on her work of the early and middle sixties, when she was an important member of the Fluxus movement, a New York avant-garde crucible that pioneered happenings and other performance art. "In those days," she says, "people were trying to out-cool each other; even then my pieces were considered too 'hot.' I would put contact mikes on my body and amplify its sounds, make sounds with my throat and so on, while most of the males were interested in bigger and more complex machines. They'd say, 'Well, she's a woman,' or 'She's a performer, not a composer,' trying to minimize my position. I'm still using my voice and my body, and it still seems to be a direct threat. Apparently many people find it easier to listen to the sound of a jet plane or something mechanical than to listen to a woman cry out."

Though she's still crying out in her music, Ono is now working within the shorter durations and song forms of popular music. Her contributions to *Double Fantasy* are a varied lot in terms of mood, but "I'm Moving On," "Kiss Kiss Kiss," and "Give Me Something" are sourly astringent and provide a needed counterbalance to Lennon's sweeter, more melodious songs. "Kiss Kiss Kiss" includes a gripping passage of handclaps, guitar feedback, and moaning sounds from Ono, and "Give Me Something," which clocks in at a brisk one minute and 38 seconds, offers a bleak vision ("the food is cold/your eyes are cold") and an acerbic guitar figure from the ex–David Bowie sideman Earl Slick before it abruptly crashes to a halt.

David McGough/Retna

Yoko and John: ". . .all this sexual liberation was really for men."

With their rough surfaces, down-to-basics messages, and subversion of pop values from within, these songs sound like new-wave rock—as well they might, since the B-52's, Lene Lovich, and other new-wave artists were influenced by Ono's Apple recordings.

The Lennons won't say as much, but their songs seem to chronicle the throes of a marital crisis that has since been resolved. In "I'm Losing You," John sings "I feel you slipping away," and in "I'm Moving On," Yoko complains, "Now you're giving me your window smile . . . it's getting phony." Most of these songs were written when John was in Bermuda with Sean and Yoko was in New York; they'd sing them back and forth to each other over the phone, and one suspects this long-distance duel of the tunesmiths had a competitive tone. Seen in this context, Lennon's "Starting Over" takes on added resonance.

"Here's this guy," says Ono, "saying to a woman: Let's try to start over again, I'm sorry, I want to try. In the sixties, you know, we went through this big thing with everybody feeling that we were going to be free, and it turned into a big orgy. In the end, the women realized that all this sexual liberation was really for men. We had to take the pills that gave us cancer. This is a time that men probably have to reach women, because women are still bitter about these things. So when I listen to 'Starting Over,' I cry sometimes. John's songs are so direct, he just comes out and says what's on his mind. Some people call that sentimental, but I think sentiment is the most beautiful thing in the world."

This kind of talk, coming from the flaming radicals of the late sixties, is as sure a sign as any that that flowered decade is over and done with, that the eighties have really begun. *Double Fantasy,* with its intimations of sexual and domestic battles, its family orientation, and its occasional facile complacency, may reflect this decade's emerging concerns as perfectly as the Beatles reflected the sixties, a period that, according to John Lennon, has been distorted and misunderstood.

"The media are saying that the sixties were stupid and naive, that the reality of today is disco and drugs and *A Clockwork Orange,*" Lennon maintains. "But look at how much of what was sniggered about in the sixties has become mainstream—health food, therapies, and all the rest. The naiveté is to buy the idea that the sixties were naive. The *bands* certainly weren't. In whatever little garage they were playing, they were making music for the sake of the music." The beauty of the Lennons' new music is that they're doing just that.—*Robert Palmer*

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

REVEREND JERRY FALWELL

Right now we are in such a sick condition that there are not going to be any easy routes out. As a matter of fact, I don't know that America can recover from some of the problems that we have created without going bankrupt . . .

A self-styled "noisy Baptist," the Reverend Jerry Falwell, 46, is also an amazingly successful one—a near-perfect example of the American Dream.

Starting with a handful of communicants in a rented room in Lynchburg, Va., he has built up his Thomas Road Baptist Church until, with 17,000 members, it is the largest in the nation, complete with a private elementary and high school, a college, a seminary, an alcoholic treatment center, a summer camp, and a foreign mission. From its modest beginnings as a local radio and television show, his "Old Time Gospel Hour" has grown to the point where it reaches perhaps as many as 50 million viewers through 324 stations in the United States, Canada, and the Caribbean.

When he travels, he flies in his own private Commander jet. His choir follows in another. He is an evangelical superstar in a conservative three-piece suit, but he still likes nothing better than a good old practical joke of the stink-bomb and whoopee cushion variety—the same sort of jokes that caused him to be banned from his high-school graduation back in 1950.

But no matter. With 950 employees and an annual operating budget of $56 million tax-free, Jerry Falwell is the biggest thing to happen to Lynchburg since Ulysses S. Grant. He helped write the Republican platform in Detroit last July, he was instrumental in signing up perhaps as many as 3 million new conservative voters, and he is the founder of Moral Majority, the fundamentalist political group that materially contributed to the defeat of more than a dozen liberal and ideologically "suspicious" congressmen and senators in the last election—including Rep. James Buchanan, a conservative Republican and himself a Baptist minister, who was perceived to be unsound on the subject of women's rights and blacks. Falwell's followers have taken over the GOP political apparatus in Alaska and have made their influence felt across the country.

"This is apparently an American first," says Wes McCune, head of a distinguished Right-watching group in Washington. "We have to assume that the Reverend Falwell activated many religious people with his declaration that it is actually a sin not to go out and vote."

The inspiration for Moral Majority was not, however, entirely the product of Reverend Falwell, whose imagination is fertile but somewhat limited. And while Falwell is the organization's most conspicuous spokesman and the commander of its day-to-day activities, there is also some question of whose purposes, exactly, it really serves. It got its start when Ed McAteer, a former soap salesman and field director of a New Right pressure group called the Conservative Caucus, introduced Falwell to his chief, Howard Phillips. Phillips, a Jew who claims to be a Democrat, is the man who dismantled the Office of Economic Opportunity for Richard Nixon, but he is not a strategist. That honor belongs to Paul Weyrich, the New Right's principal theoretician, whose own organization is called the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress. Weyrich was already dreaming of a vast new conservative coalition, one uniting the nation's fundamentalists with the already established antibusing, antigay, antiabortion groups, and he had already presided over the birth of Christian Voice, a political organization of fundamentalist ministers.

Falwell, with his large television following, was a considerable bag, and when Moral Majority was officially born in the middle of 1979, Weyrich made certain that his close associate, the Reverend Robert Billings, went aboard as executive director. Weyrich and McAteer then went on to implement the third phase of the plan and founded Reli-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BRYSON

gious Roundtable, an umbrella organization that during the past campaign saw to it that the activities of the New Right, Christian Voice, Moral Majority, and single-issue groups moved forward in lockstep, rewarding friends and punishing enemies. (Billings moved on to become a religious-affairs adviser to Regan.)

From Weyrich's point of view, Falwell more than served his purpose; he not only contributed manpower and oratory, but by the end of the campaign his substantial treasury was so depleted—by the liberals, he said, largely because they refused to fall over and play dead the moment the Christian soldiers appeared on the electoral horizon—that he was forced to appeal for an influx of new funds from his television audience.

Given their enormous contribution to the campaign—and their invaluable assistance in helping the Republicans gain control of the Senate—it is no wonder that Weyrich and Falwell have begun to believe that they are entitled to the ear of the new president. Indeed, Weyrich greeted Reagan's election with a veiled threat about the pernicious liberalism of the new vice-president. And if Mr. Reagan continues to prove himself annoyingly flexible on matters close to the heart of the New Right, it is likely that Weyrich will once again take the wraps off his obedient and wealthy colleague, the Reverend Jerry Falwell.

Like all Protestant fundamentalists, Falwell believes in the literal truth of the Bible, and he pursues his own peculiar interpretation of it with a convert's zeal. (An accomplished athlete and straight A student as well as a prankster in high school, he did not come to Jesus until he was a sophomore in college.) As he has revealed in his recent book *Listen, America!* and in countless speeches and sermons across the country in the past year, the Bible proves that God does not approve of ERA, rock music, sex, abortion, welfare, détente, defense cuts, SALT II, homosexuality, liberalism, and secular humanism, a pernicious doctrine that he vaguely defines as covering all the people who either fail to agree with him or refuse to. Falwell calls the furtherance of all these mostly negative goals his "agenda for the eighties," and he intends to see them enforced before the end of the decade.

This *Penthouse* interview with the Reverend Falwell incorporates two taped conversations, conducted by two independent journalists, Sasthi Brata and Andrew Duncan, at two different times. Although the interviews were cut for space reasons (these cuts are indicated by ellipses in the text), neither the questions nor the answers have been altered in any respect.

Penthouse: . . . Your message seems to be . . . a very simple message. . . . One has to wonder why it needs such an expense—$50 million a year?

Falwell: Well, the gospel of Christ, which is a very simple message—that is, the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ—is as old as the Bible is. . . . Now the difference, however, in this generation, this age, than, for example, the first generation after Christ, is that there were about 250 million people on the earth during the days of Christ. There are about 18 times that many now. And we've long since passed the 4 billion mark, and we're moving on in a population explosion.

The commission that the Lord gave to the church was to "preach the gospel to every creature," meaning every living person. Well, if we were to do it as it was done in early New Testament, apostolic days, of two by two knocking on doors—house-to-house evangelism—by pure numerics we would never even keep up with the population explosion. And so, the ultimate answer is, as I see it, God gave you in the past 100 years most of the media that distinguished our world from Paul's world. The exception is the printed press. I think it's significant that the first major thing printed on the printing press, 500 years ago, was the English Bible. I think God gave the medium, including the printing press, to the church to make the great commission of preaching the gospel to every creature a possibility.

God is not unreasonable. God does not give commandments that cannot be kept. And so, if we're going to reach everybody, television, radio, the printed page, automation, computerization, et cetera, et cetera, *all* of this is essential—particularly to those of us who are living in the last quarter of the twentieth century. If the population of the world goes on to 7 billion, as some say it will be the turn of the century, I see a very real possibility that we can have preached the gospel to every one of them by that time, many times, by simply using what God has made available to us and to industry.

So in order to do that, it costs us this year [1980] $56 million to do it. Next year it will cost more like $75 million to do it. We have to decide whether or not the cost, or the end, justifies the means. If it is worth it—if really obeying God and preaching the gospel to every creature is important, and I feel it's all-important—then cost should not stand in the way. . . .

Penthouse: What about the show business aspects of your presentation? Doesn't this tend to diminish and make facile the points you're putting across?

Falwell: Well, I don't know if you have watched the "Old Time Gospel Hour" or not, but we are a church service; that is, we actually videotape the 11:00 A.M.-to-noon Thomas Road Baptist Church worship service. . . . If we were not televising the service, we would probably conduct it just as we do. As a matter of fact, Sundays when we do not tape we don't make any changes. So we don't have a television production with the congregation of studio audience. Rather, just the reverse. We have a church service, a traditional church service, with the television cameras allowed to look on. So I don't look on that as show business, as some do . . .

Penthouse: I'm thinking more of the rallies . . .

Falwell: Okay. We are right now on a tour of all 50 states. And it's going to be next spring before we finish it, because we have a lot of other things going. This morning at 11:00 [in Montgomery, Ala.] the governor and the lieutenant governor, the attorney general, many of the legislators, will join us on the state steps. There's a purpose for that. We'll have thousands of Christian school students here. We'll have Christian educators. We'll have several hundred pastors here. And just thousands of Alabamians will join us.

And we're trying to accomplish a number of things. First of all, there is a phenomenon happening in America: it's the Christian school movement. So far the media hasn't picked up on it, but it's probably the most significant phenomenon of this era. . . . Local churches everywhere . . . feel that the public school system has completely adopted humanism as its philosophy, which is anti-Christ, as we see it, and antibiblical. The churches have been forced into starting an alternate school system. . . . By a federal U.S. Supreme Court mandate, the public schools cannot teach these children what we want to teach them: cannot teach them the Bible, cannot teach them morality, cannot teach them character-building traits, etc. But we do. So we are developing our own and accepting no tax monies, so that we really are involved in double taxation. We Christian parents—I have three children in a Christian school—pay our regular taxes that would enable us to get free education in the public school system, and then we go pay tuition in a Christian school. . . .

Now we've grown from 1,400 schools in 1961 to 16,000. We're adding a new school every seven hours. We want kids to see government not as their enemy but as their ally. And the imagery, the symbolism of that state capitol, provides for them that setting.

Penthouse: When you say the state schools don't provide character-building, surely that's a bit simplistic, because they do provide what they assume is character-building. What you mean is they don't provide what *you* see as character-building?

Falwell: Well, if the total vacuum of discipline, if the drug epidemic, if the amoral position of the National Education Association and the teaching profession of this day is building characters, that's the kind of character we don't want built in our young people.

Penthouse: . . . You've said the goal of humanism was world socialism. . . . Where is the evidence for that?

Falwell: Well, I think that secular humanism has one thing in mind. First of all, it's based upon—and there's no way to question this premise—atheism. Now that doesn't mean that it automatically becomes equated with communism, et ce-

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tera. But it does mean that it has no absolute values. It has an amoral philosophy: nothing is absolutely right or wrong. We used to call it situation ethics, but it's really worse than that, because it develops a total society based upon what the Book of Judges in the Old Testament describes, during the most horrible time in Israel's history; Judges 21:25 says, "In those days there was no king in Israel"—that is, no authority—"and every man did that which was right in his own eyes." And, of course, that is chaos. And that is exactly, as I see it, where the public school system is today. . . . The ultimate end of promoting amorality, atheism, and developing a permissive society where there is no authority for right or wrong is, of course, ultimately going to be the wipeout of the family, the wipeout of all the traditional values that have made the United States, in my opinion, the greatest free society in the world for many years. . . .

The ultimate goal [of humanism] is internationalism. I'm not an isolationist. I don't think that we should not be aware of the rest of the world. I preach very strongly that we have an obligation, that America's only importance to God is as we minister to the world. But I do see that one-world socialism, one-world government—internationalism—is just the opposite of what freedom is all about, what the world is all about. I think the futility of the United Nations at this moment in dealing with, for example, the Iranian situation, is an indication of how totally impotent and helpless and useless they are.

Penthouse: . . . Surely what you're advocating is a slight contradiction, because it's freedom for people who believe in what you believe. Abortion, for instance—your position seems to be absolutely certain and sure, which would not allow freedom to other people who don't feel the same way as you.

Falwell: Rules and regulations, standards of behavior, are absolutely essential in any civilized society. For example, I believe in freedom of speech, but that does not permit me to stand up in this restaurant and yell "Fire!" when there is no fire, because my freedom of speech is now infringing upon the rights and benefits and well-being of the people in this room. And I have no right to use my freedom of speech to libel or slander someone's character. My freedom of speech ends where someone else's well-being begins.

Now that is likewise true in the matter of abortion. . . . It has always been the position of the Bible that life has dignity; life begins with conception, not birth. And it's not a Roman Catholic position; abortion is not a Roman Catholic issue, as the politicians try to make it. It's a moral issue. And it's to our discredit, who are not Catholics, that we've allowed the Roman Catholics to carry that ball. Now the idea of "freedom of choice," which is what they prefer to use, rather than "freedom to kill," to me is an obnoxious statement and a ridiculous statement. It's like a bank robber saying, "I have freedom to break safes, and I want my freedom."

Well, *we* believe that rules, standard regulations—and this is regardless of what anyone thinks about America; it was, indeed, founded upon the Judeo-Christian ethic. Our founding fathers were not all committed Christians or committed Jews, but they were committed to biblical principles, which are found written right through the documents—the Constitution, the Declaration, the Bill of Rights, et cetera—on which the nation is founded.

Penthouse: . . . It's quite okay for you to have your opinions . . . but other people may not share those. And yet you are trying to impose, are you not, your attitudes on them? Based on the Bible, which they may not believe in?

Falwell: Well, they can say the same thing about "Thou shall not steal." If we tell folks, if we write it down and say, "You're not going to break in this restaurant at nighttime and steal—" "Well, where did you get that?" "I got that from the Bible: 'Thou shall not steal.' " "Well, I don't believe the Bible." That doesn't matter! It's the matter of law! For example, in this country, homosexuality. . . . There are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

"The hell with a tall, cool glass of naturally carbonated Rocky Mountain water . . . I'll settle for a wet dream."

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

even though the Khmer Rouge did not become a unified guerrilla movement until August 1973.

According to numerous CIA, State Department, and Department of Defense reports, the Lon Nol regime was totally corrupt and had little hope of surviving regardless of the amount of aid supplied by the United States. Brigadier General A. P. Hanket, chairman of the U.S. Military Study Group, responding to Henry Kissinger's request for a "Cambodian assessment," noted five deficiencies in Cambodia under Lon Nol: leadership and discipline, strategy and utilization of armed forces, government bureaucracy and personnel system, logistic system, and training programs.

Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger frequently stated that U.S. air strikes were directed against North Vietnamese Army sanctuaries inside Cambodia along the border of South Vietnam. This was not entirely true. Maps from one official secret history of the B-52 campaign show that many of the air strikes were directed against the most heavily populated areas of Cambodia. Another U.S. Air Force report noted that the Pentagon "increased the scope of air operations through the Khmer Republic to permit strikes against targets posing a potential threat to friendly forces and population centers."

During a briefing in March 1973, for aides to U.S. senators, William Sullivan, deputy assistant secretary of state, was asked to explain why more B-52 raids—up to 81 per day—were being flown against Cambodia than had ever been directed against Vietnam. "I guess what I would say is the reelection of the president," Sullivan replied. "By that theory," the Washington Post *noted, "he [Nixon] could level Boston."*

If the bombing were meant to protect the lives of U.S. soldiers, then why did the United States drop 250,000 tons of bombs during 1973—more than the total dropped in the seven previous years—when almost all the U.S. forces had been withdrawn from Vietnam? Also, why was the bombing concealed from the U.S. Congress, and why were the Pentagon's records falsified?

Western journalists were not allowed in Cambodia during the Pol Pot regime. Following the Vietnamese invasion that liberated Cambodia on January 7, 1979, there have been numerous stories about the genocide and atrocities ordered by Pol Pot and his henchmen. Rather than condemn the media, I think it would be more appropriate to condemn the governments—especially the United States, China, and Thailand—that continue to support the deposed Pol Pot regime and foment a civil war in Cambodia.

Testy quizzes

I found that November's psychographic quiz, "Are You a Team Player?," did not hold true for today's jock. I particularly resented the remarks, and I preferred answers concerning the athlete's intellectual ability and concern for career goals. The quiz paints a picture of the athlete as a man with a one-way mind directed toward hard-ass emotions and a steel body.

Athletes have a sense of competition that drives them to overcome diversity and accomplish goals. This competitive drive does not burn out when they leave the field or court; it extends into all areas of their lives. Many times it helps them to be a yard ahead of the guy next door. The facts within the quiz may be true, but the conclusions are a little far-flung.

Out of curiosity, I gave the test to a few friends of mine. The conclusion reached from the quiz was that my teammates and I "couldn't distinguish a baseball from a hand grenade," while others who had never played an organized team sport were rated by the test as "superjocks."

My conclusion is that Dr. Donegan is from an age long past—that of the open-faced helmet and wooden backboards.—*Name and address withheld*

I am writing in reference to December's quiz by Dr. Frank Donegan, "What Is Your Sexual IQ?" I was sad to see it, because I feel that it has the potential to cause some injury, however slight, to those individuals who are not up on certain facts and statistics that were selected as being vital information to those who might consider themselves sexually adequate.

Of the 25 questions asked, only 5 were of any use at all in sexual intercourse, numbers 4, 12, 13, 16, and 21. The rest of them are of at best questionable importance, if not merely trivia. While the statistics quoted in your article may be slightly interesting, they are no more helpful to a person's sexual functioning than Reggie Jackson's batting average is to a weekend softball player.

The scoring and evaluation are also skewed to reinforce someone in becoming weighed down with facts rather than in becoming more in tune with how his body and the body of his partner may react in a sexual context. You put down those men who may be perfectly adequate lovers simply because they do not blindly follow your grail of numbers.

I am rather sad that one of the most human and compassionate of acts known to mankind has been reduced to a cold and rather useless lump of sterile figures that are useful only to the sociologist and sex researcher. I would suggest reading up on Bernie Zilbergeld's *Male Sexuality*. You may then find numbers to be less informative than you thought.—*Name and address withheld*

THE GIRLS IN THE BAND

When they sing the blues they're really in the pink, or so the girls in this electric light band proclaim. They haven't a care in the world, nor do they worry much about what to wear while performing. "Costumes are for kids!" maintains one of our musical maids, and, after all, only practice makes perfect. The blues sisters know how to carry a tune– and, more important, how to light up a man's life. "It's true our fans are mostly men," their leader allows. "I guess they just have a better sense of rhythm . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UWE OMMER

The Fantasy Factory/Michelle Nicole Wesley; Neon by Let There Be Neon; Cello/Trumpet/Clarinet by Philip Hazard; Microphone by Mark Humphreys; Sax by Tracy Kirschenbaum

"As you can see by our equipment," gestures one, "we prefer to travel *light!* Neon music's switched on . . . the electric wave of the future . . . Listen, but listen with organs other than ears!"

"Little girl blue, come blow your horn," urges the band's lead singer. "With a lip like mine," she says, grinning, "and a practiced tongue, I *always* feel like playing." Some music-lovin' men claim, however, they can never get enough.

The bright young thing with the clarinet puts
her heart into her music (not to
mention her equally tuneful body and soul)
and illuminates each high note
with an electric bump of her hips. Meanwhile,
the lass on bass ecstatically
strums her . . . guitar.

Dewy perspiration honey-
glazes the skin of
our incandescent players; they
quiver in the
limelight, glowing under the
crowd's mounting
excitement. No jam session's
ever been sweeter,
as this much-attended,
undressed rehearsal reveals.
In the cool neon dawn
of their fantasies, handsome
groupies scream
for oldies but goodies–unseen
audiences rise
like a pounding man-tide,
groping phantoms
reach the stage and like
summer moths
are ignited by the very fires that
tempted them.

Since the end of World War II, we have spent hundreds of billions of dollars on a phony arms race with the Soviet Union. The only winner has been the defense industry. Before President Reagan allows our genuine security needs to suffer even more, we must insist on protecting our real national interests—not the profits of a few.

THE RUSSIANS ARE NOT COMING

BY TOM GERVASI

Sen. Arthur Vandenberg once told President Harry Truman that if he wanted to expand military preparedness, he would have to "scare the hell out of the country." President Truman promptly warned us of the growing Soviet military threat. This threat did not exist then, and it does not exist today. All the same, we have been scared by it ever since. In order to gain or consolidate political power, every administration, Republican or Democratic, has pointed to rising Soviet military power. These bouts of hysteria have prompted Congress, over the past 30 years, to take hundreds of billions of dollars from the American taxpayer and give them to industry to provide for the nation's defense. Little of this money has been needed to strengthen our defense. It has not been used to produce the weapons we need or to keep qualified personnel in our military services, so that at least we might be assured of an adequate force to meet the genuine needs of national security. Instead, it has played three roles. One has been to subsidize the growth of our defense corporations, whose profits after taxes have averaged 56 percent over the past decade. Another has been to cripple the rest of the economic system we are told it is meant to protect, consuming irretrievable resources, lowering productivity, raising interest rates, and creating backbreaking inflation. Finally, it has *forced* the Soviets to compete with us in an arms race that might have been avoided and promises now to bring about the dangers we were told already confronted us.

None of this will change for the better under the Reagan administration. It will get worse. President Carter turned out to be what Sen. Henry Jackson called a "born-again hawk." But our new president is an old-line hawk. Ronald Reagan, after all, is the man who in 1965 said of North Vietnam: "We could pave the whole country and put parking stripes on it and still be home by Christmas." It was Reagan who, after the crew of the U.S.S. *Pueblo* was seized, recommended that we tell the North Koreans: "We're coming in to get them, and we'll use planes, guns, torpedoes, whatever it takes." It was also Reagan who recommended, after the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, that we base American troops and aircraft in Pakistan and blockade Cuba and who now says: "There is an evil influence throughout the world. In every one of the far-flung trouble spots, dig deep enough, and you'll find the Soviet Union stirring a witches' brew, furthering its own imperialistic ambitions." He, too, like each of the seven presidents before him, claims that the Soviets have made "the greatest military buildup the world has ever seen." Presumably to counter this threat, his national security adviser, Richard V. Allen, estimates that over the next five years the new administration will raise defense spending by at least $150 billion *above* the overwhelming increases that had already been planned by its predecessor. That is why, on the day after Reagan was elected, the demand

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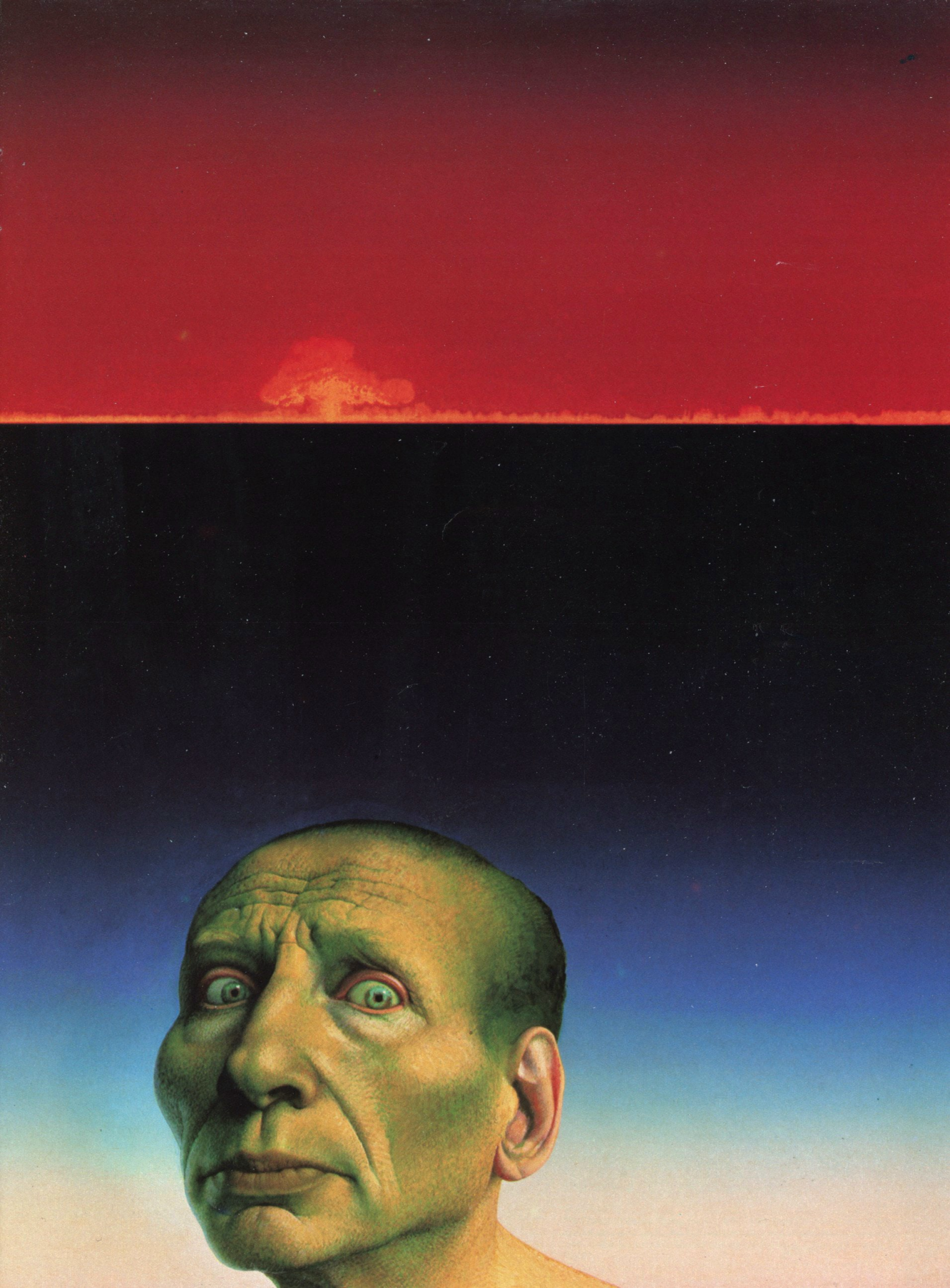


for defense stock on Wall Street was so heavy that several issues were kept out of trading until noon.

This should not be surprising. Reagan represents not only the ultraconservative millionaires of Southern California's Bel-Air circuit—men like 82-year-old steel and aluminum magnate Earle M. Jorgensen, 75-year-old automotive executive Holmes P. Tuttle, and 79-year-old oilman Henry Salvatori. He also represents, this time, the Republican eastern establishment's corporate elite, whose leading political activists are among his closest defense and foreign-policy advisers, even though most of them have present as well as past ties to the defense community. One of these is Gen. Alexander M. Haig, former White House chief of staff and NATO commander and, at the time of this writing, president of United Technologies, whose Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Group makes jet engines. At press time Haig was prominently mentioned as Reagan's leading candidate to be secretary of state. Another of Reagan's top advisers is Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, former chief of Air Force Systems Command, who is a director of Control Data Corporation and Emerson Electric, both major defense contracts. Another adviser is retired Gen. Daniel O. Graham, former Defense Intelligence Agency director, whose right-wing lobby, the American Security Council, has led a major effort to inform the public about the Soviet threat. Another is former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, who is now a director of Texaco, Inc., and of Fairchild Industries—a key aerospace firm. A fifth is former Defense Secretary David Packard, chairman today of Hewlett-Packard, a leading California manufacturer of electronic warfare equipment. Mr. Packard is also a director of Standard Oil of California and the Caterpillar Tractor Company, both of which firms share ownership of intermediate companies with the Continental Illinois Corporation, the nation's seventh-largest commercial banking corporation. It was on a sale of 11,000 shares of Continental Illinois property that Ronald Reagan reported capital gains of $203,099 in 1979.

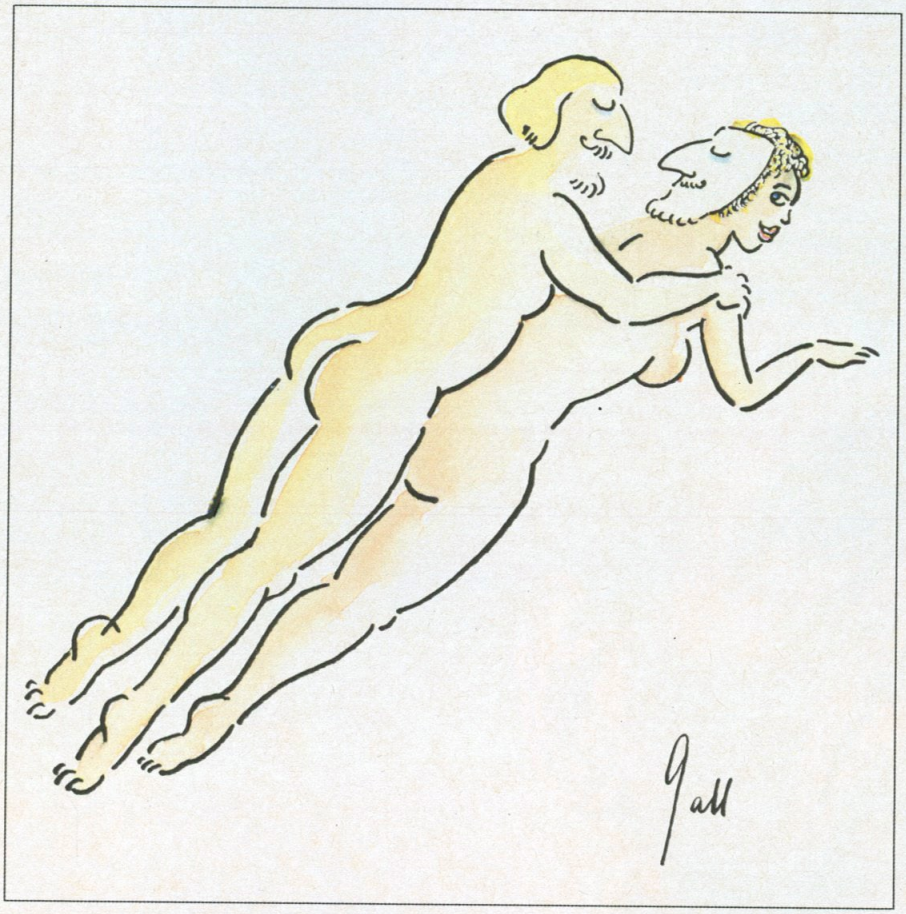
This close fabric of shared interests among America's business and defense elites led corporate political-action committees to donate millions of dollars last year to a Republican political campaign that may have been the best organized in our nation's history and that managed, in perfectly legal ways, to circumvent federal spending limitations and outspend the Democratic party more than ten to one. Colt Industries, General Dynamics, Grumman, Hughes Aircraft, Litton, Lockheed, Northrop, Rockwell International, Vought, and United Technologies are among the leading defense firms that contributed to Reagan's campaign. The effort included contributions of $14.5 million to 40 congressional races from the Republican congressional campaign committee, compared with only $1.3 million raised by its Democratic counterpart. More than $35,000 was donated to each Republican senatorial campaign. Michael Derchin of Oppenheimer & Company says that while "recent Congresses have tilted toward butter," the new Congress with a Republican Senate "will tilt toward guns."

The support provided by major defense corporations for the Republican party has therefore been a good investment in their own continued growth. The immense increase in military funding we can now expect will also accelerate inflation and further depress the nation's productivity. The alarmists in our military-industrial establishment are not unaware of these ill effects. They encourage the process because they are among its beneficiaries. They also hope that its key by-product, a superabundance of military power, will help to protect expanding American interests abroad, so that we might take control of more of the world's resources and continue this highly selective pattern of growth.

Vietnam, Iran, and events in the Persian Gulf should have taught the alarmists by now that military power no longer effectively imposes our will on the world. They also refuse to acknowledge that this excess of power has made the world a more dangerous place, prolonging an arms race that might have ended in 1957, when both superpowers had the opportunity to achieve parity and stop there. They didn't want to stop there. Having spent more than $1 trillion of our money on defense in the past ten years, they now plan to spend another $1 trillion in only the next five. This accelerated outlay, we are told, will reverse the alleged decline in American power and halt the growth of Soviet influence throughout the world, which Henry Kissinger calls "the central challenge of our time."

Yet it is not we but the Soviets who have suffered a decline of influence in both hemispheres, and most of their losses have been our gains. Chief among these has been China, today a military ally of the United States. There has been no comparable shift in the global balance of power since the formation of NATO. The Soviets have lost Egypt, Indonesia, Guinea, Somalia, and the Sudan as well. Nor have they gained control of Afghanistan, where they are now embroiled in their own Vietnam. Today the Soviet government dares not do in Poland what it once did in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Even within its own borders, it has had to yield greater autonomy to its 15 republics, decentralizing power inside the Soviet Union itself.

If the geopolitical case for the Soviet threat is weak, the military case is said to be strong. We are told that the Soviets have made a much greater investment in defense. They "annually spend nearly sixty billion dollars more on the military than we do," says former Defense Department official James Woolsey. We are told that our own military forces are poorly trained and unready for combat. Army Chief of Staff General Edward C. Meyer complains that he has a "hollow army." Admiral Thomas B. Hayward, chief of naval oper-



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WELL DONE
WILCOX

As long as everything was done in good taste, like "Hogan's Heroes," who could possibly object?

The Adolf Hitler Fast Food Franchise

FICTION BY NICK TOSCHES

Salvation Weaver had seen it all. That was what men said. "Now, take Sal Weaver," they said. "There's a man that's seen it all." Because Sal Weaver had seen it all, men listened to him when he spoke, as these three were doing right now as he sat enunciating, moving his fat pinkie listlessly through the familiar maze that adorned the paper place mat that lay before him on the linoleum tabletop in this particular booth, which every Nu Diner employee knew was Salvation Weaver's and Salvation Weaver's alone, to be kept available for him at all times. This was done gladly by the staff of the Nu Diner, for it was well known that Salvation Weaver always left paper money beneath his saucer when he walked.

As his pinkie arrived at the end of the maze, at that fanciful destination where pilgrims found their reward in the smiling countenance of Cap'n Fishsticks, Salvation Weaver rapped thrice upon the table and closed his eyes, which had seen it all.

"Gen'lemen," he said, "we are fucked."

And so they were, each to the extent that his particular fate had rendered him, and they sighed.

Harry Cudd sighed. The $7,000 that he had invested had been money he rightfully owed to the Ulysses S. Grant Memorial Nursing Home. This meant that Mama Cudd would soon again be residing with him, sucking her teeth and endlessly demanding that he play euchre with her for owesies. His wife, Iona, who loved Mama Cudd less than he, had been led to believe that the nursing-home bill was paid.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

Junior Riley sighed. The $5,000 that he had invested had not even been his to begin with. He had borrowed it, at ten percent compounded monthly, from his nephew Hezekiah, who sold drugs to college students in Champaign.

Prof. Parker Leach sighed. He—who, it should be explained, was not a professor but merely a high-school teacher of biology and the only veterinarian in Alexander County who had his license revoked by the VMA Board on grounds of gross malpractice—had invested no money, but he had given a full six months of his life to the undertaking. Night after night he had sat at his typewriter, working and reworking, tightening and strengthening the prose that eventually became *Jesus on Wall Street: Playing the Market to Win—the New Testament Way!* Now the fruit of his labor would not even see the light of publication.

When the three men had done with their sighing, Salvation Weaver sighed. No sigh was graver than the sigh of a man who had seen it all. "It just wasn't meant to be, or else it woulda been," he said. The three men nodded in sullen agreement. They knew that Salvation had invested more than any of them, and that he bore the greatest shame.

Like all the other mail-order schemes that these four men, who composed the legally chartered Mammonco Corporation, had been involved in over the past seven years, *Jesus on Wall Street* had been Salvation Weaver's idea. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of advertising in *TV Guide* and the *National Enquirer*, he had figured, would sell at least 50,000 copies of the book. At the price of $9.95 each, this would bring in $497,500. One hundred thousand dollars of this money would then be spent in printing the book; another $15,000 would be spent on packing and postage. This would leave them, the Mammonco Corporation, with a net profit of $362,500.

But this scheme, like the two that had preceded it—Obsceno-Guard, a telephone attachment that could be made to emit a painful shrillness into the ears of obscene callers, and Skeeter-Kwell, the miraculous insect-repellent of the ancient Thebans—had failed and failed miserably. Harry, Junior, and the Professor had agreed with Salvation that a get-rich-quick book based on Scriptural teachings was sure to succeed. But fewer than 3,000 people had responded, and now those people's checks would have to be returned, along with little Xeroxed notes explaining that the book had been sold out.

"It was a good book, Professor," Salvation said consolingly. "I guess I just didn't see, didn't wanna see, that folks had turned their backs on Jesus. It's a hard thing to accept, but I think the bottom line is that these days the Lord couldn't sell a two-dollar whore to a drunken sailor."

The men sipped their coffees, which had become cold, and pondered their futures, which had become bleak. After minutes of silence, Salvation spoke again.

"I been thinkin'," he said, "and I tell you, boys, this mail-order business has just about had it. Stick with it another day and we're just pissin' in the wind, no *if*'s, *and*'s, or *but*'s. We got to change with the times"—he snapped his fingers—"we got to move. We're goin' broke, and we can't afford to crap out again.

"I know what you boys are goin' through. It hurts me to see it. Every time I hear your wife yell at you, Harry, I feel responsible. Whenever I see Junior here drivin' that Pinto, I'd like to cry, rememberin' how he looked behind the wheel of that big, red Eldorado. And you, Professor, cuttin' up frogs for a buncha snot-nosed kids over at Cairo High. It hurts me, it really does, and it's got to end, all this nickel-and-dimin'. It's just got to. I made us rich once, and I'm goin' to make us rich again. So help me, God, I will!"

Then Salvation Weaver told them how he had been driving past the Sonic Drive-In on Sycamore the other night and how he had been struck by an idea and how it was the best idea that he had ever had in his life, and then he told them what the idea was.

"What sort of birth control do you use?" he panted. And as he loosed himself within her ruby youth, she answered, "Prayer."

At first they thought he had lost his mind, and they even raised their voices against him in angry consternation. Little by little they became quiet. They began to grin and to nod their heads, and soon they were discussing this new idea with a growing excitement, an excitement that seemed to obliterate the despair that had hung over them.

"But maybe we shouldn't do it here," Junior Riley said. "Maybe we should do it across the state line, in Paducah, someplace like that."

"Why?" Harry Cudd said. "Ain't no bagel-snappers here in Cairo."

"We got colored," Junior Riley retorted.

"That ain't the same," Harry Cudd said.

"The hell it ain't," the Professor exclaimed.

"All of you, be quiet now," said Salvation Weaver. "We aren't goin' to rile nobody with this thing. It's all goin' to be done in good taste."

"I hear you," Junior declared. "Sorta like that, uh—now, what the hell was the name of that thing?"

"'Hogan's Heroes,'" the Professor said.

"Yes, yes, that's the idea!" proclaimed Salvation Weaver.

"We can get that fellow from the show to do radio spots for us," suggested Junior.

"No, he's dead," the Professor said. "He was a homosexual. Him and Sal Mineo, they both got it right around the same time."

"No, not him," said Junior. "The other one. That fat old boy, that—"

"Sergeant Schultz," said the Professor. "He's dead, too."

"He wasn't no queer."

"I know he wasn't. But he's dead all the same," said the Professor, in a tone he usually reserved for his students.

"Well, there's always that bald guy," offered Harry.

"Gen'lemen!" declared Salvation Weaver, calling an end to his companions' digression. "Gen'lemen! Are we agreed, then?"

They were agreed, and each of them swore to raise $15,000 by the end of the month. Salvation Weaver placed two crisp singles beneath his saucer, and the Mammonco Corporation rose and left the Nu Diner. They stood for a moment on Washington Avenue in the cool, late-fall breeze that swept in from the Mississippi. Then they departed into the dusk, each of them feeling once again that fortune was a faithful bride at his feet.

Salvation Weaver knew that his wife, Louise, had something shaking on the side, but he could not for the life of him figure out who the sonofabitch was. Now, sitting in his living room, glancing through last week's *Barrons* and sipping a bourbon-and-Coke, he wondered where Louise had gone, and he pictured her lying beneath that unknown sonofabitch, and he cursed. A little before nine, she came through the door and smiled at him.

"Where the hell you been?"

"Madine's Magic Touch," she said, displaying the curls that she had not had earlier in the day.

"Sheeit," he muttered, pretending to return his attention to the newspaper in his hands. Louise began to undress in front of him, and he peered at her. He firmly believed that all evil women were eventually betrayed by their own underwear, and that diligent scrutiny of his wife's lingerie would in time result in the disclosure of her adultery. So far, his efforts had been in vain. Once, he had noticed that her panties were being worn over her panty hose, while he distinctly remembered that he had seen her put on her panties before hitching up her panty hose. He had questioned her about the matter, but she only laughed and told him that he was crazy. On several occasions he had seen that the gusset of her panties bore the stains of intense excitement, when she supposedly

The Boodles martini. It's more than expensive.

If you expect the Boodles martini to be more than expensive, you won't be disappointed. Because Boodles is the ultra-refined British gin that only the world's costliest methods could produce. And it is imported from Britain for you—the individual who will appreciate a Boodles martini as well as a Boodles and tonic. Two experiences well worth their price.

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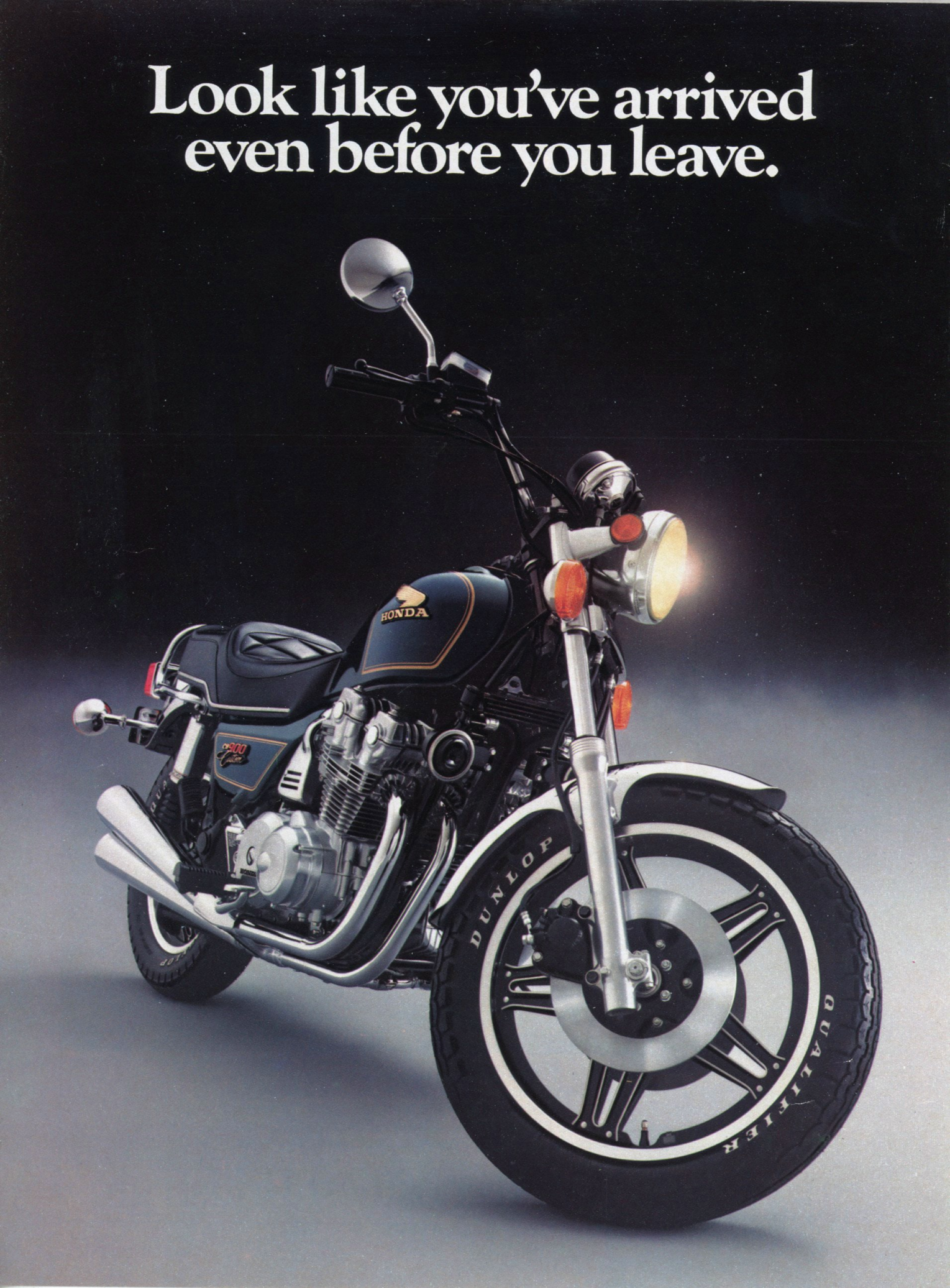
Look like you've arrived even before you leave.

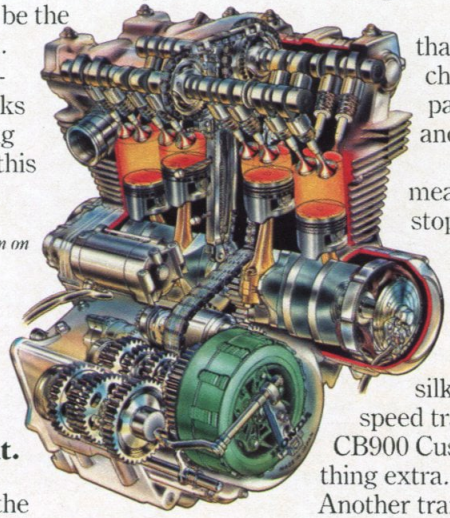


Before you ride the stunning new 1981 CB900 Custom, Honda has a little advice for you.

Dress up.

Because no matter where you go, you're going to be the center of attention.

From the rakish leading axle forks to the four gleaming megaphone pipes, this motorcycle has the power to turn heads even faster than it turns the quarter mile.



An engine design proven on Europe's fastest tracks.

Twist and shout.

Long before the CB900 Custom rolled onto its first boulevard, its engine was racing in Europe.

And winning.

This potent 902 cc four-stroke four-cylinder DOHC powerplant is a direct descendant of Honda's championship endurance racers, complete even down to details like multiplate cam chains and a forged one piece crankshaft with replaceable Kelmet bearings.

Instead of rocker arms, intake and exhaust valves are actuated by a more efficient direct drive valve train.

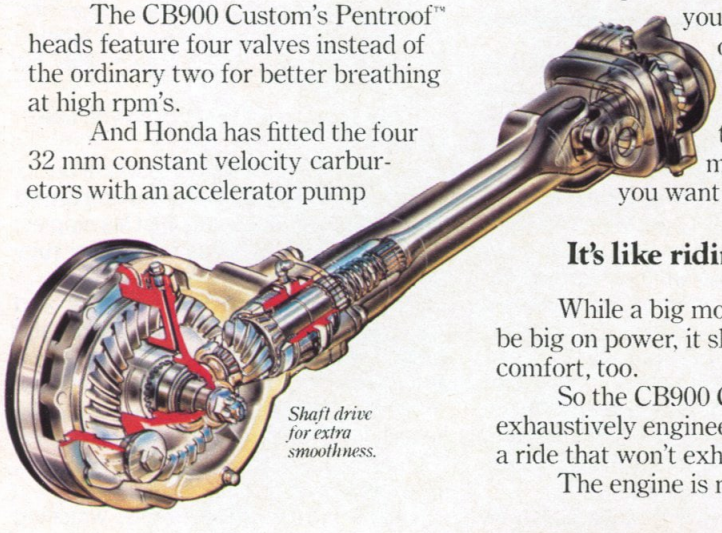
The CB900 Custom's Pentroof™ heads feature four valves instead of the ordinary two for better breathing at high rpm's.

And Honda has fitted the four 32 mm constant velocity carburetors with an accelerator pump for smooth response from idle on up. Roll on the throttle and this pump injects extra fuel into each carburetor's venturi.

No lag. Instant power.

Which means that under the shining chrome and deep rich paint, you'll find another kind of beauty.

The kind you measure with a stopwatch.



Shaft drive for extra smoothness.

Ten speeds, no waiting.

Along with its silky smooth five-speed transmission, the CB900 Custom offers something extra.

Another transmission.

The Select-Range™ sub-transmission.

Working with the conventional gearbox, it gives you a choice of two different overall gear ratios – low and high.

Use the five speeds in low range for best acceleration in city riding. Or use the five speeds in high range to improve gas mileage for touring.

Changing from one range to another is quick and simple. And puts you in control of the only 900 cc motorcycle that allows you to tailor its performance to the way you want to ride. Instantly.

It's like riding on air.

While a big motorcycle should be big on power, it should be big on comfort, too.

So the CB900 Custom has been exhaustively engineered to give you a ride that won't exhaust you.

The engine is mounted on rubber to absorb fatiguing vibration.

And instead of a chain, it's connected to a cushioned shaft drive. The result is luxuriously smooth and requires virtually no maintenance.

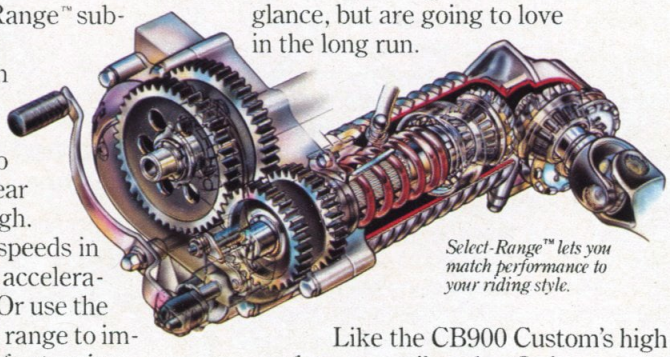
Meanwhile, the CB900 Custom's distinctive pull-back handlebars, cushioned footpegs and low, low saddle conspire to make you feel comfortably in control.

Honda's advanced ComStar™ wheels and fat, cooler-running raised white letter tubeless tires give you performance that lives up to their looks.

And if you feel like you're riding on air, you're right. The CB900 Custom comes with air-adjustable suspension, front and rear.

Touches of genius.

There are plenty of other neat features you might not notice at first glance, but are going to love in the long run.



Select-Range™ lets you match performance to your riding style.

Like the CB900 Custom's high performance oil cooler. Or its no-maintenance transistorized pointless ignition.

The triple disc brakes.

The dual highway horns.

The quartz halogen headlight.

The new instrumentation lighting system.

Or even the automatic fuel petcock with reserve position.

By now, however, it's obvious that this space will run out long before the features do.

To learn more about this exceptional motorcycle, visit your nearby Honda dealer and sit yourself down on a brand new CB900 Custom.

There's only one way to describe how you'll feel.

You've finally arrived.

HONDA

FOLLOW THE LEADER

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice.
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had been occupied with nothing more exciting than shopping or having her hair done. "How come these britches are all gunked up?" he would say, confronting her with the panties in question. But she would always foil him with talk of discharges and spotting and other such baffling unpleasantries.

He watched Louise remove her bra and touch her fingers to her breasts. He loved those breasts. He had married those breasts. They were as beautiful as her mind was plain (and perhaps "plain" was not even the right word; for Louise, now 29 years old, still had trouble with the crossword puzzles in *TV Guide*). For five long years he had provided for those breasts, and he had been faithful to them. He could not bear the thought of another man's hands caressing those breasts or the thought that his hands alone could not satisfy them.

He pulled her to him, and he put his mouth to her. His penis stirred in his britches like a waking lizard. Louise descended to her knees and withdrew the fat, familiar inches from his fly. She opened her mouth to them, and Salvation grasped her curls and listened to the sound of her benign slurping, which affected him like that of distant breakers. The unknown sonofabitch vanished from his mind.

Louise leaned back, reclining on the pile carpet. She spread her legs as wide as she could, and she told Salvation that she wanted him to come inside her. He crouched over her, kissing her breasts as he pushed into her, feeling her become wetter and warmer. He watched her face wax febrile beneath him, and he moved harder and harder within her. Suddenly he withdrew, and she moaned in vague confusion. He pressed himself to that lower, more occluded cranny, and he entered it fully and with violence. Louise uttered a deep and wild sound, and saliva trickled from both corners of her mouth. She came apart in blissful ravishment beneath him, and he, in his way, within her.

They lay, softly entwined, and he told her that he was going to be rich again, and that this time next year Cairo would be her oyster and the world her backyard, just so long as she played her cards right. Then he put his face close to hers, and he summoned from somewhere within him the courage to ask the plain and simple question that had for so long been cowering beneath his otherwise fluent tongue.

"Have you been whorin' around on me, Louise?"

"Oh, Sally," she sighed, sounding almost insulted and almost flattered. "There ain't nobody but you, and there never will be."

Salvation smiled and said nothing. He lighted a cigarette and recommenced wondering just who in the hell that sonofabitch was.

Meanwhile, across town, Junior Riley was beseeching his nephew Hezekiah for a second loan.

"Fifteen thousand dollars is a lot of money," Hezekiah said.

"I'll cut you in," pleaded Junior.

"I don't wanna be cut into any pie you and that Weaver fool might be bakin'."

"You listen to me, boy, and show a little respect. This could be your uncle's last chance to recoup."

"Hell, you're only five years older than me, and I ain't but twenty-six."

"I'm still your damn uncle, and you gotta trust me."

They went on like this, back and forth, for many minutes, until finally Hezekiah told his uncle, "Look. I don't have the cash. But you help me get it, and I'll let you hold onto it for a while, at ten percent."

Four days later Junior Riley headed north on Highway 57, destined for Canada. Within the backseat upholstery of his Pinto were 75,000 capsules of Preludin, some sort of drug that he had never even heard of. As he drove, he tried to envision

The wood-paneled walls were adorned with prints of the Führer's Viennese water colors, strategic air maps of Europe, and World War II propaganda posters of every sort.

the hopheads with whom he was to rendezvous in Toronto, and all of a sudden it hit him—*free sex*—and he commenced to sing. "*Just a gigolo, and ever'where I go, people they stop and stare . . .*"

Iona Cudd was sitting by the window when the Ulysses S. Grant Memorial Nursing Home van pulled up. Her jaw dropped as she saw the two white-uniformed Negroes slide open the door of the van and haul out a wheelchair containing her mother-in-law.

"Harry!" Iona screamed. "They canceled yo' mama for nonpayment! Oh, my God, Harry, you lied, you lied! I refuse to live for one second under the same roof as that wretched creature!"

Iona was packed and gone within the hour, informing Harry that he would hear from her lawyer. In a way, Harry was relieved, for now he would not have to explain that he was mortgaging the house. He watched her drive off in the station wagon, hearing behind him the voice of Mama Cudd calling from another room: "The cards, Harry! Get the cards!" As he sorted out the 32 highest cards from the deck, he told himself that everything was definitely going to be all right.

When the professor stopped off at the Rex Package Store, he parked his pickup truck a good distance away, in the obscuring nighttime shadows of an ancient chinquapin tree. After he returned to the pickup, he took a long drink from the pint of Heaven Hill that he had just bought and then drove toward the river, saying not a word to the sweet young thing who sat apprehensively beside him.

"What do you reckon on doing when you finish high school?" the Professor asked, long minutes after halting the pickup at the river's edge.

"Well, Mr. Leach, I been thinkin', and what I really wanna do is become an anchorperson."

"That's a mighty fine ambition, Lucille. Mighty fine. You sure got the looks for it. That's for sure."

Then they said nothing but gazed through the windshield, watching the moonlight play upon the rippling, rising Mississippi. The Professor drank, and his student drew on a filtered cigarette.

"Why do you think I brought you here, Lucille?"

"To fornicate, of course."

The Professor touched his hand to her knee and then slowly raised her skirt, baring her rife pink flank. Her panties were embroidered with the name of a weekday, and he touched them. He inserted two fingers into her and then lifted those fingers to her mouth. He pulled her legs up, toward him, and he hunched over her, unzippering himself.

"Put it in, dear. Put it in," the Professor said.

She took hold of him with both hands and led him to the wet warmth that was the center of her being, and he pierced it and began to pound his hips upon her. She was so girlishly tight that he fancied he might cleave her in twain with his mighty sword.

"What sort of birth control do you use?" he panted.

She did not immediately respond but instead raised her face to his heaving breast and darted her tongue against his nipples; then, as he loosed himself within her ruby youth, she answered, "Prayer."

He looked down at her in dismay, and he saw that her eyes were as wide and coldly insensate as a viper's. He turned the ignition key and shifted into reverse, muttering. He dropped off the child two blocks from her parents' house on Poplar; then he headed toward the Kentucky line, to do what had to be done.

Iona Cudd lay abed naked, watching the sudden rain cascade against the window of her room at the Cairo Motel. She barely felt the fingers that dallied warmly upon the lea of her abdomen.

"I've left him for good," she said.

Her thighs parted, and the fingers entered her. She closed her eyes, and her breathing became pronounced as the fingers within her massaged the rugae of her cunt and then, withdrawing, fondled per-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

Blown away by delectable Pet of
the Month Delfina
Ponti, March will surely come in
like a lion—one
whose resounding roar of approval
should echo off the
glittering slopes she adorns below.
"My ski instructor
claims my looks are dazzling
enough to make
anyone go snow-blind if they
stare at me too long,"
.Delfina says.

DELFINA

BLINDED BY THE LIGHT

I guess that's why he wears tinted goggles when he's giving me lessons outdoors. *Indoors*, though, I get him to take his goggles off by reminding him that girls don't make passes at men who wear glasses!" Our fetching 34-24-34-inch bewitcher was born in Krakow, Poland. "My mother was Polish, and my father was Italian," she explains. "Naturally Dad was the boss, so we've lived in Rome since I was a child."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CEDOMIR V. KOMLJENOVIC

"Right now, I'm in college, majoring in drama," she adds. "My favorite performer is Olivia Newton-John, and someday I'd like to become just as famous in Italy," she confesses. "I inherited a dramatic streak from my father and a lot of drive and perseverance from my mother. So I think I'm well equipped for the challenge."

As for whether she'll achieve her goal, our braided, blue-eyed nymphette shoots back with a radiant grin, "Well, is the pope Polish?" Delfina admits that her stunning figure and adorable face have given her more than her share of confidence.

"But after I had my first broken heart, last year," she confides, "I became a little more humble. I realized that having good looks is simply a matter of luck, and so is having a love affair with a happy ending."

"Now I'm just grateful for the
former and looking
forward to someday finding the
latter. In the mean-
time," she beams, wielding a
wicked crayon, "I'll
just put the best face on things
that I can!"

In a fetching fit of whimsy our aspiring actress demonstrates her talents in another medium. "I could go on stage as a two-faced woman," she teases, "though I wonder which face will get the most attention!"

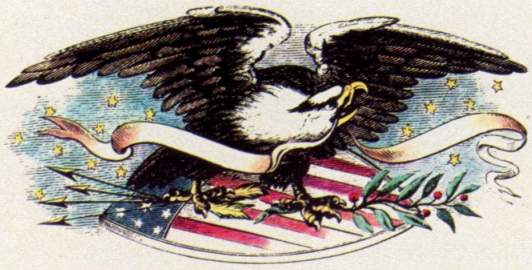
Our 19-year-old nimbly puts the finishing touches on her drawing. "Well, it's not exactly the Mona Lisa, is it?" she asks. This is true, but like that da Vinci masterpiece, those eyes seem to follow us around the room!

Though Delfina loves
swimming,
dancing, and socializing,
there are also
times when "I just want to
curl up in a
corner and be alone with
my thoughts ..."

We empathize, but of all her many ambitions, this one may be the hardest to attain: a heart-stopping stunner like Delfina will *never* curl up alone for long.

MISS DELFINA PONTI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS DELFINA PONTI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Besides the obvious, highly visible national problems that President Reagan has inherited from Jimmy Carter, those involving Vietnam veterans also deserve our new president's concern and attention. The need to do something about veterans' problems is not based simply on a notion of fairness or of making good on previously broken promises. Rather, it is necessary to our nation's self-interest.

There is an obvious linkage between veterans' problems and those of society at large. Consider, for example, the plight of Vietnam veterans who may have been exposed to the deadly effects of Agent Orange. The Reagan administration's response to these men will reveal the extent of its commitment to the protection of American citizens and the environment and perhaps indicate how President Reagan plans to regulate the actions and products of the chemical industry.

Similarly, the difficulties that continually beset Vietnam veterans in finding jobs, acquiring educational and vocational training, and overcoming physical and psychological disabilities are examples of what many conservatives consider the futility of government intervention in these areas. In fact, many people contend that government is part of the Vietnam veterans' problem rather than a help in its solution. But this really misses the point. Government has a definite role to play in these matters. But its scope, direction, and level of effort must not be based on simpleminded, paternalistic considerations and the bureaucratic impulse to perpetuate federal programs for their own sake.

> Government has a definite role to play in solving the difficulties of Vietnam veterans, but it must not be based on simpleminded, paternalistic considerations and the bureaucratic impulse to perpetuate programs for their own sake.

For example, the contrast between the GI Bill of World War II and that provided for Vietnam veterans is stark. The Vietnam veterans' program was underfunded and overregulated, and it met neither the educational and training needs of the veterans nor those of the nation. As a consequence, too many Vietnam veterans are out of work or are underemployed. This has led to the disastrous decline in the nation's productivity and to the double-digit inflation that has imposed a cruel tax on all Americans.

For years presidents, from Johnson through Carter, have mishandled and mismanaged Vietnam veteran issues. Instead of attacking these men's problems as a first step in solving some of our national problems, these presidents exacerbated the situation by creating new difficulties, which had no justifiable cause. To be sure, none of these presidents can be blamed for the stereotyped view of Vietnam veterans that persisted in the sixties and seventies, but none of them did anything significant to counter the public's misperception. We are not talking here about the lack of "victory parades" for Vietnam veterans. Much more important is the presidential and congressional cold shoulder that veterans received upon returning home. Today, thankfully, the Vietnam War is no longer blamed on the men who were made to fight it. That responsibility has not been finally assessed, but it is no longer on the Vietnam veteran's back. Because the public has finally been educated to this fact, we hope that President Reagan will be able to tap and exploit the potential of Vietnam veterans in helping to solve our nation's difficulties.

What we are suggesting here is a changed approach to Vietnam veteran issues. It is necessary for President Reagan to look on those issues as opportunities to be pursued rather than as nettlesome political problems to be avoided. To adopt this approach requires appointment of a Veterans Administration administrator who accepts as his first premise the idea that Vietnam veterans are a national resource.

For far too long, the appointment of the VA Administrator has been almost a presidential afterthought or a consolation prize to a campaign loyalist or failed politician. This practice must change. This is not to say that the new VA administrator must necessarily be a Vietnam veteran. But he should be the best-qualified individual, selected, of course, without regard to race, creed, or political affiliation. To do otherwise is to guarantee that veterans' problems will continue to bedevil the Reagan administration, as they have those of previous presidents.

A good leader at the VA can make a difference, and because the problems facing veterans are solvable, it makes no sense for President Reagan to add to his other considerable difficulties by placing a political hack in charge of the VA. Our advice to President Reagan is simple: give the Veterans Administration to someone who can run it competently; give him significant help with the new, conservative Congress; and, perhaps most important, give him adequate access to the Oval Office. If this is done, the legitimate needs of all veterans can be met and the nation will be better off for it.—*William Corson*

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

BOB GUCCIONE AND PENTHOUSE FILMS INTERNATIONAL

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TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA

WITH

JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO

FEATURING

ADRIANA ASTI

WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
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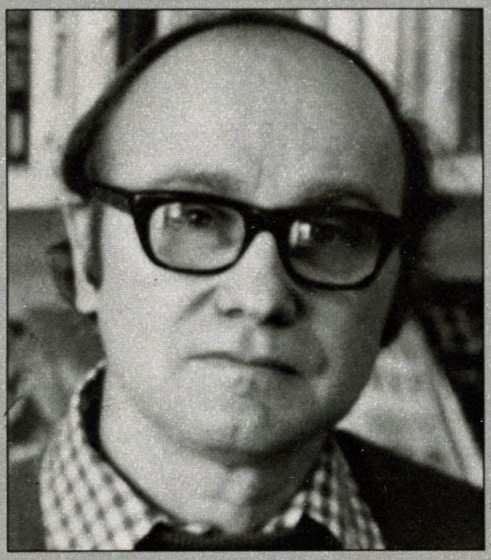
ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



Joan Stewart

BY WALTER STEWART

The author, one of Canada's most distinguished journalists, has been Washington bureau chief and managing editor of *Maclean's* magazine. He is the author of nine books, including two Canadian best-sellers: *Shrug* and *But Not in Canada*. His newest book, *Canadian Newspaper: The Inside Story*, is published by Hurtig Publishers Limited.

WHY NOT THE WORST?

There is only one thing wrong with the U.S. political system—it stinks.

I am forced to this reluctant conclusion after 17 years of covering American politics, in between covering Canadian and British politics. It came to me as a revelation one day last year when I was talking to Dr. Barry Commoner, presidential candidate of the Citizens party. Commoner, an eminently sensible man of firm principles, stood about as much chance in the presidential play-offs as a beer at a bikers' convention: he disappeared in one swallow. The race was among Ronald Reagan, an actor and advertising hack, who is marginally smarter than a rock; James Earl Carter, an incompetent president and peanut-seller, who was once victimized by a rabbit; and John B. Anderson, a lawyer and congressman, who combines principles as flexible as Pla-Doh with a sense of divine mission. ("God is my campaign manager," he said. I guess that beats having Nancy Reagan call the shots.)

There is something wrong, I told myself, with a system that consistently bypasses men like Commoner and embraces a trio of pygmies like Jimmy, Ron, and John.

Actually, last year's crop of presidential lemons was slightly better than some harvests. In 1976 Carter, a man with more teeth than a saw and less gumption than a gopher, disputed the leadership of Western civilization with Gerald Ford, the golfer who freed Poland with his mouth. In 1972 Richard Nixon, a twisting schemer, fought it out with George McGovern, a lightweight who blew off the board at the first puff of trouble. In 1968 Nixon was locked in mortal combat with Hubert Humphrey, a babbling has-been. And so it goes. H. L. Mencken, who voted for Warren G. Harding, once said of his presidential choice that "no such complete and dreadful nitwit has attained high office in the United States." Maybe not, but the competition has been fierce.

Many Americans are coming to believe that there must be something fundamentally wrong with a nation that constantly turns its elections into turkey shoots.

Codswallop. There is nothing wrong with the nation, but its political system is a piece of junk.

Ask yourself, as any outsider is bound to, why a nation of 220 million intelligent, active, well-educated people persists in advancing for the highest elective office on the planet gents that most voters wouldn't want to be found dead in a ditch with.

In the last British election, "Sunny" Jim Callaghan, a tough and wily bird, was defeated by Margaret Thatcher, also known as Attila the Hen. Whatever you think of their policies, this pair stands head and shoulders over the U.S. candidates. Canada,

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little Canada, in its last general election had a choice among three men of high caliber: Liberal Pierre Trudeau, a brilliant scholar and international figure; Conservative Joe Clark, an attractive young politician whose chief drawback turned out to be an insistence on abiding by his principles; and New Democrat Ed Broadbent, an academic of such transparent decency that he is held in high esteem even by his opponents.

Look around—the West Germans have Helmut Schmidt; the French, Valery Giscard d'Estaing; and the Austrians, Bruno Kreisky. But as long as most of us can remember, the American electorate has shuffled into the polling booth with one hand on the voting lever and the other covering its nose. Ask yourself—the question is related—why barely half the potential U.S. vote bothers to turn out for elections; 100 million Americans look over the crop and say to hell with it. Turnouts in Britain and in Canada are more than 75 percent.

I hesitate to intrude in a neighbor's affairs since, like all Canadians, I am shy and reticent by nature, but circumstances force me to point out that a nation that can't even get its voters to vote needs all the outside advice it can get.

My advice is to take an ax to the current electoral system. It was superbly designed for the period of its creation, 1783–87, but it no longer fits. To bring it into modern fashion, you have tried to add such fripperies as the primary system. Can't be done.

The theory behind the primaries is sound; the system invites a greater share of voter participation in leadership selection than does any other in the world. But it has been attached, with Crazy Glue, onto a process dominated by states' rights and put into place when there were no party politics to speak of. As a result, a sound idea has been turned into a disaster area. The primaries are so convoluted, distorted, and complex that trying to understand them invites an attack of the head-staggers.

The same applies to the electoral college, a gimmick invented because the Founding Fathers had an innate distrust of democracy. George Mason said it for his fellow delegates at the Constitutional Convention: "It would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for Chief Magistrate to the people, as it would to refer a trial of colors to a blind man."

So a technique was devised to provide for the indirect election of the president, and it was kept long after direct democracy became the rule; ever since, the ancient notion has kept Americans skating along the brink of stalemate and chaos. One of these days the electoral college, flatteringly described by the American Bar Association as "archaic, undemocratic, complex, ambiguous, indirect, and dangerous," is going to land Americans in the soup.

Finally, the presidency. It was never intended that the president be an emperor, but that is what he has become. Or, rather, he has been given such mighty powers, on the one hand, that he can bring the world to an end or be constrained, on the other hand, so that he can't even set the price of motor fuel. He can bring you doomsday but not a tankful of gas. In the presidency Americans have reached the peak of their political form; the office is so awesome that it demands a knight on a white horse, but the electoral process is so awful that in can produce only a louse on a mouse.

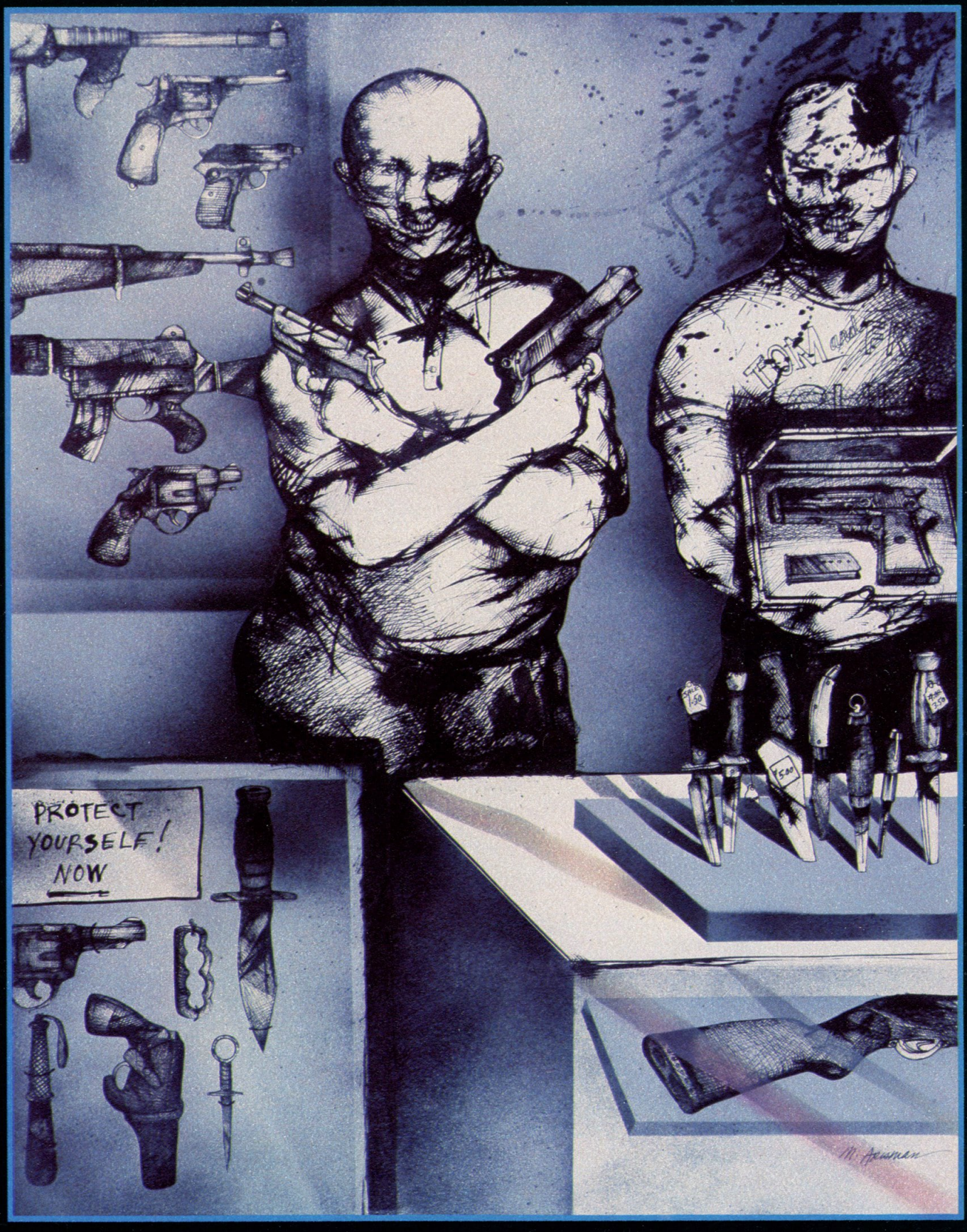
Tinkering won't do. Setting up regional primaries, for example, to take some of the patent unfairness out of the process, while laudable, does not go to the root of the problem. That root is fairly simple: Americans no longer live in the eighteenth century, but their electoral machinery is designed for that era. The solution is obvious—call a new constitutional convention. The first one began in 1783. Why not call another one in 1983? Why not call in delegates from the states, let them look at the electoral process, and keep the parts that work and junk those that don't?

Electoral reform would make the system more open (try to think of the last presidential candidate who was not a rich man), more fair, and more attractive. Men, and women, who refuse today to be drawn into the sinkhole of presidential politics would change their minds. With better candidates to choose from, Americans would flock back to the polls. It's as simple and difficult as that.

For the United States, the most boneheaded nation this side of Spain, when it comes to admitting a national imperfection, it will be hard to confess that major surgery is required. And to redraw the system certainly will take guts and toil and compromise. But the alternative is to continue sinking into a stew of apathy, to sit around and bitch every election year, while second-rate, secondhand leaders march you down a path to the dustbins of history.

The United States is rapidly becoming ungovernable, not in the sense that Americans are screaming at each other—screaming, as any Canadian will tell you, is good; it implies caring—but in the sense that most of you just don't give a damn.

A nation that sighs and turns its face to the wall when election time rolls around is a nation in a jam. As a shy and reticent neighbor, I am moved to inquire: why don't you get off your asses and do something about it? ○


PROTECT
YOURSELF!
NOW

Somewhere, far down the narrow dirt road leading from the highway to the house, a vehicle tripped the battery-powered sensor. A buzzer sounded in the living room, conversation ceased, and we were outside, running low to the ground, Turk in the lead, his woman tight in behind him like a halfback on a pulling guard, I in the rear, slipping in my street shoes on the wet rocks. Turk had the H&K, a nasty-looking, flat black .308 caliber battle rifle that could put a bullet through a fair-sized tree and kill whoever was behind it; the woman had an AR-15, somewhat lighter but deadly enough; I had a shotgun, thrust on me as we went out the door, though with its pistol grip and folded stock and short slug barrel, it didn't look like any pheasant gun I'd ever seen.

We covered a hundred yards or so through the woods, veered sharply off the trail, climbing steeply, when suddenly Turk was gone, vanishing like smoke through the dense manzanita, and I was scrambling after the woman down a ladder into an underground bunker, dank and pungent, where we peered through narrow openings at the road below. I was scared, sweating heavily, my adrenalin pumping, my stomach clenched like an angry fist, nearly nuts from lack of sleep (hoping maybe I *was* asleep), while the woman next to me, taking long, controlled, audible breaths, drew a rock-steady bead on the road with her AR and the sound of an engine laboring up the long hill came to us like the cry of an animal in pain. It was a pickup truck, and when the spot came on it, surely blinding the driver for an instant, I could see Turk leap from the bushes and feel the woman tense. "God help me if I have to fire this gun," I thought; but it was only a couple of friends coming out from town to say hello, and Turk, bouncing and feinting in the weird, foggy light, was his jovial self again.

Back at the house, the woman—call her Rita—cooked spaghetti. She was short and dark, a trifle overweight, with an animated, intelligent face. Her husband had been killed several years before in an automobile accident, leaving her with a small daughter, now six, who slept peacefully in the attic through the entire defense operation. Rita had been with Turk for just over a year. She was 32, originally from the Midwest, where she taught art in high school until the fine-arts program was cut. Then she moved to San Diego, lived with a sister, and tended bar. "I never fired a gun before I met Turk," she told me. "I was a pacifist. I marched against the war. But times have changed, man. Fat city's over, and if you don't take some serious action to protect your ass, it's gonna get skinned." While she cooked, Turk and the two men from the truck checked out a sinister-looking crossbow one of them had brought along. "Nice. Very nice," said Turk. "Lets you put meat on the table, and nobody'll know you're out in the woods." I sat sipping a beer, listening to my heart wind down. This siege mentality would take some getting used to, and, besides, I was working on a transcontinental flight and a day and a half of picking my way from San Francisco to the backwoods of Oregon.

"How you like survival country?" Turk asked me now. "You greet all your friends that way?" I asked him. "Uh uh," answered Turk. "Got to practice various alternatives. Sometimes we kill the lights and wait in the tree platforms. Sometimes one of us makes the bunker, and the other stays. Sometimes we both just sit here sippin' wine till whoever it is comes in the yard. But I tell you one damn thing: I don't ever go out on that front porch to greet anybody with less than that shotgun you were carrying. You never know when the crunch is gonna hit, but when it does, brother, we're gonna be ready."

After you've bought the Remington 870 shotgun, $5,000 worth of Krugerrands, a five-year supply of dried beef, and moved to the most remote section in Oregon, what happens if the world *doesn't* end?

THE SKY IS FALLING!!
THE SKY IS FALLING!!

BY PHILIP SINGERMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

The crunch. The giant shitstorm. The big shutdown. It might come next week, or it might come in three years, but it was coming, just as sure as sunrise. That was what it was all about for a whole lot of recent arrivals up here in Oregon, and in pockets of North Carolina, Montana (up around Kalispell), and Washington State; and for others, spread around the country, who weren't yet about to move. They were survivalists, people who saw the end of a world where systems worked, services were provided, utilities functioned, neighbors smiled on the street and said have a nice day. Survivalists were aiming to go through this crunch and come out the other side intact; so they bought gold and silver, plenty of storable food, water purifiers and generators, medicines and spare auto parts. They learned to fix things, grow crops, tend livestock; they acquired trades that would be indispensable when the crunch came—mechanic, plumber, electrician, stone mason, emergency medical technician—and items they could barter. And they were armed, extensively so, because come the day of reckoning, the pickup truck in the driveway might be filled with looters, marauders, or just plain desperate, hungry people willing to kill for the supplies someone else had socked away. The least-committed to the survival movement bought some goods, stayed home, and went about their business with a little hedge; those further along bought a place in the country to run to at the first sign of trouble; but the true believers uprooted themselves, abandoned or altered their careers, left comfortable, accustomed life-styles, picked locations they felt were safe, and retreated.

In another time they would have seemed absurd, hopelessly paranoid, bomb-shelter bonkers, but they were singing the words to a tune that was being hummed with an increasing frequency throughout the land, first in checkout lines, gas stations, mortgage departments, and now nearly everywhere I traveled: a kind of collective uneasiness that had blossomed into national trembling. "What the hell's going to happen?" everyone was asking. "We know, and it won't be pretty," said the survivalists. In a way their answer drew on things that have always been with us—the guns, the love affair with the rough-and-tumble, do-it-yourself frontier, the circle of wagons. But there was a difference, a new twist. The romance was gone. This was the flip side of the American Dream, contraction instead of expansion, mistrust in the future instead of faith, a turning inward like the closing petals of a flower. I decided to check them out.

As with all movements, survivalism had its leaders, and after considerable research, wading through popularizers, commune organizers, hard-sell pitchmen, ex-nazis, obvious maniacs, I found one, a survival consultant and author of a book on firearms, named Mel Tappan, who seemed to approach the subject with intuitive clarity and a degree of irony.

The majority of his clients were doctors, lawyers, military men, and cops, all of whom, it seemed, would be drawn to thoroughness and a clear articulation of vulnerability, real or imagined.

"Almost every important movement, either to the wisdom or survival of the human race looks peculiar to the masses," he told me on the phone, "because anything effective in the long run is not what's happening at the moment. Sure survivalism is different; it's gotta be different, and that's what attracts some loonies. But remember, if a guy is looking on the darker side of you, he's either gotten carried away and sees things that aren't there, or he knows a good deal more about the subject than you."

By coincidence, an old friend of mine, a professional guide, had become a survivalist and moved to Rogue River, Oreg., the site of Tappan's retreat. "Come on out," he told me. "I'll introduce you to Mel and show you around. Town ain't much, but, you know, that's what you want. Low profile, low profile." But when I arrived, I found my friend had gone off to track a wounded bear in the mountains of northern California and had placed another of Tappan's followers, the man called Turk, at my disposal.

"All it'll take is a trigger, even, say, the Arabs deciding not to accept dollars for oil anymore, coupled with a panic run on the banks . . . and that will ring the bell."

Carl, the driver of the pickup, and Steve, his companion, finished their spaghetti and began examining the truncated shotgun, which, in addition to the special stock, had a magazine extension that increased its capacity from five shells to eight. A short, owlish man of 30 in a lumber jacket, Carl had been a tax lawyer in the East until a year ago; now he did electrical work, repaired small gas engines, and was learning to farm. He'd gotten nervous during the 1973 gas crisis, become alarmed when two of his accounts, a trucking company and a large steam fitting outfit, both of which had been in business more than 30 years, went under in the space of a month. He decided to move when five teenagers methodically robbed a dozen people in his apartment building at gunpoint. He told Turk he'd like to modify his own Remington 870 pump the same way. Steve, who was a tall, thin, businessman from Chicago dressed in jeans and a cowboy shirt and was about to move to Rogue River, mentioned that Remington wouldn't sell the magazine extensions to civilians, but Turk gave them the address of man named Choate who lived in Bald Knob, Ark., and manufactured everything they'd need. I fell asleep on the couch while the three of them discussed Turk's 20 millimeter semiautomatic cannon that had blown holes through the two-inch-thick steel disc he used as a doorstop.

The following day I listened as Mel Tappan talked and a cold winter rain beat relentlessly against the windows of his library. His voice was soothing, reassuring, a basso profundo tipped just slightly with a Texas drawl, a late-night FM voice, a voice you could believe in. It wrapped itself around me like a down comforter, buffering the raw edges left over from the night before; but what Tappan had to say laid a quick chill on my bones. He was talking about the aftermath of the devastating economic breakdown that would bring about the Big Crunch, strip away civilization's thin layer of protective insulation, and set people against one another in ways previously unimagined in our society.

"Directly after the collapse," Tappan said, "you better be prepared to keep your head down for at least a month. Things could get so hot you wouldn't even want to go out in the yard for a load of firewood without someone covering your back with an assault rifle. I mean, there was gunplay in this country over a two-hour wait in a gas line. Imagine what you'll see when there's no food to be had on the supermarket shelves at all—none!"

He sat across from me in a wheelchair, his great bulk wrapped in a wine-colored robe. He was 46, had thick, muscular forearms, powerful hands, and, with his round, pinkish face, light, close-cropped hair, and clipped blond mustache, resembled an avuncular, convalescing RAF pilot. There was a holstered .45 automatic strapped to the right side of the chair, and though a picture of convivial tranquility, Tappan was capable of drawing the gun and firing six shots into a ten-inch circle 25 yards away in two and a half seconds.

"It doesn't take a whole lot of sophistication to see the kind of economic trouble we're in," he went on, "but the problem is, most people are unwilling to carry it to its logical conclusion. I can't tell you exactly when it will occur, but there is going to be a catastrophic monetary collapse in this country. Of that I'm absolutely certain. The banks are in big trouble, credit is overextended, companies need loans to keep production lines running and they can't get 'em, farmers can't afford to plant crops or raise livestock; so they're cutting back. Everything is in place; all it'll take is a trigger event, say, the Arabs deciding not to accept dollars for oil anymore, coupled with a panic run on the banks—a national 'aha' experience where a few million people all at once realize their

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

ALI

‘After a nice, refreshing bath, nothing beats a healthy roll in the hay.’

TEX APPEAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

"Some girls were born to run, but I was born to ride," declares Ali Laker, our Brownsville, Texas, temptress. "My friends think I'm really horse crazy," she laughs as she prepares to saddle up. "But believe me, I spend plenty of time with boys as well. There are certain kinds of joy rides you can't get from any other source."

"I've won so many blue ribbons
in horse shows
that I've been accused of
getting too big
for my britches." But judging
from the evidence
at right, we'd say that
she fills them out perfectly.

"I guess you could call me the quintessential urban cowgirl. I like to ride the range during the day, but I'm not the kind to camp out in a tent and put up with sticker burrs and coyote howls at night. I tried making love in a sleeping bag once, and believe me, the earth didn't move."

"All I got was bruises from getting rambunctious against such hard, rocky ground!" At our friendly instigation, Ali agrees to demonstrate the morning ritual a genuine cowgirl might follow. As she lathers up her sumptuous 36-24-35-inch frame in an old-fashioned tub, we find ourselves overwhelmed with longing for the good old days.

"After a nice, refreshing bath, nothing beats a healthy roll in the hay," Ali declares, "but without my male sidekick, I guess I'll just have to get my kicks myself."

With her saddle for support, Ali
blissfully makes
herself at home on the range,
thinking all the
while about her Texas
sweetheart– and of all
the lucky men in her future.

"After all," she dead-
pans, "my body
is a beautiful temple. I can't
ignore it just
because there's no one
around to wor-
ship it for me."

Her logic is leaving us breathless--
and not just with
lust, we hasten to add. Despite
Ali's brand of
sensual self-sufficiency, we antici-
pate appreciation
when she's offered a helping hand.

Fast Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

fectly the tender tumescence that pulsed faintly beneath the cowl of her vulva.

"Let's go away," Iona pleaded. "Chicago, New York—as far away from Cairo as we can."

But the tyranny of those fingers silenced her, made her belly rise and her legs become as taut as murderous moments, and everything within her shuddered.

"But, Iona, I'm just not ready to leave Salvation, I'm just not," said Louise Weaver, kissing the forehead of her lover and rubbing wetly against her trembling hip.

It was one in the morning when the Professor reached Sedalia. Nearing the farm of Ezra Bruton, the most renowned trainer of pit-dogs in Kentucky, perhaps in the entire South, he shut his headlights and rolled slowly down the winding dirt road that led to the wooded clearing where Bruton's most vicious and unconquerable bull terriers were sequestered in a long, low cinder-block kennel.

Breaking the padlock shackle with bar shears, he entered the kennel, carrying with one hand a Ray-O-Vac lantern and clutching with the other a Palmer CO_2 pistol, the same kind that Marlin Perkins used.

The pit-dogs, a dozen of them, snarled murderously at the intruder, snarled in that low, ghastly way that is more terrifying than the most ferocious bark of their fetching and flea-collared kin. Stepping from one cage to the next, the Professor methodically fired a mixture of Ketamine and Xylazine into each of the beasts. After the final injection had been discharged with a gaseous whoosh into the neck of the final terrier, the Professor closed his eyes, inhaled deeply, and silently waited for the tranquilizer to fell the dogs.

By two o'clock he had delivered the unconscious pit-dogs to Mound City, to the man with the money. On his way back to Cairo, he finished the Heaven Hill, hearing the sound of that word reverberate over and over again within his mind: "Prayer."

On the first morning of December, as the Hecate wind howled coldly through the streets of downtown Cairo, Salvation Weaver and his cohorts, each of them bearing the sum of $15,000, and the tale of how he had acquired it, met at the Nu Diner. Thence they strode down Washington Avenue to the First National Bank and Trust Company, where the $60,000 was duly deposited in the account of the Mammonco Corporation. Using this $60,000 for credence and Salvation Weaver's house for collateral, the Mammonco Corporation succeeded in borrowing another $60,000 from the bank. The corporation then adjourned to the Atomic Club, where they all drank with great abandon and cursed with lurid vigor the soul of all women save for fair Fortune.

Construction began in late January. Winter passed, and spring broke. Then, at dawn on the day after Easter, the four men stood on Poplar Avenue, looking across the clean, black expanse of a freshly tarred parking lot—*their* parking lot—and beholding in proud exultation the gleaming edifice that was the glory of their dreams and the justification of their hopes.

The structure, with its cream-colored stucco brick facing, arched plate-glass windows, and pitched aluminum-shingled eaves, resembled the Berghof, the Führer's quaint Bavarian retreat, a picture of which Salvation Weaver had found and torn from a book in the Cairo Public Library. Across the top of the facade, large Gothic letters of red plastic spelled the word SCHICKLGRUBER'S. Perched atop the *G* was a magnificent imperial eagle, also wrought in plastic, clutching a hamburger in its talons.

The decor of the restaurant was that of a rustic German inn. (Unfortunately, no book in the Cairo library offered a glimpse of the Berghof's interior.) The wood-paneled walls were adorned with prints of the Führer's Viennese watercolors, strategic air maps of Europe, and World War II propaganda posters of every sort. Above the plastic menu board was a large portrait, executed in oil by a local cartoonist, of Maria Anna Schicklgruber, the Führer's paternal grandmother. The menu that her stern, maternal visage oversaw featured the usual fast-food items but under a variety of novel alliterative names: Blitz-Burgers, Waffen-Wieners, Fokker-Fries, Schickl-Shakes, and so on. Background music was supplied by a cassette tape-loop that included selections ranging from Wagner's "Liebestod" to Jerry Fielding's "Theme from 'Hogan's Heroes.' "

The menu featured the usual fast-food items but under a variety of novel names: Blitz-Burgers, Waffen-Wieners, Fokker-Fries, Schickl-Shakes, and so on.

The help arrived at the appointed hour of nine. The cooks were dispatched to the stainless-steel grills and fryers. The counter girls were instructed to change into their uniforms of black jodhpurs, jackboots, and epauletted blouses. Each girl wore an armband bearing the emblem of a hamburger pierced by a bolt of lightning. Schicklgruber's filled with sounds of industry and the scents of frying, and the doors opened wide at eleven o'clock sharp.

The citizens of Cairo came forth in curiosity and in hunger. A few—very few—of these citizens expressed their distaste and quickly departed Schicklgruber's without spending a cent. Another few, composed of elderly Bundists and their offspring, seemed to be overcome with nostalgic delight. But most of Cairo's citizens accepted Schicklgruber's as they would a new television series or a new brand of designer jeans: with plain and purblind enthusiasm.

"I think we've done it, gen'lemen," grinned Salvation Weaver toward the close of that fine April day. "Yessir, I really think we've done it."

That night Harry Cudd, who had neither seen nor heard from his wife in several months, called his lawyer, explaining that his divorce settlement should be finalized as soon as possible so that his alimony payments would not be based on that year's income. The Professor, who had taken a leave of absence from his job at Cairo High, typed a letter of formal resignation to the principal. And Junior Riley, who had already priced the new Eldorados, stopped off at the Cadillac dealership in Patierdale and put in an order.

When the men arrived at the restaurant the next morning, they were met by a camera crew from the nearest television station, WSIL in Harrisburg. A woman with a microphone and a colorless accent began to ask questions.

"We wanted somethin' differ'nt, somethin' with a little pizzazz," Salvation told her. "We decided to go with the Nazi motif." He pronounced the word *Nazi* so that it rhymed with *snazzy*.

"What has the community reaction been like?" the woman asked.

"Oh, the folks love it, especially the kids. I don't think there's any doubt about it: what we've got here is the biggest thing since *Star Wars*."

Salvation was sitting home alone that night, examining his wife's inner britches for evidence and wondering where in the hell she was, when he heard the colorless voice of the woman with the microphone. He turned and saw himself on television, and he smiled. But after only a few seconds it became obvious that the television people had cut up what he had said, and that they were making a fool out of him. When he heard that lady's voice say that Schicklgruber's was a bad thing, he slapped the television shut and began to drink. He was still drinking four hours later when Louise finally came home.

"I'm in love with Iona Cudd," she said.

Salvation said nothing but continued to drink.

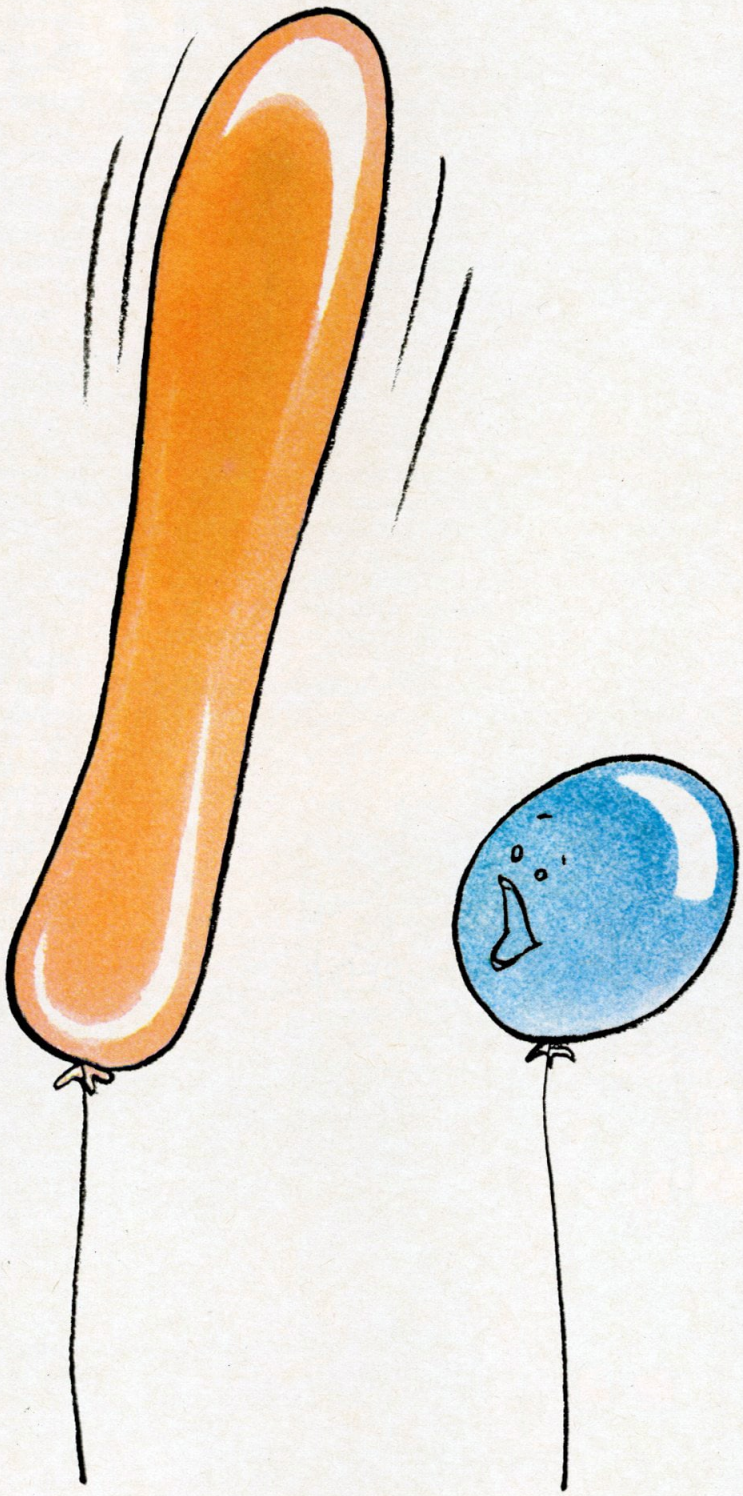
"Iona says that me and her are married in the eyes of God, and that if I let you stick yourself in me, I'm committin' adultery."

He said nothing.

"She wants me to move to the country with her and grow Chinese food. We'll eat what we need, sell the rest."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"The girls at the office said you were great, but they never said how great.*"*

Salvation still said nothing.

"And that's what I'm gonna do. Try to understand, Sally. It don't mean I don't love you."

Without putting on his shoes, Salvation Weaver walked out the door and drove to Harry Cudd's house. The two men sat together, barely speaking, listening to Mama Cudd suck air in her sleep.

"I thought I seen it all," Salvation muttered as dawn broke. "I really thought I seen it all."

He borrowed a pair of shoes from Harry, and the two men repaired, bleary-eyed, to Schicklgruber's, where they found that someone had spray-painted a six-pointed star on the front door. Junior Riley was out front with a bucket and a scrub brush, trying to wash the paint from the door, when the two chartered buses from Chicago pulled into the parking lot. He hurried into the kitchen to find Salvation.

"There's a buncha kids with, uh—now, what the hell d'ya call them things?" Junior mumbled, pointing to the summit of his head.

The Jewish Defense League students positioned themselves before the entrance to the restaurant, and then they began to distribute handbills to passers-by. Salvation suddenly snatched one of these printed sheets from a student's hand and then glanced at it:

CLOSE THESE OVENS!
TODAY A FEW CHEESEBURGERS,
TOMORROW 6 MILLION JEWS!

Salvation went to the pay phone to call the police, but he distractedly hung up the receiver in mid-dial as several pickup trucks bearing Indiana plates screeched to a halt a few yards from the JDL protesters. From these pickups there poured forth men in white sheets, one of whom, introducing himself as the exalted King Kleagle, explained to Salvation that he and his brothers in imperial knighthood were eager to help in whatever way they could. As Salvation recommenced dialing, the King Kleagle instructed his muslin myrmidons to form a line of protection between the students and the restaurant. The police arrived, shifting their stomachs and belt buckles with magisterial gravity.

"Where'd all these Joosh kids come from?" a young cop asked one of the men in white sheets.

"Yonder," replied the man in the white sheet, gesturing neither east nor west nor north nor south.

By mid-afternoon the television minicam crew had arrived. But this crew, the Mammonco Corporation observed, was not from any piss-ant station in Harrisburg but from WMAQ in Chicago. Once again, the woman with the microphone spoke without any accent that might betray the fact that she had actually come from somewhere, but, Salvation noticed, her breasts were greater by far than those of the lady from the piss-ant station.

"I just don't understand what's goin' on here," Salvation told the lady. "Ever'thing's gettin' all outa hand."

"Didn't you foresee any of this when you decided to align yourself with the image of Adolf Hitler?"

"Hell, woman!" Salvation hollered. "Adolf Hitler, Ronald McDonald—*what the hell's the damn differ'nce?*"

As he was yelling, new figures arrived on the scene. One of these was Rev. Sumter Cutberth, pastor of the Christ Holy Temple Church of God Anchored in the Holy Ghost, which was located down the road apiece.

"You fools!" the reverend shouted, casting his arm in a violent arc, as if to encompass all around him, those in white sheets and skull caps and blue uniforms and earphones alike. "*You egg-suckin' fools!* To call down upon Cairo like this the wrath of *Gawd Almighty!* I warn you he shall not suffer this to be! Build you an ark, all of you! G'wan, *git!*"

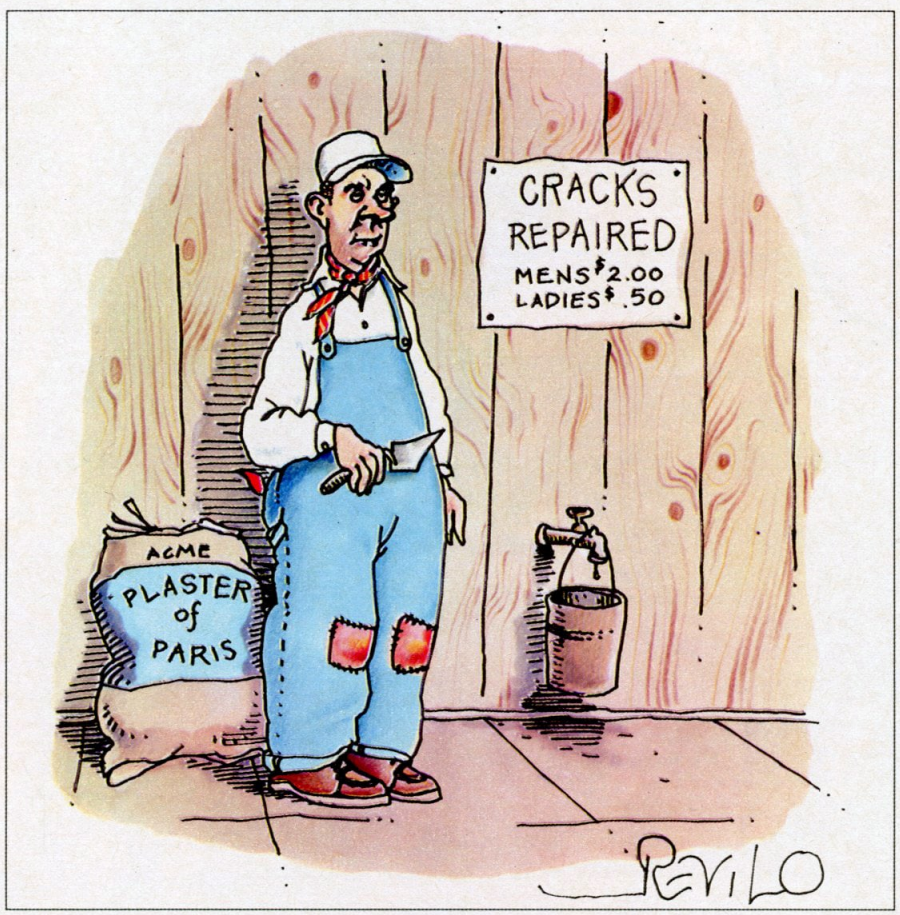
To the left of the reverend were three intense-looking young men. One of these men carried a placard stating DER FÜHRER WAS A VEGETARIAN and led his two companions in chanting, "No more lies! No more lies!" A priest from St. Patrick's walked across the parking lot, raising his arms in a call for peace. One of the chanters hailed him in the name of Pope Pius XII, the blessed and infallible pontiff who had asked God to bestow his blessing on the Third Reich. The priest lowered his arms, retreated across the lot, and drove away in a silver Buick.

The most singular aspect of this most singular day was that the sound and the fury of this multifarious siege upon Schicklgruber's did not detract in the least from the day's business. If anything, business was better on this day than it had been.

Harry and the Professor were standing together, wondering at this very fact, when the Professor heard a piercing, girlish voice. "That's him!" she screamed. "That's the teacher that fornicated me!"

The Professor ran through the kitchen and out the back door, never to be seen again in Alexander County but maintaining his ties with the Mammonco Corporation by means of a series of missives bearing an assortment of southerly addresses, the eventual last of which was that of the Shelby County Regional Facility of the Tennessee Department of Correction.

This day, like all others, finally ended. Salvation Weaver leaned against the portion-control scale and wearily beheld the buttocks, resplendent in black jodhpurs, of Henrietta Moline. In the breadth of 24 hours, he had lost his wife and his most trusted partner. He had been beset by the Jewish Defense League, the Ku Klux Klan, neo-Nazis, Pentecostal preachers, and television newsmen. But all that was behind him now, and he was alone with these buttocks in the silent, shadowed kitchen of this monument to his own ingenuity. He raised his eyes and looked upon Henrietta's face. Of all his employees, she



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was the most alluring. The curl of her lip, by which she expressed disdain for any man who addressed her, was as irresistible as it was affected. Her 19-year-old body was like that of a goddess.

"Play your cards right, Henrietta, and Cairo will be your oyster," Salvation whispered, placing his hand upon the rondure of those buttocks, "and the world your backyard."

Henrietta did not say a word but merely descended to the kitchen floor, resting her head upon a sack of defrosting Ore-Ida Shoestrings. Salvation stood over her. He unclasped the promotional Billy Beer belt buckle that had been given to him personally by the former First Brother himself, and he stepped from his britches, hunkering down between Henrietta's long, lithe legs, and pulled her jodhpurs from her. Dipping his hand into a nearby gallon of Frymax liquid frying fat, he greased her rife young loins and then entered her slowly and sublimely, whispering to her again of the oyster and the backyard and of franchise expansion untold. They slept together on the kitchen floor that night, beneath the protective gaze of Maria Anna Schicklgruber. French fries were their pillow, and vast were their dreams.

On the following morning, the "Today" show broadcast the report that had been aired the night before by WMAQ, the NBC affiliate in Chicago. Schicklgruber's became a national sensation, receiving coverage not only on television but also in such publications as *People* (where Salvation Weaver's face shared a page with those of Erik Estrada and Gilda Radner), the *New York Post* ("Heil, Hamburgers!"), and *Restaurant Business* ("Novel Concept Provides 'Final Solution' to Businessmen's Woes").

Amid the uproar, Schicklgruber's continued to make money at a disarming pace. Salvation no longer discouraged the protesting *Untermenschen* who gathered daily before the doors of his restaurant, but rather, believing them to be good for business, encouraged them. At the end of May, the *Wall Street Journal*, in an article titled "Fast-Food Führers to Franchise," announced that Salvation and his partners were about to expand operations. Two types of franchises were offered to prospective investors: The DeLuxe Berghof model, patterned after the Cairo original and carrying a fee of $70,000, and the smaller, more austere Polish Pillbox model, which carried a fee of $35,000. Interest was great, and within a month the Mammonco Corporation had sold 12 franchises for $595,000. The push toward the East had begun. By summer's end Schicklgruber's was an inexorable part of the landscape of America.

"I've done it," Salvation Weaver exclaimed, sitting at home at his desk one autumn evening, feeling the hands of Henrietta Moline upon his neck and upon his shoulders. "I've really done it," he exclaimed, looking up. "I'm a millionaire on paper, Henrietta. I'm a millionaire."

He had no sooner finished his sentence when the telephone rang. The lawyer, calling from Los Angeles, introduced himself, explaining that he had been retained by Mmes. Weaver and Cudd, who jointly and presently sought to be awarded their estranged and soon-to-be divorced husbands' interests in the Mammonco Corporation. Salvation began to say something very vulgar to the lawyer, who interrupted him, asking him if he was aware of the penalties for mail fraud; then he bid Salvation good-bye, promising to call again soon.

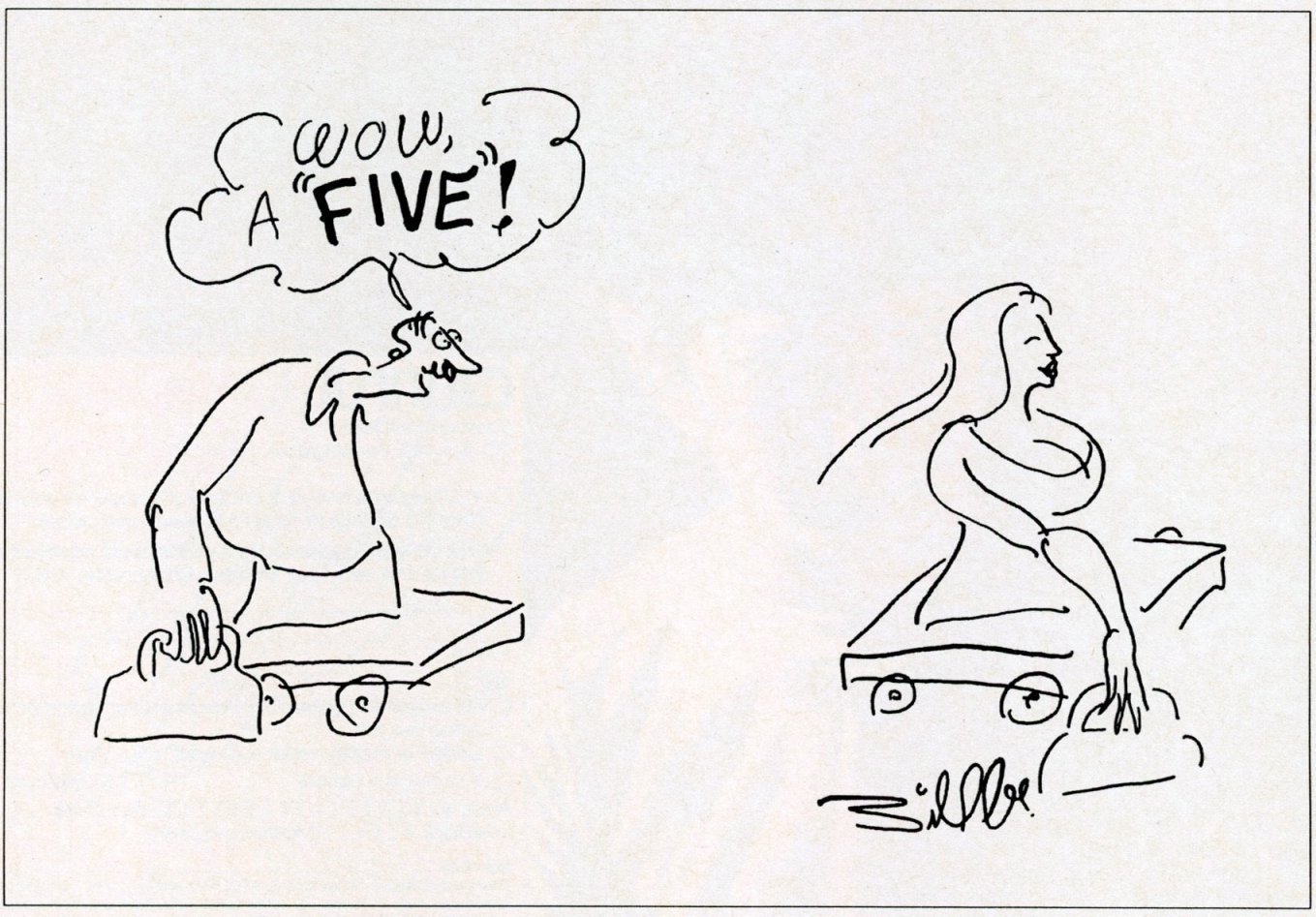
It was spring again in Cairo. Harry Cudd and Salvation Weaver drove down Poplar Avenue in the warming sunshine, both of them staring straight ahead as they passed Schicklgruber's.

"Health-food emporiums," Harry Cudd spat. "Ever' damn one of them damn franchises: *health-food emporiums*."

"Lezzie food," growled Salvation Weaver.

"They'll never make it. They'll go under, sure as I'm born."

When they walked into the Nu Diner, they did not say good morning to Junior Riley or to his bride, Henrietta. But looking straight ahead, they strode silently and solemnly to that particular booth that every Nu Diner employee knew was Salvation Weaver's and Salvation Weaver's alone, to be kept available for him at all times. This was gladly done by the staff of the Nu Diner, for it was well known that Salvation Weaver always left paper money when he walked.



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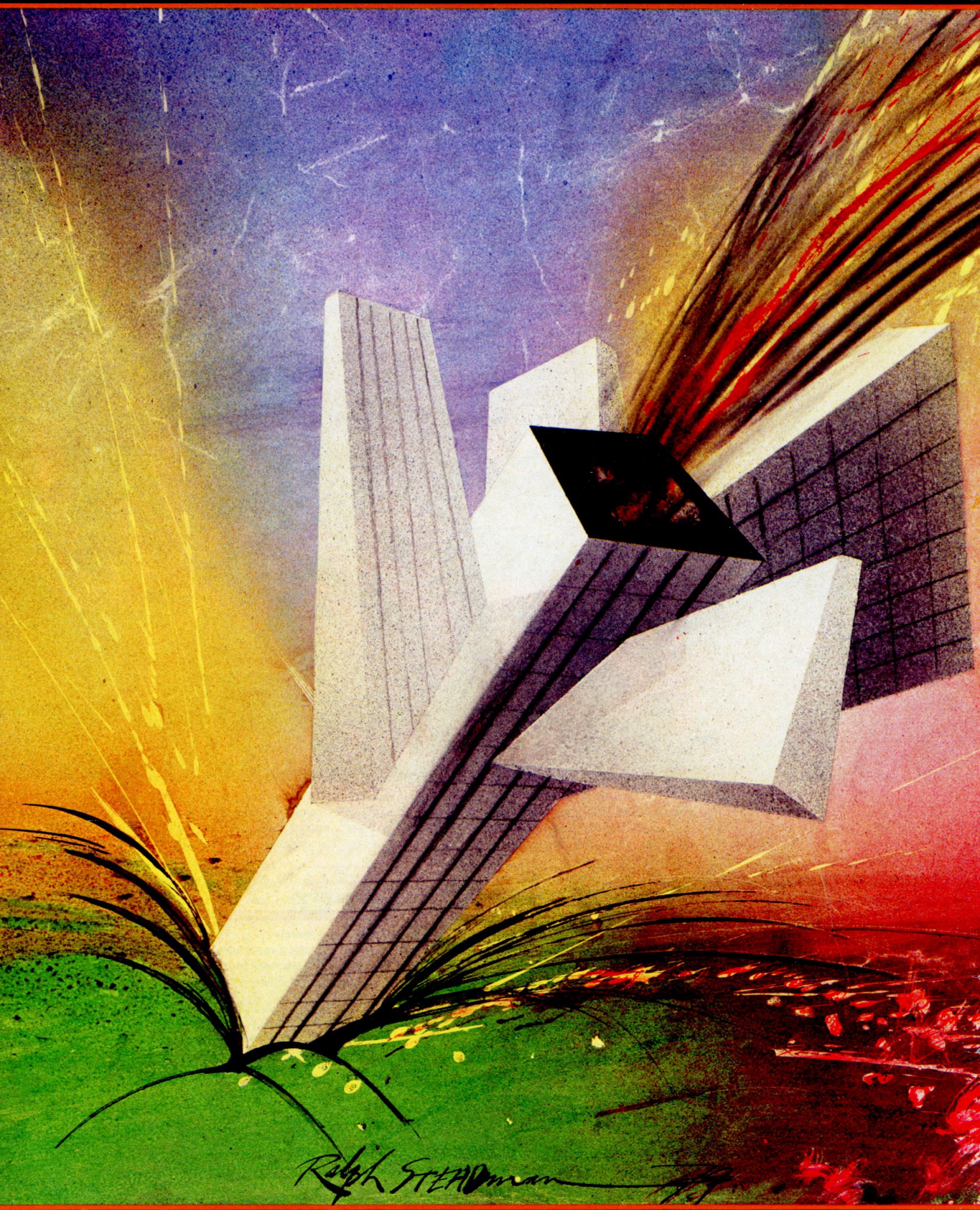
Robh STEADman

Our cities are being ruined by ugly buildings that exist only to satisfy their designers' need for snob appeal and quick cash.

THE ARROGANCE OF ARCHITECTURE

BY BRENT C. BROLIN

If you don't like a song, you don't have to buy the record. If you don't like a painting, you don't have to go to the museum. But if you don't like a building, you have little choice. For better or for worse, architects leave the residue of their creative urges in full public view. We are all captive onlookers. But the captives are beginning to show their displeasure.

A few years ago, in a Virginia suburb of Washington, D.C., an architect built a house that resembled a large, windowless wooden crate. The nearby houses were "colonial," with shutters, white trim, and brick facing. Neighbors were offended by the incompatible blandness of the new structure, and a judge agreed with them, ruling that it had to be torn down.

In Francistown, N.H., the Village Improvement Society raised money to put white clapboard over their new but rather naked-looking concrete block firehouse. Clapboard, they felt, was more in keeping with the New England character of their town.

Burger King ran into trouble when it wanted to cover up an elegant nineteenth-century facade in Brooklyn Heights, New York, with one of its stock fronts. The community fought back, and Burger King ended up restoring the old exterior and limiting its changes to the inside.

These are signs of a quiet revolution stirring in towns and cities across the country—a revolution that may in time change the relationship between architects and the public. Citizens are shaking off their feelings of helplessness and are defending their communities against the introduction of inappropriate buildings. Rarely do they object to old architecture that is left standing amid new; more often their objections are directed at modern buildings placed among older ones. While not all modern architecture looks out of place, most of us can think of at least one new building in our town that seems sadly out of place. These hostile intruders usually fall into one of two categories: elitist or corporate.

The elitist offenders include the bare, boxlike additions that have been appended to dignified old libraries and town halls as well as the virtuoso modern houses

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH STEADMAN

with shapes so contorted that they scream for attention. Such buildings are the work of a select group of serious professionals who feel that they must express their artistic creativity regardless of the consequences for nearby buildings or even, in some cases, for their clients. My wife's uncle had a typical experience. He bought a small piece of land for a weekend retreat and then hired an architect, explaining that he wanted a modest house similar to the local farmhouses. The architect returned a few weeks later with what my uncle-in-law described as "an upside-down pyramid." Apparently his request for a traditional farmhouse had not afforded the architect sufficient latitude to express his "creativity."

The corporate culprits—the fast-food chains, gas stations, and so forth—are designed by architects whom the elitists consider corporate drones. Such architects create one design—surrounded by an asphalt desert for cars—that is then duplicated in Los Angeles, Sarasota, Baltimore, Tokyo, and Abu Dhabi.

Although the elitist architect and his corporate cousin stand at opposite ends of the creative spectrum in terms of their status within the profession, they have one thing in common: both are prone to ignore the surroundings in which their buildings are placed. As a result, both have produced more than their share of buildings that offend the sensibilities of those who must live with them—the members of the communities in which they are situated.

Let's look at the elite first. Architects have always been thought of as guardians of civic beauty. With the advent of modern architecture, however, they broke with traditional aesthetic values and declared themselves the sole arbiters of good taste in buildings. Since then, the majority of architects have taken a peculiar pride in ignoring everyone's idea of beauty but their own. Their attitude is neatly summed up by Frank Lloyd Wright's reply to a student who asked the master how he should respond if asked to design a *non*-modern building. "You have the mind of a prostitute," replied Wright, "to even consider the question."

Architects often justify their disregard for popular taste by saying that the public lacks the proper education to understand the modern artistic "statement." If this is so, architects themselves bear much of the blame, because they seem to have gone out of their way to offend the public's taste. The first thing modern architects did, at the beginning of the movement, was to declare that factories were the most beautiful of all architectural forms. Yet, until that time factories had been classed as "engineering structures" and were not even considered in the same category as "architecture." Over the years architects have further antagonized the public by ridiculing the traditional styles of architecture with which most people feel comfortable.

Buildings that convey a sense of history provide a sort of psychological anchor. A beautiful old building, or a new one using traditional details, can recall local traditions and thereby spin a complex web of welcome and sustaining attachments. Yet modern architectural orthodoxy has declared history irrelevant and has outlawed traditional styles. As a result, most modern architects have made little or no effort to design buildings that are visually sympathetic to traditional surroundings. And many fine older neighborhoods have been condemned to a slow death as they are riddled by grotesquely inappropriate modern buildings.

Why have the elite of modern architecture so consistently pitted themselves against popular taste? There appear to be several related reasons: ego satisfaction, financial considerations, and, above all, the profession's narrow definition of "creativity."

In architecture, as in show business, modesty is no virtue. The dramatic modern building, sticking out from its surroundings like a sore thumb, expresses the architect's unspoken credo: *my* need to express *my* creativity is more important than the community's sense of visual or cultural continuity. It also expresses the architect's desire to be recognized by his fellow professionals—one seldom receives accolades from one's peers for designing a building that doesn't make a splash.

The building that demands attention serves the architect's financial interests as well. It performs the same function as the gaudy plastic sign hanging outside the local hamburger joint; it *advertises.* A highly visible building is one of the few forms of advertising available to an architect, for professional ethics forbid conventional publicity. A small minority of architects get their work published, again and again, in professional journals, but there are only two such publications left in this country. The work of a few others is discussed in newspapers by the handful of architecture critics who cover the country. But the overwhelming majority of practicing architects never see their work in magazines or newspapers, and that can hurt. As one of New York's better-known architects puts it, "More exposure means more business."

Finally, the deepest reasons for the elitist architect's lack of interest in adapting his building to traditional surroundings reside in the profession's tragically narrow definition of artistic creativity. Although it is rarely said outright, students learn by osmosis that a "creative design" is one that is innovative, that looks different. The slightest hint of "borrowing" ideas, or—God forbid—actually copying something, is a sign of artistic bankruptcy. Therefore, to design a building that fits well with its

"I can't remember what I did before I went on strike."

neighbors—that isn't different—is by definition uncreative.

Historic preservationists—"old ladies in tennis shoes," as one architect described them to me—used to be the only protection a town had against the ravages of modern architecture. People are becoming bolder, however, and are beginning to exercise more control over their architectural destinies. Perhaps the chief vehicle for their efforts is the architectural review board. In recent years such boards have been established in communities across the country. They are composed of community members who are appointed by an appropriate authority, such as the town council, and their mission is to act as a sort of jury, deciding whether proposed new buildings are suitable for the town. The board meetings are open to all and provide a forum through which the public can exert considerable influence. Because they are such a local phenomenon, no one seems to know how many review boards exist. But their impact is increasingly apparent.

The potential power of such boards is illustrated by a recent episode in Alexandria, Va. A colonial-era town with a downtown that retains much of its original architectural character, Alexandria commissioned a new courthouse and commercial complex that was to be designed by a local firm and erected in the heart of the old town. The firm's senior partner presented the proposal to the local review board, showing drawings and a model of the new design. The local newspaper described it as "modernistic," meaning that it had no decoration and looked rather bare compared with the traditional buildings.

At the review board meeting the architect argued that the building was "modernistic" for functional reasons: it was *too big* to be designed in a traditional style, and its uniquely *modern needs*—including extensive security precautions—simply could not be served by a more traditional architectural shape.

Most of the 200 or so townspeople present at the meeting disliked the design and felt that it would be out of place in the middle of their town. Supporters of the proposal, including the three architects on the board, argued that as long as the building satisfied the functional requirements, its appearance should be left up to the architect's sensibilities. But those who opposed the proposal countered that they had been badly burned by that argument before. "I heard a lot of the same philosophical discussions before some of the urban-renewal monsters were created here," said one man. "They said architects have to *create their own thing*. . . . Never again will we be put through that hassle."

When the final vote came, it was five to four against the modernistic design. The successful opposition then demanded to see alternate proposals. As often happens in architectural offices, the firm had made

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

Nominated for a Pulitzer at 22, poet Jim Carroll finally gave up heroin for rock 'n' roll.

CATHOLIC BOY

BY JOHN MILWARD

Jim Carroll stands before an overflow audience at New York's Public Theater, flipping through *The Basketball Diaries*, a needle-sharp remembrance of things past he wrote between the ages of 12 and 15. Slipping into his sidewalk prose, Carroll slowly peels 16 years off his gaunt, burnt-angel frame like a carving knife skinning an onion. But there are no tears. Back in 1964, Jim, the high-shooting 13-year-old star of the Madison Square Boys Club on East Twenty-ninth Street, is about to take his first shot of heroin. "I was just gonna sniff a bag," Carroll reads from the book that Bantam successfully mass-marketed in 1980, "but Tony said I might as well skin-pop it. I said okay. Then Pudgy says, 'Well, if you're gonna put a needle in, you might as well mainline it.' I was scared to main, but I gave in, Pudgy hit it in for me. I did half a fiver and, shit, what a rush. . . ." Carroll pauses, his eyes like saucers and the silence saturated by the memory of that first shot coursing through his veins.

"I want the angel whose touch don't miss . . . Then the blood comes through the dropper like a thick red kiss," Jim Carroll sings, leading his rock-'n'-roll band through their New York debut. His black T-shirt is inside out with sleeves rolled to his shoulders, and he's spitting mean-streets rock to an audience filled with music-biz dilettantes who are seriously blotto, having just arrived from a party celebrating the release of the Rolling Stones' *Emotional Rescue*. Eyes flicker to the most famous ex-junkie in the room, Keith Richards, whose bone-thin body is strung with worn leather. The second-most-famous junkie, the one on stage, sees his only viable rescue as

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER

creativity and leads his band into "City Drops (Into the Night)," the song from Carroll's first album that defines his urban turf. "When the city drops into the night, before the darkness there's one moment of light . . . Then everything seems clear . . . The other side, it seems so near."

Jim Carroll flirted with the other side, death, through a ten-year affair with heroin, and when he introduces the hit song about his comrades who were fatally seduced, "People Who Died," Keith joins him onstage to pop out the Chuck Berry chords: "But Tony couldn't fly . . . Tony died." In the audience are those who didn't die, those who remember Jim as a 15-year-old junkie poet marching alongside Allen Ginsberg (who thought he was pretty) to protest the Vietnam War or shadowing poet Frank O'Hara through Manhattan streets in search of the midtown muse that created the *Lunch Poems*. But there are also deadlier bonds between friends, when junkie cells cry out for smack, or when two men, tensed for violence, enter a dirty tenement for a larcenous meeting with a pusher.

"I wasn't the kind of kid who liked nuns," swears Carroll, pulling on a cigarette, "but in third grade I was close to being called a brownnose for staying after school to help Sister Victoise. She reminded me of Saint Theresa, and I hung out after school with her because I was finding out about someone who I didn't understand. It was like hanging out with a good ballplayer to learn new moves—I got this radiance from her, a sweet sense about grace and living your life with compassion. She wasn't about putting a quarter in the can for starving children, but about seeing people through the heart. She was near death but so sweet and understanding, and this confused me at first, but she gave me a sense of humanity that went beyond the faith that I was already doubting. She showed me the inner register."

Sister Victoise died the next summer, before Carroll was kicked out of school after he was wrongfully accused of playing a lunch-time game of ring-a-levio against the principal's orders. The son of an Irish-Catholic bartender, by 13 he had already sampled speed, glue, codeine cough syrup, acid, and cocaine, but in 1964 his parents moved from the East Twenties to the Dyckman projects in Inwood on the northern tip of Manhattan, where Jim would trade lay-ups with Lew Alcindor (and reportedly teach him the skyhook) and cultivate the twin passions of literature and junk. A shrewd basketball coach got the tall redhead into an uptown Catholic school, where one of the brothers, hip to the light in Jim's eyes, made him the sports editor of the school paper and passed along columns by Red Smith and others that Jim would study, underlining similes and metaphors, and slowly begin to understand the craft of writing.

"I think you should know—that was the dog you just screwed."

After reading Kerouac's *On the Road* and seeing how life could be shaped into art, Jim began keeping a diary.

New York City, "the greatest hero a writer needs," permeated his diary and the life he led between the pages. "I'm really a wise-ass kid getting wiser," he wrote in the winter of 1966, "and I'm going to get even somehow for your dumb hatreds and all them war baby dreams you left in my scarred bed with dreams of bombs falling above the cliff I'm hanging steady to." The streets taught him about sex and dope and, in another phrase from the *Diaries*, how to develop "presence like a cheetah rather than a chimp." "I remember seeing the movie *Shane*," he says, his hands pulling at his rusted hair, "and imagining myself as both the innocent kid and the wizened gunfighter. It all came together at the end of the film when Alan Ladd guns down Jack Palance, smooth and cool. But then Shane comes across with one moment of pure flash, his gun spinning from his hand smack back into his holster, and there's this quick shot of the kid, his eyes dancing. Shane showed just enough flash without ever crossing the line into pretension. It's like I had all the basketball moves—behind the back, under the legs—but I would never use them needlessly."

Carroll lost his virginity at 12, but Catholic girls didn't offer much for the young stud. "There was 'Bubble-Gut,' the school slut who would take on four guys in her parochial uniform and who had a spread on her thighs that equalled some number by Boeing. But you were marked if you got caught with Bubble-Gut—there'd be an oath of silence among the guys—so we'd go into the park with these straight girls who would kiss you with closed mouths and get upset when you got a hard-on. So, while the boys were left saying, 'Shit, I thought I'd at least get some tit,' the girls would walk away in giddy fright, saying, 'It actually got big; you know, all of a sudden I felt this thing rubbing against me.'" Frustrated, Carroll and a fellow blue-ball did things to each other that they wanted the girls to do to them. It left a guilty taste, but when he related the tale to a sympathetic Jewish girl friend whom he'd met after crossing the bridge to Riverdale, the young couple slipped into full-blown eroticism. "It was no Prince Charming scene," he recalls. "It was more like the peasant girl debauched as the army moved through town."

A combination of basketball moves and genuine smarts landed Carroll a scholarship to Trinity High School, and for a writer who would base his art on contrasts, the dumping of a street-wise punk into an old-money atmosphere offered an opportunity to play out the theory. By 15, at the same time that Ginsberg and e. e. cummings taught him that poetry was not a hermetic academic pursuit, Carroll had acquired his first heroin habit. Initially, he saw the drug as a means to a literary end. "Junk made me alert—when I got high, I'd want

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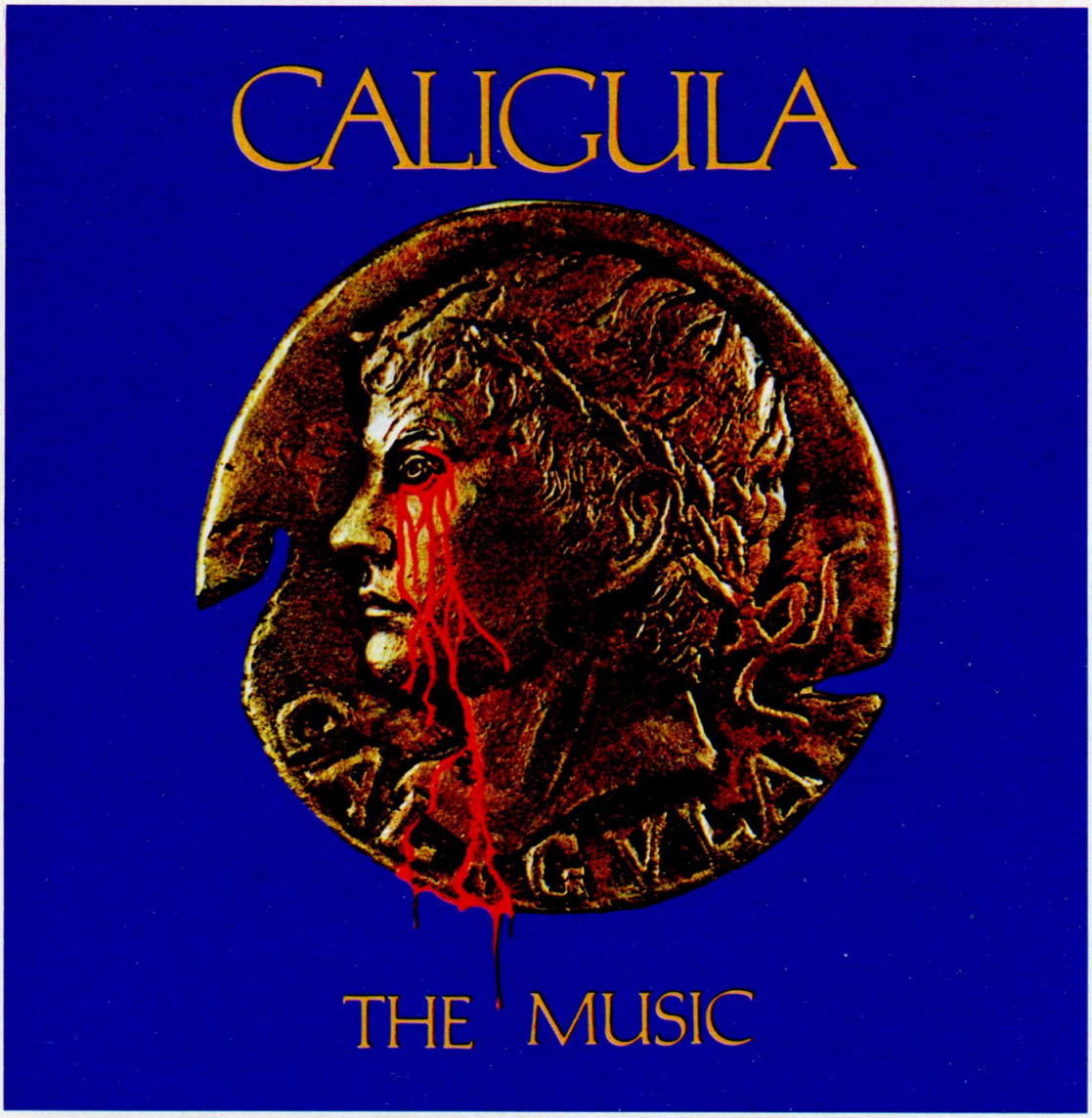

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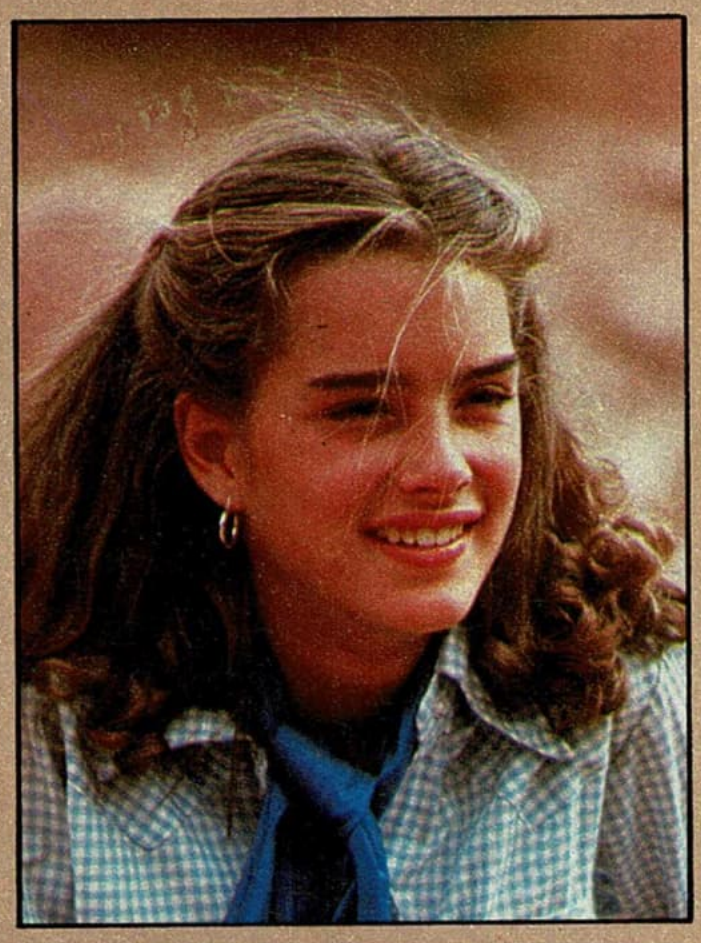
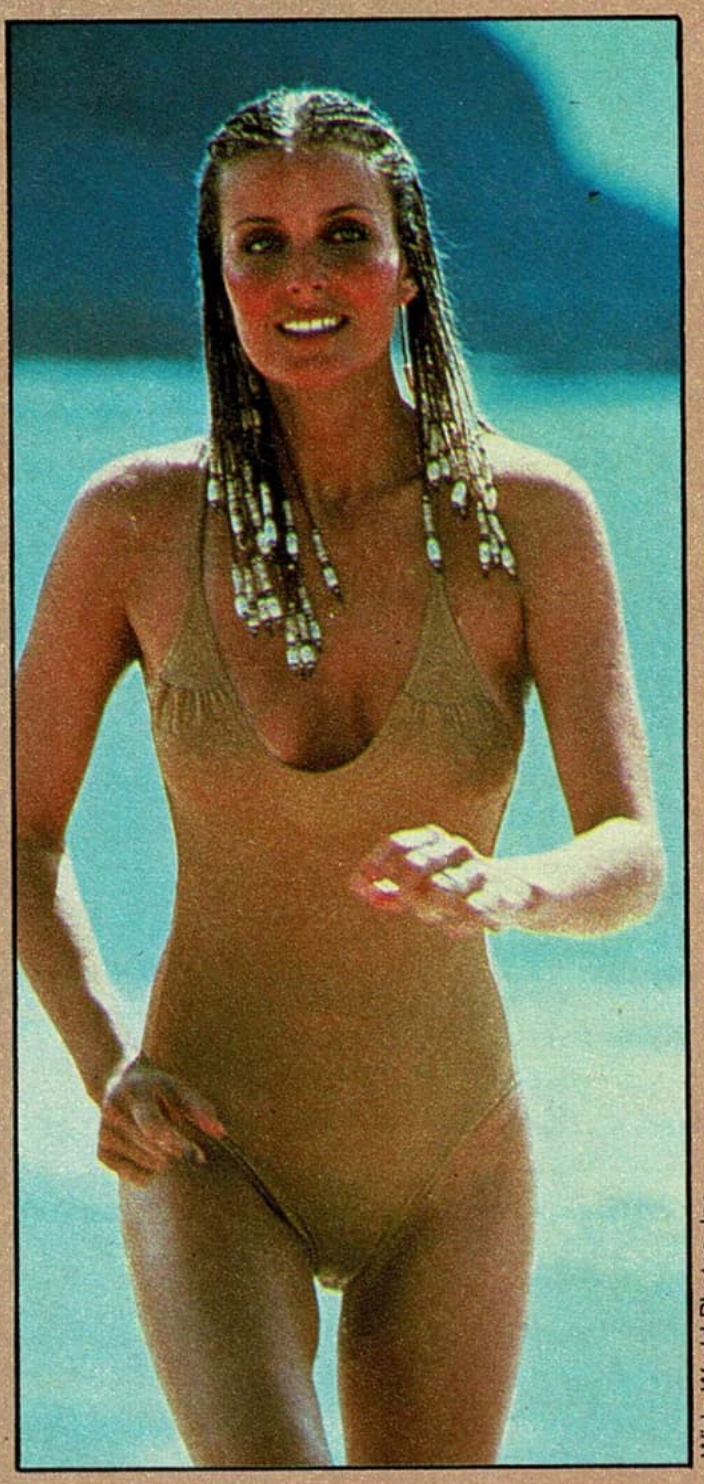
Henry Kissinger is the *only* man ever to win a Nobel Peace Prize for *losing* a war.



©William Karel/Sygma

Brooke Shields is the *only* teenage film actress ever to portray a New Orleans whore (*Pretty Baby*, nude scenes included) while still maintaining the public image of a clean-cut American kid.



Steve Schapiro/Sygma

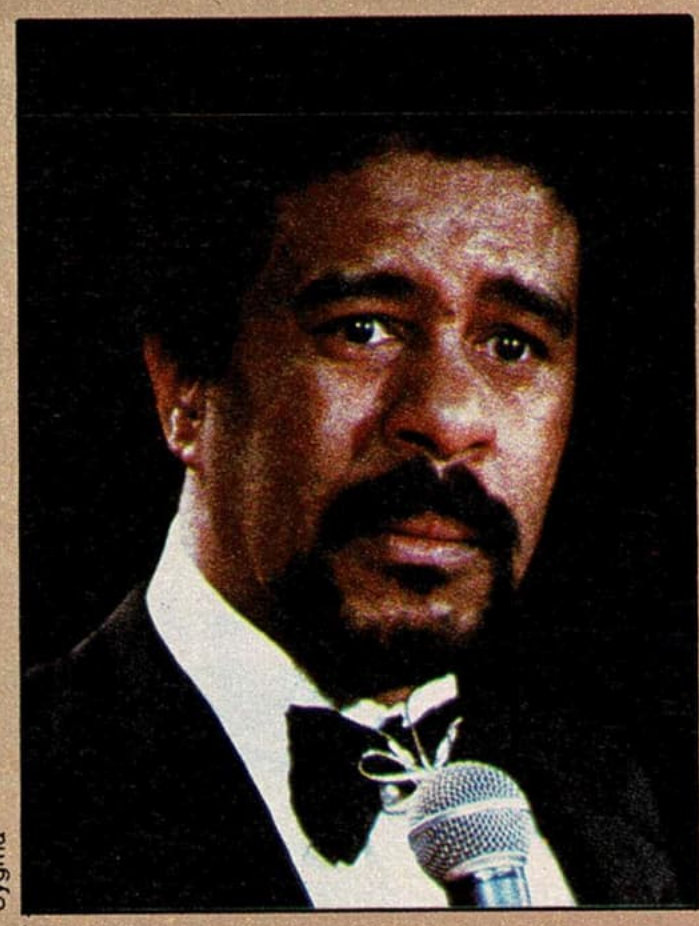
When judged on her skill as an actress, Bo Derek is *only* a "3."

Doug Bruce/Camera 5

Johnny Carson is the *only* talk show host whose yearly alimony payments exceed the gross national product of most Third World countries.

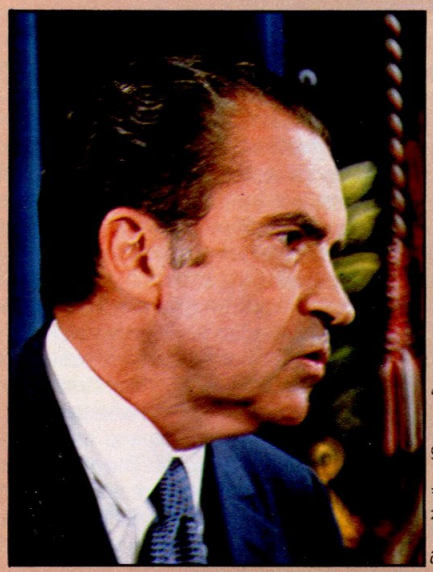
Sygma

Elizabeth II is the *only* British queen who's never heard of K-Y jelly.



Curt Günther/Camera 5

Comedian Richard Pryor is the *only* performer ever to be listed as an alternate source of cheap energy.



Steve Northup/Camera 5

Richard M. Nixon is the *only* ex-president of these United States ever to be denied residence on the basis of "lowering the neighborhood property values." (Nixon was turned down several times when attempting to purchase a co-op apartment on the fashionable Upper East Side of Manhattan

Georges Pierre/Sygma

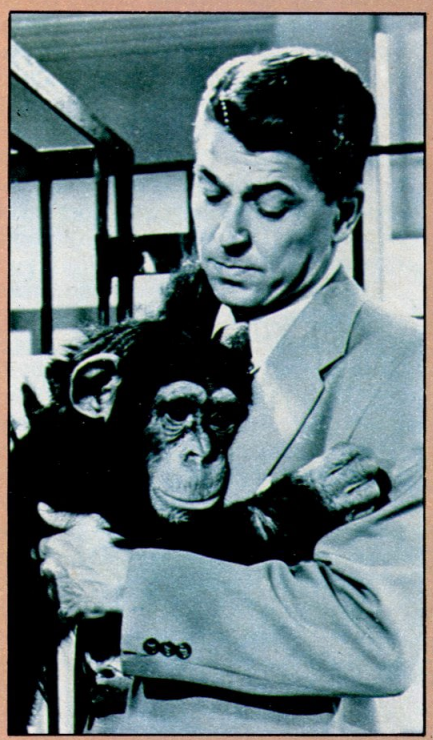
Margaret Trudeau is the *only* first lady of Canada ever to spend the night with the Rolling Stones.

S. Karin Epstein/Camera 5

Barbara Walters is the *only* anchorperson ever to refer to Richard Nixon as "sexy."

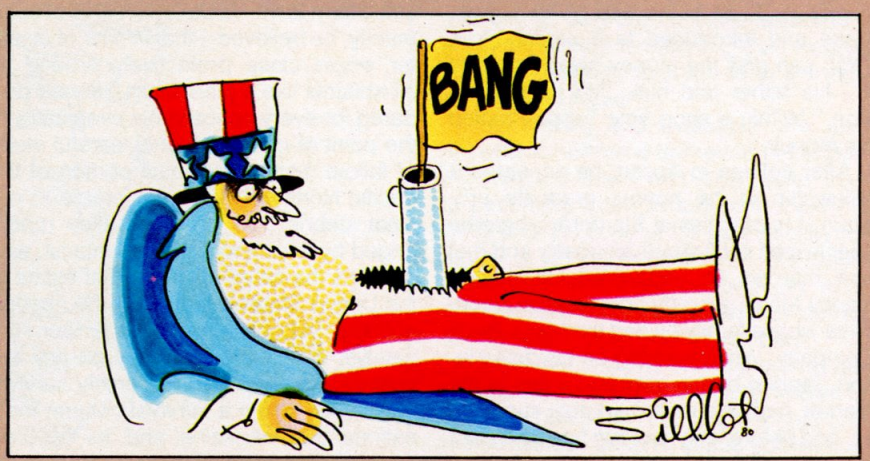
N. Moran/Sygma-Paris

Miss Piggy (of the Muppets) is the *only* performer ever to be considered ineligible to receive an Academy Award because of her "nonhuman" status (that particular condition has never prevented other film stars from being nominated).



Movie Star News

Only George Bush could have replaced "Bonzo" as Ronald Reagan's costar.



Over the next five years, Ronald Reagan proposes to spend *only* a trillion dollars on national defense.

SKY IS FALLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

money isn't worth a thing and decide they want gold or silver—and that will ring the bell. Payrolls won't be met, trucks won't roll, millions of people who depend on food stamps and welfare checks will be instantly destitute, and in next to no time there'll be chaos and turmoil like you wouldn't believe. And there is nothing that can be done to stop it. The next president will be the captain of the *Titanic*, and his only option will be how to arrange the deck chairs. The only thing you can do is take action to protect yourself, and that means getting as far away from a major city as possible. It also means blending into the landscape, keeping your name off major purchase orders of survival goods. Just say, 'My name's Mr. Cash, and that's how I pay,' because when the balloon goes up, the government's going to try to control the population, and that means confiscation of large supplies of storable food or medicines and especially firearms. It's not that I'm paranoid about guns. I'm paranoid about the whole government. You show me a bureaucrat, and I'll show you a man who wants to know your business."

The tale went on, replete with riots, untreated water supplies, epidemics, fire storms, beleaguered suburbs, and plundered armories. It would have been a whole lot easier to laugh it off as irrational gobbledygook if Tappan were a bankrupt car dealer, an unemployed steelworker, a misanthrope in a tattered robe, or a sparkle-suited hustler peddling retreat properties as if they were condominiums; but he was none of these.

The son of a diamond importer from a small town north of Dallas, he was left partially paralyzed from a childhood operation to remove a tumor from his spine. Still, he became an avid outdoorsman, a marksman of exceptional skill, a communications expert, and an accomplished violinist who soloed with the Texas Symphony at 12. At 14 he was given a grubstake and introduced to a stockbroker. "You can piss the money away or invest it," his father told him. "It's your decision." Within a short time Tappan tripled his money.

After college in Austin, he accepted a fellowship in the honors graduate program in humanities at Stanford, where he specialized in Elizabethan poetry and met and married an undergraduate named Nancy Mack, a pretty Los Angeles debutante whose family owned the Mack Truck Company. While working on his dissertation, Tappan began dabbling again in the market, had several remarkable successes, and before long saw that he could earn far more as a professional trader than as an assistant professor of English. "It was then," he said, "that I set out, with the typically brazen self-assurance of youth, to see if I could start a bank, a mutual fund, and a life-insurance company. See, I always like to organize things." With the help of several influential friends he'd made as a broker, Tappan proceeded to found the Stanford Bank, the First Participating Fund, and the Commonwealth Assurance Company, which sold more than $100 million in premiums its first year. When all three were bought out, Tappan discovered a new love: mergers and acquisitions. He took a job as West Coast head of corporate finance for Goodbody and Company, traveled continuously with Nancy, and generally had the time of his life.

"Then, in the early seventies, I was involved in some major deals entailing international currency exchanges and international closings for companies like Kentucky Fried Chicken," he said. "I suddenly realized that we were in one helluva lot of trouble and that sooner or later the monetary bubble had to burst, and, my friend, I don't scare easy, believe me."

When Tappan quit Goodbody, sold his 8,500-square-foot home on an acre of land in Los Angeles, and moved to Rogue River, Oreg., he was a very wealthy man who had learned everything there was to know about survival and had equipped himself accordingly. He had chosen a small farm town—a de facto survival community, he believed—that in time of disaster would close protectively around its inhabitants like a giant clam. He had prepared for every conceivable eventuality to the point of choosing, after careful study of fallout maps, that small portion of the Pacific Northwest least vulnerable to nuclear debris. His 80-acre valley ranch, ringed by thickly wooded mountains, was perhaps the safest piece of real estate in the United States. Financially, he needed nothing; yet, always the organizer, the catalyst who loved company on any adventure, he published a monthly survival newsletter, wrote a survival column for a national gun magazine, and, for $100 an hour, shared most of what he knew with his clients. Certain defensive contingencies were kept secret—certain structural, electronic, and explosive measures necessitated by his notoriety and his paralysis handicap—even from the 25 or 30 families who had thus far moved to Rogue River and knew him well. "I had to deal once with that 'just-how-good-is-he' syndrome, and I'd just as soon not again," he said. "I moved up here to escape violence, not to kill anybody."

> "There was gunplay in this country over a two-hour wait in a gas line. Imagine what you'll see when there's no food to be had on the supermarket shelves."

A little over twelve grand. That's what the client with Mel Tappan the next day had spent to arm himself in the past 14 months. For ten years after he returned from Vietnam he hadn't so much as looked at a weapon, but he was scared and making up for lost time in a hurry. "A lot of survivalists think it's just blacks on welfare that'll riot and loot after the crunch, but they're wrong," the man said. "You take the average middle-class American with a wife and two kids and a mortgage, and you pull his dream out from under him; you take his job, you get his family crying for food, and he's gonna go berserk, man. Any time in history you had real chaos, it was because the masses went nuts, not some minority." He had enough rifles, shotguns, and pistols to equip a company of infantrymen and ammunition to do battle for a week. The cost wasn't hurting him any either, not from the looks of his gold Rolex or his $400 Lucchese boots. He was a top-of-the-line survivalist, a wealthy corporation executive anonymously setting up his retreat, and with backup generators, vehicles, and tools, storable food for three years, and much more he'd be spending upward of $200,000. He was moving to Rogue River within a year.

"You can do it for considerably less," Tappan said. "You can eat less meat and spend only nine hundred dollars per person for storable food instead of eighteen hundred dollars. You can get by with fewer guns, less machinery, a smaller spread, but the notion of getting through the crunch with a rucksack and a Swiss army knife is ludicrous. You better be prepared to spend several thousand or be clever enough to hook up with a well-heeled older person who needs a hand running his retreat."

The consultation, concerning several defense installations at the client's farm, was concluded, and the man brought out a customized .45 sold to him at a handsome price by a gunsmith in his hometown. "My friend, this gun has been ruined," Tappan told him. "The temper's all gone out of the steel. It isn't worth fifty dollars." The client was a man unused to being hornswoggled, and though his face remained impassive, his long, slender hands were clenched with rage. Soon, however, talk turned to the commodities market in which he'd made a fortune, and his good humor returned. "Sure Mel's worth one hundred dollars an hour to me," he said in answer to my question. "Some engineer invents a new way to freeze-dry biscuits; a lumber mill shuts down in Maine; or a general in the Pentagon has a fight with his wife, and ten minutes later Tappan's factoring it into his survival equation. I can tell you I sleep a good deal

better 'cause of him."

He may have been sleeping better, but judging from his eyes, he wasn't sleeping much. A short time later we both got up to leave, and he admitted that he wouldn't mind some company. So I followed his car back into town. After we'd been drinking for a while in a saloon, he told me how his wife had left him and about his court fight for their kids. His girl friend wasn't all that crazy about moving, he admitted, but she'd get used to it. "Night life in Rogue River might be limited," he said, "but there were lots of decent people around, and anyway, once the crunch came, there'd be little enough time on anybody's hands."

Turk picked me up in the morning and talked nonstop through my hangover about how the Russians wouldn't bomb our cities; they'd aim a counterforce strike at military installations first; so you damn well didn't want to be near any of those. But once we got to the doctor's house, he hung back silently in a corner, mouth agape, eyes shifting from the doctor to her son like those of a man at a tennis match.

She was a woman of 48 named Susan, a divorced psychiatrist who'd left a thriving practice in the South to work for a state institution in Oregon. Originally from Brooklyn, she had been a fashion model in New York after graduating from Wellesley. Though gaunt, she was still remarkably good-looking, but her face was haunted, her eyes fearful as those of a cornered animal, and anxiety hovered about her in waves that were nearly palpable. She would break off in the midst of sentences, losing her train of thought, while her son Andy, a tall, gawky kid of 19 or 20, leaped through the house like a wounded crane, interjecting random facts culled from their 4,000-volume survival-related library.

"I'm sorry," Susan said. "It's this central-nervous-system allergy I have to even the most minute quantity of beef that affects my memory—'depersonalization' I call it. I must have eaten something with a beef by-product hidden in it. Even the casing of a vitamin capsule can do it, but now that I've isolated my problem, things are much better than they were."

She became a survivalist in 1972 and moved to Rogue River because of Tappan. "I grew up naively thinking the economy was in capable hands; the government would look out for my interests. Eventually I saw that things were out of control, and unless I took direct action, I'd be chopped up into little pieces in the crunch." She was studying emergency medicine, which she would practice after the collapse. "It's a hardship to retreat," she told me. "Maybe that's why so many of Mel's clients are doctors; they are used to sacrifice and postponed gratification." She paused for a moment to stare in mute astonishment at Andy, who had finally come to rest standing on the coffee table, half a sandwich in his mouth, a volume on dry-wall construction in one hand, a cylinderless revolver twirling around the index finger of the other. "Maybe it's something else," Susan went on. "In medicine you deal with death so much; maybe survivalism is a shield against the shadow of one's own mortality." Neurotic as she was and saddled with her son, she still convinced me that she'd persevere. She had the set, aggressive jaw of a fighter.

Turk disagreed. "She knows plenty, but all of it's from those books," he told me later. "Come the crunch, she may just have to eat them, 'cause she ain't gonna grow nothin' and she ain't gonna shoot nothin', and all the shit she's got stored is gonna get ripped off 'fore she has a chance to scratch her ass and figure out how to cook it."

Half Jew, half cracker, trained as an engineer, Turk was a man of remarkable gifts. He made a bundle with some surveillance equipment he invented, lost it all in a nasty divorce, and then made it back selling real estate in southern California.

"Directly after the collapse . . . things could get so hot you wouldn't even want to go out in the yard for a load of firewood without someone covering your back with an assault rifle."

He moved to Oregon after a drunken luncheon with several high-ranking military officials. "Those dudes *want* to push the button," he said. "Never mind what anyone tells you; they got all those neat toys around, and they intend to use 'em." He knew more about military tactics than the average colonel, brewed outstanding moonshine, and could fix a truck transmission with a corkscrew and some tape.

Sometimes in his army truck, sometimes in his battered Cadillac, Turk led me through the valley. I met a cardiologist who now tied fishing flies and sold them to outfitters in the East; a peaceful farmer and his wife, veterans of Berkeley, sit-ins, campus protests, now living in the home they built alone. "Neither of us has ever raised a hand to anyone," the woman told me as she rocked their baby, "but we have guns. My husband knows guys who'll blow up the mountain passes coming in and out of here when the trouble starts. Folks up here are serious."

I met a man named Taylor, small, thin, and powerful: a ringer for Bob Dylan but much harder. He was a kid from Detroit who'd grown up in the jungles of Vietnam, a martial artist in a body shirt and double knits up there in logging country—the fingernails of one hand an inch in length and sharpened for slashing. "Yes, sir," he said. "Uncle Sam trained me real good, and I'm going to use all the knowledge I've got. I know explosives, counterinsurgency, guerrilla warfare; I was a psy-op-specialist and a sniper. I was in Laos, Cambodia, North Vietnam, anywhere the shit was. Come the crunch, I could walk from L.A. to Alaska if I had to, but I got a family to think of, and I guess I listened to Mel too much; so here I am. I ain't no farmer, but I'm gonna start the Rogue River Regulating Company. We'll push ambushes for people in the valley for a cow or a pig." Now he ran a boiler room mail-order business selling mechanics' tools and tried to talk his friends into joining him in Oregon. "Some of 'em listened, and they're on their way. 'Don't come knocking on my door when the collapse comes,' I told the rest. 'I don't want to have to shoot a friend.' "

They were Tappan's community, linked to him like spokes of a wheel to a hub. He needed them, and they needed him, all of them, even Taylor, who talked of starting a survival school with Mel. It seemed to me, though, that there was a piece of the survival puzzle missing, someone who had bought the ticket but was riding on the train alone. "I think I know the guy you're looking for," Turk's woman, Rita, told me as we whipped along a rain-slicked highway in the Cadillac one night. "Let me see if I can get in touch with him."

"I found him; he'll talk to you and show you his place," she said to me the next night. "It'll take you most of a day to get there from here, but I think it'd be worth your while. Just one thing: you gotta promise to keep his tracks covered. You don't, and we're both in a lot of trouble, and that's no bullshit."

I'll call him Hawk, since he had one, about two inches high, tattooed on his right calf, its wings outstretched, talons extended above a single drop of blood. He was tall, six-two or three, lean and loose-jointed, with oversize, busted-up hands, and straight, dark hair combed back off his forehead, hanging almost to his shoulders. His face was seamed and darkened by the weather, but it was his mouth, set in a feral half-snarl, and his savage cat's eyes gleaming in the dark, revealing nothing, that put a vise grip on my guts. He was one of the most dangerous-looking men I'd ever seen, and he'd come out of the shadows of the deserted rest stop to meet me without a sound. Against the freezing rain he wore a thin flannel shirt, patched jeans, and an old fedora with the brim turned down. "Let's go," he said, turned, and walked through the trees to where his old Dodge Power-Wagon was parked on a path leading to the highway.

In half an hour we turned from the highway onto a secondary dirt road and then a few miles later onto a steep, rutted Jeep trail through the woods. It was only then,

once we were on his mountain, that Hawk began to talk. "Sure they know about me in town," he said. "I buy food, supplies, drink a beer or two in the bar now and then. Someone always knows about you, no matter where you are. The question is not whether they know about you but what they do about it. Once some bikers tried to do something about it up here, but there were only four of 'em."

He was born and raised in a fishing village on the Eastern seaboard, worked on the family boat until his father died, then enlisted in the marines. In 1965 he was swimming behind enemy lines in Vietnam when his recon unit was ambushed. Hawk swam out with a bullet in his side, the only man in his team to return alive. "Now that was lonely, mister," he told me. "Up here in these mountains I don't ever feel anything but free."

After Vietnam, Hawk went back to fishing, but foreign trawlers cut his catch, and for years he was just one step ahead of the bank. One day a man offered him a deal ferrying marijuana from a mother ship to shore at $40,000 a run. Hawk thought about the words of a nurse he dated while he was recovering in Hawaii from his war wound. "The Chinese characters for *danger* and *opportunity* are the same," she'd said, and he believed his opportunity had arrived. Twelve trips later he retired, unscathed. A man prone to superstition, he was unable to make the thirteenth, but he had almost a half million in cash in his pocket. On vacation in the Southwest, as far from the sea as he could get, he met a police chief from New England, a survivalist. After they'd shared a bottle of scotch, he told him about the contingency plans for dealing with food riots he'd been reading. It was Hawk's nature to trust his instincts; they had saved his life in Vietnam and two or three times while he was running dope; so, drunk as he was, he decided then and there to retreat. He traded his boat for a Piper Super Cub, struck out for Oregon, and searched by plane for a year until he found his mountain.

He bought equipment: two identical old Power-Wagons, an ancient bulldozer, a tractor, and a small sawmill; and with an old fishing buddy built, at the edge of a wide, flat, mountain meadow, a log house and a rough-board hangar for his plane. He buried fuel, 2,000 gallons for the Super Cub, 2,000 for his trucks, and built a shelter into a hillside for his other survival supplies. Now he farmed a little, fished and hunted, and had begun to read, flying down to San Francisco on occasion to buy more books, eat Japanese food, and do a little business (just what, he wouldn't say). Regularly, he practiced fasting; at night he walked through the woods, sometimes sleeping on the ground. He ran several miles daily, worked with weights and on gymnastic apparatus he had built in his hangar, and practiced shooting with a sniper rifle and a long-barreled .44.

"I know about Rogue River," he told me. "Sure there are some heavyweight survivalists there, but did anyone tell you about the drug trade? You got any idea what sort of fellas they got guarding the pot fields in that neck of the woods? And what about the local lumberjacks? What the hell are they gonna do when the crunch comes and the mills shut down? Nah, baby, don't tell me about small towns. I was raised in one. People get on your case there just like anywhere else. At least up here if they want me, they got to go to some extraordinary lengths to get me, and, hell, if push comes to shove, I'll dynamite my road. How many hungry people you think could walk in here?"

He was showing me his cabin when I saw the photograph in a corner of the kitchen, and it nearly jumped off the wall at me. The woman in it was that beautiful. She was leaning against the wing of Hawk's plane, wearing a flowing white aviator's scarf and a denim jacket, and her red hair hung to the pockets of her jeans.

"You take the average middle-class American with a wife and two kids and a mortgage, and you pull his dream out from under him . . . and he's gonna go berserk."

She was thin and very tall, and her eyes were dark and deep as Hawk's were flat. "She sings the blues" was all he'd say about her. "She's working with a band down in Texas." "You miss her?" I asked him. "Wouldn't you?" he replied.

I woke to the sound of wind chimes sometime before dawn, got out of my sleeping bag, and climbed down from the loft in Hawk's cabin. The front door was open wide, and I went out on the porch. The rain had stopped and the low-lying mist was phosphorescent in the moonlight. A cold wind had come up out of the north, and the air smelled like freshly turned earth. Then I saw Hawk, sitting in a full lotus, shirtless and barefoot in the wet grass, absolutely still. He sat that way for at least ten minutes until a buck and two doe crossed the meadow a hundred yards upwind of him and disappeared into the woods. When the deer had passed, Hawk jumped up and began leaping around, mouthing a soundless cry. He did front flips, back flips, and finally hurled himself to the ground, rolling over and over. When he rose, it was impossible to tell whether his face was wet from rainwater or from tears.

I returned east and in the weeks to come felt nothing but despair. There I was, living in the middle of ground zero, in the northeast corridor, which at best would turn into an urban battlefield, at worst would vaporize like a giant piece of exploding fruit. Every day the news seemed to confirm the survivalists' scenario: auto plants closed, hostile middle-class people in New Orleans on food stamps, credit card companies cracking the whip. And, piped into the survival underground, my telephone pulsed with expectations of disaster. A man named Pier, who owned a large survival food and equipment company in L.A., told me his sales would hit the $8 million mark, more than double the sales in 1979; a hipster from Florida tried to sell me a piece of the Everglades for a retreat. A late-night caller from North Carolina told me to watch out for armed motorcycle gangs and hung up.

I met a neurosurgeon who kept a helicopter on a pad behind his house to fly him to safety when the crunch came. He took me to lunch at his hospital and showed me the .380-caliber pistol under his lab coat, the twin of which was in his wife's handbag. "I'm too busy to be paranoid," he said. But he'd recently sold his Porsche and bought a VW Rabbit, and he'd gotten rid of his M.D. plates. Even a friendly local plumber I know, a man with a smile for a vicious dog, nodded knowingly when I told him about survival and brought out the .12 gauge double he kept under a piece of carpeting in his van. Finally, a prominent psychiatrist in Manhattan, a friend of Tappan's, gave me a bit of hope, "Listen," he said "survivalists have strong belief systems and, like a lot of people, tend to create the events surrounding their own reality. They have founded a new religion called survival, with a Mecca that is Rogue River, and a set of scriptures that you've been dealing with. Don't get upset. It'll pass. I think Mel's a brilliant man, and I love him dearly, but he hasn't been out of his house for six months. And look at Rogue River. It's a cultural wasteland. Me, I want to live where life is, not where I'm constantly preparing for catastrophe. Call me sometime. We'll have dinner."

He sounded like an interesting guy, and he made me feel much better; so two weeks later I called him. "No, I don't know where to reach him," the woman on duty at the answering service told me. "He's gone out west somewhere. No, he won't be back."

Late last year Mel Tappan died suddenly of renal failure at his ranch. After the shock wore off, a few of Tappan's followers made plans to leave Rogue River, but most of them carried on as they would have had Tappan lived. "Sure we'll stay," one woman who was living there told me. "Mel's death doesn't really change what's going down in this country. But I'd be lying if I said Rogue River will be the same. The magic is gone."

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

those who are saying, "Well, that's an alternate life-style." At this present moment, in all 50 states, and that's been the case since the days of the beginning of this country, is a violation not only of God's law, of written man's law. And yet we are trying to make it something other than that when, in fact, it is not.

Penthouse: Some people would call that progress, of course. Allowing people to live as they want to.

Falwell: Yes, I think it's perverse, too.

Penthouse: Some people would think it's *progress.*

Falwell: Oh, I'm sorry. I misunderstood you. Well, I suppose you could use the word *progress* to validate almost anything, but I look on it as regression instead.

Penthouse: . . . Don't people make the criticism . . . that it's a very simplistic doctrine which you're putting forward which makes people think there are easy answers to very complicated questions? Do you not feel that's a valid criticism?

Falwell: I really don't. I think that you could say that science is simplistic because it's exact. I was studying mechanical engineering before I even became a Christian . . . . You come to exact, simplistic answers if you follow the proper equations and the proper processes . . . Theology, to me, is an exact science. God is God. The Bible is the inspired, inherent word of God. And if everyone accepts the same theses and the same equations, they will arrive at the same answer.

Penthouse: Yes, but what if everybody doesn't? And there's no reason why they should. Are you not . . . steamrolling, with the money that you generate from television . . . to push forward a message which, in its way, is . . . repressive?

Falwell: Well, it is easy for people today who are violating God's law and man's law to ridicule those who oppose them by simply saying,"That fellow's repressive; he is suggesting a return to where America was fifty years ago, morally." That is exactly what I am proposing, morally. Not technologically. I certainly am very much a progressive person. If you come to our ministry and visit our complex and see the kind of innovative and up-to-date procedures we use in everything we do, you'd never accuse me of being against progress. But there's a vast difference between technology and theology. And whereas we are progressing in our world today, the science book I used in college is obsolete today. But I use the same Bible I used then.

Penthouse: . . . I understand that you are against the Equal Rights Amendment. Are you against the whole concept of feminism?

Falwell: Oh, no, just the opposite. I am more for equal rights for women than the true feminists are. What the true feminists are doing is advocating a unisexual society, which I think is demeaning to womanhood. Now in all fairness, many of the persons involved in the effort to pass or ratify the Equal Rights Amendment are very well-meaning, very well-intentioned people who, in my opinion, are misled as to what the ultimate results of that amendment would be.

The reason I oppose the amendment is this: the language is very ambiguous. I'm sure you've read it. It simply says that there shall be no discrimination on account of sex, period. . . . If it had been ratified and ever were ratified, it would do a number of things. It would leave open to every jurist, every judge, before whom some singular case appears in the future the right to determine what those words mean. It would put sex in the Constitution, not women. It would say that when, for example, two men applied for a marriage license, or two women applied for a marriage license, and a clerk of the court denied them on the basis one of them was of the wrong sex, somebody in court could prove that's discrimination on account of sex.

And I think another problem is that women in America, who have never been forced into combat, would, at some point in time, be forced into combat, because some man out there is going to court and say, "This is discrimination. . . ." Even financially, men have to support women when they desert them in this country. I think that's right. I don't think women should have to support men. There are benefits that women need to have. I think we need to discriminate in favor of women.

During the 1980s, what I plan to work on, and what Governor Reagan has said, and I approve of it, we've got to work through the states in every possible way to guarantee that women do, in fact, earn the same dollar for the same work that a man does. That's not true today. That they have the same opportunity for development and achievement of position in that job as a man. That is not true today. That they lose none of what they have gained. And the amendment, I fear, would do that. So I'm simply saying that we want to lead the vanguard of equal rights for women in this decade, but oppose this amendment.

Penthouse: When you say you're a fundamentalist, does this actually mean you believe that everything in the Bible is specifically correct?

Falwell: Yes. The reason I use the word *fundamentalist* in preference to the word *evangelical* is this: 20 years ago I did not object to the word *evangelical,* because it meant the same thing that *fundamental-*

"In addition to the members of the music academy, I'd like to thank my druggist—without whom this award would not have been possible."

ist means today. But today there are many who have come in . . . under the shelter of evangelicalism who in fact are not evangelicals. The basic tenet of former *evangelical* Christianity, now what I call *fundamentalist* Christianity, is that we have one basic document on which we predicate everything we believe, our faith, our practice, our life-style, our homes, et cetera, government—is the inherency of scripture, not only in matters of theology, but science, geography, history, et cetera—totally and entirely, the very word of God.

Penthouse: Do you believe the sort of things [found in the Bible] like Lot's wife is turned into a pillar of salt?

Falwell: I do.

Penthouse: You must believe in science. . . . The dating of radio carbons says that there were animals here millions of years ago, and obviously there was human civilization in China, Egypt, Sumeria, the Aztecs, whatever, long before the span that the Bible says. How do you reconcile this?

Falwell: No problem at all with that. I thoroughly, totally agree with all of these findings. And the Bible in no way is contradicted, nor does the Bible contradict that. In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. If you'll read the first three chapters of Genesis carefully, there's a very clear, unlimited time span there. It could have been millions of years; it could have been hundreds of millions of years.

The only thing I reject, of course, and there is not one shred of scientific fact to support it, is the evolution of man from a lower form of animal life. I believe that man never was animal. I don't believe that there's a scientific fact to prove it. There are many who support various theories, but not one fact. . . . I believe that God made man in his own image and that he was as he is today: body, soul, and spirit.

Penthouse: [Do you also believe the Bible when it says that] serpents spoke and things like that?

Falwell: Oh, of course. Absolutely. And so would over half the preachers in America. . . . That is what the Christian church was built upon, and it's only when we've gotten away from that that we've gotten in trouble. That's one reason Pope John Paul today is a hero in some areas and a crude radical in other areas.

Penthouse: A crude radical in what areas?

Falwell: He has demanded that Roman Catholicism come back to their position of absolutism. Which I say "amen" to him. He came to America, and he looked into a very hostile American media on these moral issues and without batting an eye said that "We will not ordain women." He said that homosexuality is perversion, abortion is murder, and that is where we are and where we will be. Well, 40 years ago that wouldn't have shocked anybody in America or in the Catholic church. But today it does. . . . He . . . believes that the Bible is the inherent word of God and

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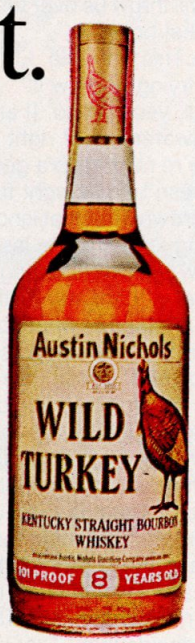

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therefore is not to be questioned.

And that is where I am. . . . That's where Dr. Billy Graham is; that's where at least 110,000 fundamentalist pastors are in America today. And this is where the action is going. If you'll get the numerics, the churches in America that are growing, really growing, and are filled and running over, are churches that adhere to that position. The main-line denominational churches that are merging are those churches that have decided: "We don't want an authoritative message; we want rather to create our own religion, do our own thing, and rewrite it and update it as time passes."

So that is where the neo-evangelicals and the liberals are today, and that is why they are going out of business. People want what people have always wanted: they want a message from God. They don't want your message; they want God's message. And there's a big difference, by the way. . . .

Penthouse: . . . There are a lot of people in the same business who are not totally respectable, aren't there?

Falwell: Well, Jim Jones, for instance, yes. The same freedoms that protect us, that protect a journalist—First Amendment rights in America. . . . While I oppose these people like Sun Myung Moon and self-appointed messiahs . . . I'd die for their right to do what they do. . . . This question of censorship, it is so delicate. . . . It is a fine, fine line. So I say that there's a vast difference between a cult and fundamental Christianity. In a cult people follow a charismatic personality; whether there's a written document or not, they will follow him to hell or death, as in the case of Jones. And I think that Moon's followers would do the same thing. . . . But in the fundamentalist case, the message, the written book, is their creed, their catechism. And if we, the preachers of that message, stop living by it or stop preaching it, they will throw us over for somebody in favor of that book.

Penthouse: This fine line . . . surely it is you who is trying to draw it?

Falwell: Well, yes and no. [I am] trying to create an awareness of right and wrong because we're raising up a generation today that doesn't know right from wrong. They have grown up in that kind of society. We are trying to define the issues so that people know right from wrong. However, on the matter of censorship, the only answer to the removal of what I call pornography from the television screen—I'm more concerned about the television screen than the movie screen because we don't have to go to that. The television set is in our living room; that's a different story. And our family may be watching it while we're out, and there is nobody there to help the children. I object to that. . . . Now I say we have to be careful, because to make a rule and say, "This will not be seen and that will not be seen." . . . The question is, who will decide that? That bothers me.

So I concede there that we have a very delicate problem. However, I think where the problem comes is this: I think there must be men and women at the top of these industries who have personal moral values, who judgmentally decide, "No, we will not do this; yes, we will do this," and who do it not because they have to do it but because they want to do it. . . .

[In] an interview I had in Washington recently . . . someone from ABC said, "Doctor, don't you think that . . . we are presenting life the way it really is?" I said, "That's the problem. You and I, whether we like it or not, we are opinion makers; we are leaders; the way we go, millions will go with us. We have an obligation not to present life the way it *is* but the way it *ought* to be."

Penthouse: The way *you* think it ought to be?

Falwell: Well, I think that the American tradition—forget the Bible—is the sanctity of the family, the husband, wife, legally married relationship, is unquestionably the cornerstone of this republic. And we need to work towards its preservation, not its destruction. And today the television industry, without any question, is geared towards and directing all of its energies towards the ridicule of that basic institution.

> So I say that television has become a vendor of perniciousness. And I think we need some men and women at the top who are not motivated by the almighty dollar.

Penthouse: Which sort of programs? Do any spring to mind that you think are pornographic?

Falwell: . . . A couple of years ago I'd say "Soap" is offensive. But now they're all . . . . One just opens a door and here's a bedroom scene, there's a bedroom scene, here are two young people living together who are not married, here's a homosexual brought into a very favorable light. These situation comedies really are promoting a cause, developing a theme. And in almost every case the opposite of what I believe to be the Judeo-Christian ethic. . . . Take the soap operas in the afternoon! . . . They teach women how to run around on their husbands in a very sophisticated fashion and get by with it.

So I say that television has become a vendor of perniciousness. And I think we need some men and women at the top who are not motivated by the gods of the almighty dollar.

Penthouse: There are fairly extensive passages in the Bible which, in less permissive times, could have been considered . . . pornographic. . . . How do you reconcile that?

Falwell: I think there's a difference between reportorial writing of what is happening and the graphic, illustrative portrayal of the gory details. For example, I've never opposed sex education in schools, as long as it's taught as biological science. I have no problem with human anatomy being taught; I have no problem with the scientific approach to hygiene, to puberty, adolescence, et cetera.

My problem is when we cheapen, when we take what is sacred—and sex is sacred, marriage is sacred, the marriage act is sacred—when we take what is sacred and cheapen it by making it something less than God intended it to be. Then it becomes pornography. . . . The Song of Solomon tells of a love relationship he had with his love. He told of the kisses and the physical affection that transpired between them. I don't object to that at all. I'd have no problem reading that, preaching from that, as I do, in a mixed audience. I would certainly object, however, to taking that same story and cheapening it to a *Playboy* or *Penthouse* level, where four-letter words, vulgar applications, unholy relationships were applied.

Penthouse: Just before he was elected, [Jimmy Carter] confessed . . . that he had sometimes lusted after women. . . . Have you ever lusted after other women in your heart? And if you had, would you admit it in public?

Falwell: Well, I never objected to . . . then-candidate Carter's comment that he had lusted after women. There is not a man on earth alive today . . . who was never guilty of lust. Because we are human beings. . . . My objection was not to what he said but to whom he said it. Giving an interview to *Playboy* magazine was lending the credence and the dignity of the highest office in the land to a salacious, vulgar magazine that did not even deserve the time of his day. . . . He should have denied them the interview. . . . I feel that he was pitching; he was campaigning to an audience that doesn't read the Baptist Sunday school quarterlies. . . .

Penthouse: A senator asked you when you were going to get out of politics, and you said to him when he gets out of the morality business. . . .

Falwell: Okay. Religion and politics. I think the problem is simply this: that the Founding Fathers did not have in mind separation of God and state, only religion and state. And when you're dealing with moral issues . . . that are basically shared by the American populace and the churches in America, you're talking about something that touches the majority of the people of this nation. And therefore, as part of the electorate, we have not only a right but a responsibility to speak out. . . . We, what I consider to be the moral majority in America . . . still believe the Ten Com-

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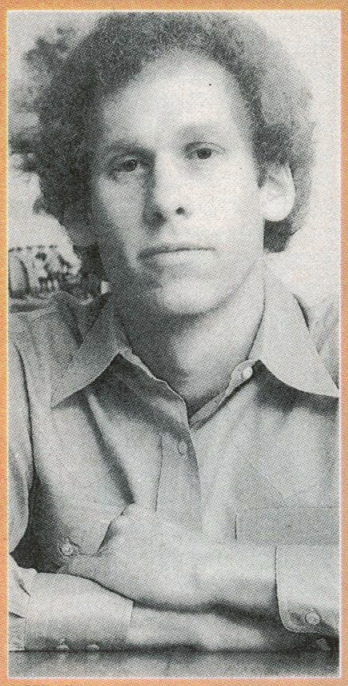

INTERVIEW

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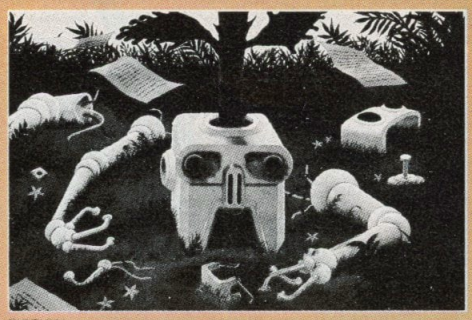


FICTION

THROUGH THE UNIVERSAL LENS—"I wanted to create a photographic treatment of evolution," says photographer Pete Turner, "that moved from earliest times to the distant future in a series of images." Turner, a New York photographer famous for special effects, works on some of the top advertising accounts in the country. His visual work has won many awards. But his special love is for imaginative projection through composite images. Through his lens, a history of man and his planet unfolds. Look for this exciting pictorial this month.

KING OF THE WORM RUNNERS—Famed psychologist James V. McConnell suspects that if the research establishment had its way, there'd be a "special very hot place in hell" reserved for those scientists who dared crack jokes from the sanctity of the lab. He ought to know. For 20 years the editor of the iconoclastic *Worm Runner's Digest*, he dared to deflate some of science's most pretentious balloons with his wit and suffered the consequences. Science can be fun with Jim McConnell in this month's *Omni*.

GHETTO KIDS IN SPACE—When the U.S. space shuttle blasts into orbit, it will carry sophisticated payloads for the military, big business, and the tenth-grade class at Camden City High School, in New Jersey. Under the tutelage of RCA scientists, these inner-city youths have formed their own space-science think tank, devising, constructing, and monitoring a real-life space shuttle experiment. Can street kids find new direction and pride through science? Find out how this unique experiment is working in the March *Omni*.

INTERVIEW—Donald Symonds believes that men like to copulate a lot. And they desire a variety of sexual partners, much more than women do. This celebrated University of California anthropologist thinks that physical characteristics, especially such youthful features as soft, smooth skin, are the chief determinants of a woman's attractiveness, while men rely on their political and economic prowess. Barroom talk? Hardly. Symonds asserts that these stereotypical sex roles are our biological and evolutionary destiny. Get ready for a controversial examination of human sexuality in this month's interview.

SCIENCE FICTION—Roger Zelazny's protagonist tracks down "The Last of the Wild Ones" in a car named the Angel of Death; irate citizens protest to the manufacturer that their playthings are self-destructing in Barry N. Malzberg's "Icons"; and a nasty man gels his comeuppance in Warren Brown's story "Last Waltz." Entertaining reading in this month's *Omni*.

mandments are valid for today. I don't mean they all live by them; none of us live up to what we believe. But the vast moral majority in America are out speaking loudly and clearly and articulately and getting the attention of the people in the decision-making process in our states and in Washington who can do something about the turning leftward of our nation on moral issues. . . .

That's really where the role [of the church] is. If I were going to run for president, that would be bad, that would be wrong. I would be using. . . . If I were going to run for U.S. Senate in my state, I would be using my influence that I have developed from my ministry to pick up—and I probably could—a majority of voters to go into the U.S. Senate. Okay. That's the Khomeini approach. That's wrong. But if I can create a moral climate and consciousness in our state, if we can provide such a moral conscience that it is easier for politicians to do right than to do wrong, which is not the case today, then we have made our contribution.

Penthouse: Dr. Falwell, do you know anything about politics?

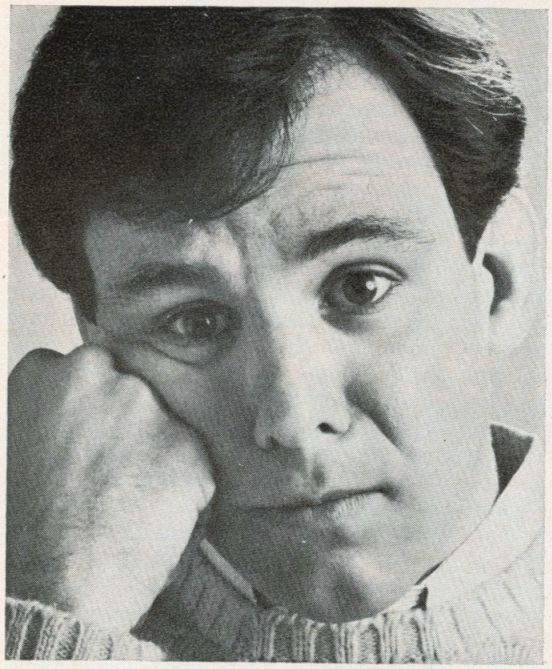
Falwell: I think I do.

Penthouse: . . . There are no easy answers in politics, whereas there are easy answers in what you say . . .

Falwell: Well, doing right is not easy. It's always easier, always easier to do wrong than right. When . . . a little child has done something he shouldn't do . . . it's easier to lie and say, "I didn't do it." But though it's more difficult to say, "Yes, I did," it's the right thing to do, and it will ultimately contribute to his betterment and the betterment of the relationship in that home and the development of his character as well. The same thing is true of a nation. Right now we are in such a sick condition that there are not going to be any easy routes out. As a matter of fact, I don't know that America can recover from some of the problems that we have created without going bankrupt, without literally wiping out economically. . . .

Who could go into office right now, as a presidential candidate or even a senatorial candidate, and say that "I am going to work diligently to eliminate the unnecessary spending of welfare dollars where unworthy people are receiving those dollars. I'm not talking about Social Security for the aged or the indigent or those who cannot work. We're talking about the absolutely illicit use of $222 billion proposed budget of this year for HHS." Well, he couldn't be elected; it's a matter of fact. He'd have to go in and . . . then reverse himself and lie after he got in. . . . I think that really the country may have to go down financially, or that we cannot honor our commitments. And then the next administration start from zero. I'm not saying that's going to happen. . . .

Morally, I think this is where pastors can make the difference. But the legislators at every level must assist them and work with them. We must come right across the



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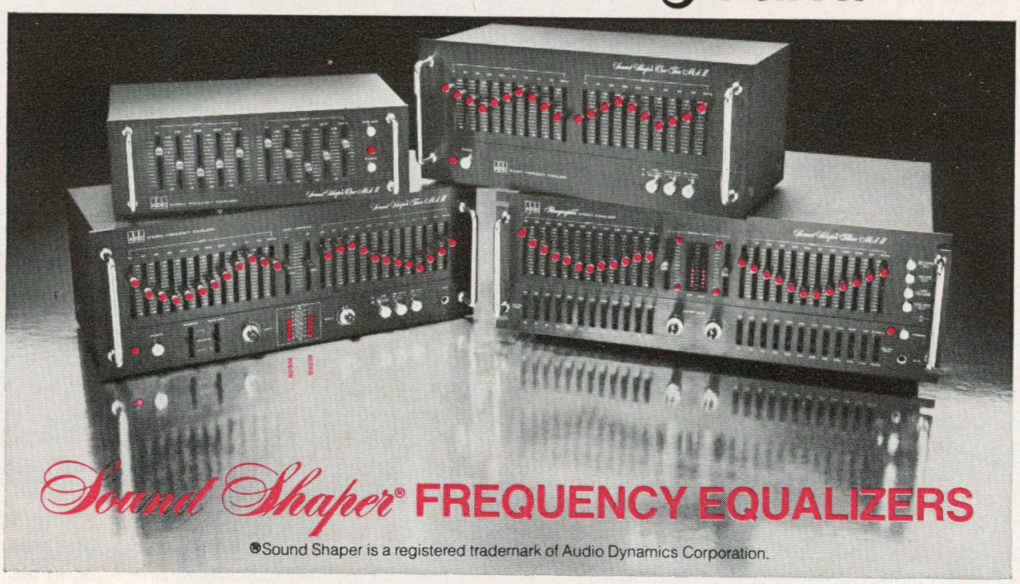

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grain, knowing full well that we're going to make a lot of people mad, and decide, as I've said repeatedly, that it's more important to be right than popular. And do what is right, if it costs us everything, so that our next generation, our children, can once again enjoy what we have known in this country.

Penthouse: [Who comprises the Moral Majority?]

Falwell: . . . The Moral Majority is a coalition of "religious people," and I put that in quotes, of all sorts: Mormons, Catholics, Jews, fundamentalists, you name it. We've got 70,000 such pastors and religious leaders in that group right now, and several million lay people. . . . We don't compromise our theological principles. However, in the matter of survival, the matter of freedom, the matter of Americanism, the matter of moral values, we join hands together without any compromise whatsoever.

It isn't compromise for us to say, "Hey, let's put together a coalition. This ship of state is sinking, as we see it. Let's pull it out together; let's fight together now so we can fight each other later." That's the terminology we use. And it's the kind of thing that people in all religious persuasions will buy, because we're not trying to change their religious beliefs, nor can they change ours. And if we allow our difference to keep us from getting together, then we will never accomplish what we're trying to accomplish—and that is a change in the nation, morally. . . .

This is the first time in 30 to 35 years that the amoral forces in America have had any substantial opposition. They've been accustomed to doing their own thing, gaining gradually but surely the support of the government. And hardly anyone on what they call "the Right" speaking against them. . . .

Penthouse: . . . Would you say that the people who put forward . . . points of view opposed to yours . . . are sincere, or would you categorize them as . . . malfeasant or [of] bad faith?

Falwell: Oh, many of the people who oppose my moral philosophy are good people. I could name many of them who are religious people. It has nothing to do with their character or my character. It has to do with philosophy.

Penthouse: If a large number of the Moral Majority people get . . . into the Senate, would you not think of banning pornography?

Falwell: No question we would. That wouldn't stop it, of course. All we would do is keep it away from children. . . . It's like Prohibition 40 years ago, 50 years ago; you're not going to stop people from drinking by preventing it from being sold in the public markets. It's still going to be sold. And that is an unenforceable law. If I'd lived then, I would not have been a part of it. I do not think it's an unenforceable thing to restrict the sale of damaging pornographic material on the public newsstands. I think we've done that up until 20 years ago. . . .

Penthouse: . . . You've been in trouble with the SEC at one stage, and then there was trouble down in San Diego: campaign funds, illegally giving $31,000, and so on. Do you feel there is some potential for embarrassment?

Falwell: Oh, always. You just named two; I could probably name you a hundred. We obviously are coming down hard. The Securities and Exchange Commission, in 1972, attacked us on the basis of our issuing bonds and borrowing money from our own members to build our national network. They never mentioned that we paid back, as we always have, every dime. They never mentioned that, first of all, they lost in court and second, we won the court case and everybody, as always, got every penny of interest and principal promised, et cetera. The California situation? I was out there campaigning for Proposition 6, and we raised a lot of money—$60,000—for the committee that Senator Briggs heads up. And the federal election commission questioned our right to do that. They have a right to question; anybody can question. But that doesn't stop us; it doesn't bother us at all. . . . I can mention to you many, many other cases where one person sued us for a million dollars for making a statement on morality. We've had stations put us off the air for taking a stand that I take, only to have the station across town take the program, and quickly.

> The ERA . . . would put sex in the Constitution, not women.

So we have just determined—and it's going to get worse . . . that opposition will not scare us or stop us.

Penthouse: Do you feel embarrassed . . . in asking for money in the way that you do, when there is a vast amount coming in?

Falwell: No. We're going to have to raise a great deal more . . . We'll have to probably have a 45-to-50-percent increase in giving next year, just to meet the demands of our enlargement and the inflationary problems. . . . We have 3½ million families who are part of our ministry and who support us to some degree. Some are totally committed to what we're doing. Some, nominally so. But all somewhat.

And we present all the facts. For example, I believe that a Christian ministry, like a public corporation on the New York Stock Exchange, because of the public nature of its ministry, ought to be required to make public and full disclosure of its finances. Which we do. There is an evangelical council for financial accountability which is a self-policing organization, created by the evangelical leading ministries. The Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, ours, World Vision . . . are among the largest ministries of some 80 that have been approved. . . . It is the Better Business Bureau of evangelical ministries. And it's voluntary.

. . . I think that every [church] ought to come forth . . . offering audited financing by outside auditors, making your books available to any and all, at any time, for any reason; having an outside board with a membership of outside persons who actually have control of the ministry, actually spending the money for the very purpose for which you raised it, and proven by certified auditors. The reason I believe that is because every time a ministry goes wrong—the Pallentine Fathers, that type of thing—it hurts every one of us.

Penthouse: Do you have any doubts that you are right?

Falwell: None whatsoever.

Penthouse: Never?

Falwell: Not once. I've been a Christian for 28 years, [since] January 20, 1952.

Penthouse: How can you date it so specifically?

Falwell: I had been listening for years to a radio broadcast while I was going to high school and college, Dr. Charles E. Fuller, the old-fashioned revival hour. . . . He is dead, of course. But he was the pioneer in Christian broadcasting. . . . I didn't have any religious background at all. But listening to him on radio Sunday mornings in bed, I became convinced that what he was saying was so. But I didn't know where to find anybody who could help me. And so I began looking for a church that preached what I'd been hearing him preach. . . . And I found such a church . . . on the twentieth day of January, and that night I went to church to become a Christian. And that night, when the service was over, the pastor gave an open invitation, as Dr. Graham does, to come forward and publicly acknowledge your faith in Christ as your Lord and master. And I did that. I didn't own a Bible, I didn't know a verse of scripture, and I explained that to them. I said, "Hey, I am just an ignorant college student. I don't know the first thing about spiritual matters. But I want to be a Christian, and I have come here not to go part of the way; I want to go all the way."

So the next day I purchased a Bible. And for the last 28 years I've been studying that Bible; I've been sitting under, I think, the best scholars of this generation. I've been spending . . . time in prayer and meditation and ministry. And I can honestly say, for that date to this, I have never one time questioned that the word of God is, in fact, the word of God.

It's the business of sadism, where the prostitute pays the price of disease, drug addiction, and sometimes even death.

PIMPS

BY ROBERT KEATING

An amber-lit bar with dark leather cushioning and a street-styled class, it's one of the hot spots of the fast life. But the plush decor sugarcoats one of society's hardest pills to swallow: the woman-for-sale industry. Three thousand women in New York City belong to pimps. Profits of over $150 million a year make the Apple the hub of the trade. But the ugly scars that are the price of the trade's success show up all over the city streets. Especially when New York sleeps and the flashy, surreal aura of Times Square wavers between fantasy and nightmare.

Three-thirty A.M. Tuesday, November 27. The club is packed until closing. The city's players gather to relax, barter, and rap while their girls work the Apple. Pimps in pinstripe suits mix with brothers in rainbow coats and mohair hats. In the back room a little coke is being dealt. By the bar a business transaction just scored one player a high price for a valued 14-year-old. She isn't there. She's on the street. Players don't socialize with *ho's*. Three bottom ladies play by those rules as they sit quietly at the front of the bar, moving to Donna Summer's "Bad Girls." Stunning black ladies with elegant bodies and cover girl faces, they take care of their players' stables. They keep the players' working girls in order. Outside, in front of the club, those girls begin to arrive with their night's traps. They're met there and then sent on home. If it was a good night, they'll take a cab. If they come up short, however, they're put back on the street. There's a tense intimacy about this club. The place's not meant for the mainstream. Strangers are met at the door by a large man with a scarred face and then are told it is a private party. "A birthday party," says the ex-defensive tackle night after night, "and you weren't invited."

By 4:30 the club is empty. The iron gates are down. The sidewalk is piled with trash bags and boxes of empty bottles. Even on Eighth Avenue, the world's fastest track—The Minnesota Strip—the night has slowed without stopping. The few girls remaining yell halfhearted "Hey, sweety's" across the empty throughway to please their watchful pimps. One fashionable player looks out of place strolling with a petite young blonde—a green *ho*—whom he's carefully breaking in by turning her out at this less frightening hour. This challenge to her childhood morals gives her the confused look of innocence in the breaking dawn.

Six-thirty A.M. has the Times Square transit cops chasing the street pimps off the corner of Forty-second and Eighth. It's a weekday; so they'll do it again and again throughout the commuter hours. The cabs are already lined up for six blocks in front of the bus terminal. In New York City all small details of daily life are routine.

Photographs by Joel Gordon © 1980

Even at 346 West Forty-eighth Street, a few blocks from the club, where the first tragedy of the new day has the block ablaze with emergency lights. The young girl who fell from the building's roof struggles where she is impaled on a steel spike as a rescue team works with blowtorches. Officer Johnson from the nearby stationhouse sits in his car, sipping coffee. "Nah," says the cop to a mildly startled neighbor. "It wasn't drugs. Somebody was chasing her—probably her pimp."

A small crowd has gathered. Someone's portable radio hums inaudibly. On the sidewalk, beside a beer carton filled with pretzels, one of the girl's friends has thrown up. An hour ago they'd all been partying. Now, spike intact, the victim is rushed off to the hospital. The late edition of the *Daily News* calls her an innocent runaway from New Jersey. But inside Manhattan South's Public Morals squad room, Artie Stoecker reads the story and remembers the 16-year-old as Pimp Squad Major Case Number 17782.

Stoecker and his partner, Al Grossman, "harass, intimidate, and arrest" the Apple's players. Theirs is the only police unit in the country assigned to that side of the fast life. In the Pimp Squad's fourth-floor quarters at the crumbling Manhattan South fortress on West Thirtieth Street, Artie Stoecker pulls the case's file.

Two years ago he jailed the young girl's pimp for beating up his preteen stable. It was a good case. The girls were pretty well battered. At 14, she was a material witness. After the trial she went home to her parents in New Jersey. Remembering her, Artie shakes his head at this morning's news. The steel spike was just two blocks from the seedy room that her pimp had her working out of over the club. Artie gives a cop at the hospital the name of the girl's social worker in New Jersey. Hanging up the telephone, he says, "They always return to the scene of the crime."

Artie leans over one of the old army file cabinet drawers, recalling a few other cases. A big, quiet man with a full dark beard, glasses, and the easy manner of a powerful bear, he came to the squad when it was started in 1976.

Robert ("Tiger") T. was Artie's first major case. Tiger kidnapped a 14-year-old Long Island girl. Then, in the small, dank cell where he held her for three days, he raped, sodomized, and tortured her. On the fourth day he turned her out to work for him in the streets. Caught and convicted, Tiger's doing 8 to 15 years.

"It's just not a victimless crime," says Stoecker. "Only a moron could think so."

After a decade on the force, Artie is relaxed about his work. He likes the Pimp Squad. "It's good work," he says, "even if people do kind of joke about it."

"It's one thing to dial a wrong number and hear 'Central Homicide,' " Artie explains, "and another to hear 'Pimp Squad.' People just start laughing. Cops, too."

He reaches into the squad's files—where there are photos of more than 1,200 pimps from across the country and nearly 3,000 indexed prostitutes—and pulls out a few pictures. It doesn't take many words for him to make his point. One picture shows a woman's back—blistered, bloody, and skinless. Her pimp took a steam iron to her back and her buttocks to teach her a lesson. He didn't like her attitude. Her mouth was a little too quick. Other girls carry different scars. From knives, fists, chairs, whatever's handy. There are the welts. The broken bones. There are dismemberments. There are deaths.

"We talk to the girls a lot. I'll show them a few of the pictures. Especially the young ones. We try to save the ones who aren't set in it yet. But you can't force them out of the life. You can only let them know you're here." The squad even circulates cards among the girls with its phone number, just in case. Most of the girls keep it, just in case.

> The prostitute is viewed as a criminal, not a victim. She was dancing with the devil, and she got burned.

One such call has left Artie exhausted, slouched in the dark behind the wheel of an idling car in front of the club. He's waiting for his partner, Al Grossman, to finish calling into the squad from one of a battery of pay phones the players conduct business on throughout the night. It's drizzling outside. Al spins from the stall and scurries back to the car.

"Let's go, Artie. He's up there."

The Bee Gees make sweet noises on the radio as Artie eases away from the curb. Al settles into the passenger seat, calmly checking his .38. "Up there" means Harlem. Twenty minutes ago they'd dropped off a young hooker named Candy at an old tenement on 127th Street off Park. A bleached blonde, she wears the mark of long nights on her face. Candy's usual stroll is Lexington Avenue. She works the businessmen who stumble from the bars in the early morning with drunken thoughts and bulging wallets. Sometimes they're so high that she can charge them two or three times and still avoid performing. There are a lot of stings on Lex. A lot of men go home without their money or their jewelry.

Candy's off the street tonight after coming to Artie and Al with razor slash marks on her arms and a side swollen, bruised, and scarred from being jabbed with a barbeque fork.

"Nife did it," she said. "When I said I was going to leave, he beat me."

The three spent most of the night cruising Times Square, looking for him. Nife would be on the streets. If he couldn't find her, he'd probably snatch a new bitch. But the three had no luck; so they dropped Candy off at her apartment, where she said she would be safe. They'd try again tomorrow.

Now she's hysterical, crying on her neighbor's phone to another cop in the squad. Nife had been waiting for her, she sobbed. He's in the hall, and she's afraid to go out. She thinks he might have his gun.

"You know, Artie," says Al in a flat voice, satisfied with his service revolver, "we might have to do this cocksucker." Artie nods but concentrates on traffic as he pushes their battered blue Valiant east toward Park Avenue. New York's pimps have turned in their flashy Eldorado pimpmobiles for Porsches and Sevilles. They don't stand out as much anymore. But Artie and Al still drive these familiar unmarked Plymouths with the Connecticut plates and the transmissions that sound like grinding gravel.

Al Grossman puts up a hard style. He has a red face with steel-blue eyes. He talks in the cold, flat voice of the late-night movie cops he'd seen when he was growing up in the old Jewish ghetto down on Grand Street. Remembering that he thought being a cop would be fun and ex-

citing, Al makes a decision: "I was an idiot."

Artie shakes his head slowly, leans on the horn, weaves between three or four stopped cars, and breezes through a few red lights. He peers carefully through wire rim glasses, ignoring the blare of angry horns around him. The car has neither siren nor light. The only noise it makes

speeding up Park Avenue comes from an engine and a transmission that sound as if they're not going to get there. Artie turns onto 127th.

A clean, neat block, it belies the Harlem myth. But with half the streetlights out, the few remaining cast an eerie shadow across the empty, rain-slick road. Artie and Al stand in the mist, looking like two schleppy characters who maybe took a wrong turn. Two anybodys but for the tightly gripped .38s dangling at their sides. Neither looks nervous. Artie's quieter than usual. Al talks a little bit more.

"Pimps seem awful tough," he says, "until we call their card. Then they're like butter on the stove. They'll 'yes sir' you to death. I wish all the girls could see them then. It'd break a few notions."

Artie tells Al to save a bullet for himself. An ex-marine, he says, "Never let them take you alive."

Few lobby doors in this part of Harlem have locks that still work. Guns crossed in front of their chests, they enter slowly and move up the steps. Nife is on the second landing, yelling at Candy through the neighbor's door. He's unarmed but for the razor blades in his pocket.

"What did I tell you?" says Al 45 minutes later as Artie drives through the darkness of Central Park, heading toward Police Plaza and Central Booking. "Like a pussycat."

Al talks as if Nife weren't slouching, handcuffed, in the backseat. Nife's a grizzly-looking street hustler who probably always wears that angry look on his face. His white suit is crumpled now, and he seems a little nervous. It was a routine arrest. There are a lot of "yes sir's."

Nife's a popcorn pimp. A 35-year-old failure at the game. Low-life players, street pimps, are popcorn. Brutal players are gorilla pimps. "There are five hundred gorilla pimps for every good one," says one prost. "They think they're supposed to kick you every five minutes."

"Nobody loves a pimp except maybe himself," says Artie. "They're slimy, egotistical people."

"Guys like Nife read a book they bought and think they're pimps overnight," says Al. "They're the ones who'll turn out a mentally retarded girl."

"You treat people like they're people, until they show you they're animals. Then you have to treat them like that."

Al then says that he's the fairest person he knows.

> The girls carry scars. From knives, fists, chairs, whatever's handy. There are dismemberments. There are deaths.

After a meal break, the two cops drive up Twenty-fifth Street, Murray Hill, to check on the girls on the stroll. The two cops cruise slowly alongside the sidewalks. Artie's driving again tonight. Al sits with his legs crossed, staring out at the working girls. He's got a recent issue of *Screw* magazine on his lap. It's folded open to the meat market section. While on another squad in Public Morals, he learned that *Screw* is a good place to keep up with the fast life—the clubs, the parlors. Few cops in the country know more about the fast life than the Pimp Squad. Artie and Al know most of the girls on the street tonight, but, Al says, "to know a prost is a fallacy. Ninety-eight percent of what they say is bullshit. You try to weed through it all and find something that will help you get the pimp."

Al calls a few girls over to the car. The girls know them. Regular cops they have no words for. For these two they squat down and lean in the car window as if the men were two johns. Al shows them a snapshot from a case the two are working on with New Jersey police. It shows the face of a dead prostitute, but you can't tell at a glance. It's been battered and torn. Swollen and blood-purple, it looks like a surrealistically rotted fruit.

"We don't know why it happened," Al tells the girls dryly, studying their faces. "She was stabbed twenty-six times. Her throat was cut six times. They found her off an embankment on the Jersey Turnpike. She's such a mess they're still trying to identify her."

The girls stare hard at the sight with wide, mascaraed eyes and then turn quickly away. There's a grotesque similarity between the wet colors of the cops' Polaroids and the cheap photos the hookers carry around of themselves posed with their pimps. None of the girls know the prost. But their pale, blank faces tell that something's jarred inside their heads.

"It might not have been a pimp," says Artie as the two drive on. "Pimps beat girls but seldom kill them. Woman are a commodity. Dead girls are no longer a source of income." Artie thinks it might have been a john. "All of the girls have weird tricks," he says, "They know what can happen." And everytime he questions them about hookers who have turned up dead, their expressions say that they don't like being reminded.

New prosts and juveniles are the ones Artie and Al look for the most on these strolls. They're easy to spot because they run and dart into shadows. "They're really pretty scared," says Al. "They're still salvageable."

Alecia is a shapely, striking blonde with crisp green eyes and the milky skin of a Swede. She reenters the squad room gingerly, shooting an odd look here and there. A model, Alecia's a very handsome woman. She draws every eye in the room. Her face doesn't carry the mark of nights on the street. Still, she turns a trick now and then at posh clubs on the Upper East Side. It helps pay the rent on her small Woodside, Queens, apartment. It helps feed the baby that's taken her out of modeling. Alecia lives there with no phone, no name on the door. She doesn't want to see the baby's father. She doesn't want to be found by her own father, a cop. In fact, she'd been avoiding cops. Until tonight. She brought Artie and Al a case. Alecia was having good luck two nights ago, working an East Side club. The few tricks she turned were easy and quick. The johns were nice enough. The money was good. But she had to get home by midnight. Her baby had a sitter. Jean, another girl working the club, offered her a ride. They had spoken now and then. She seemed all right. But once inside a van parked out front, Alecia met the girl's pimp, Tobet, and found herself being kidnapped. She was taken through the Lincoln Tunnel toward a sleazy Jersey motel.

The big ex-con ignored her protesting, her crying. He explained that she was now working for him.

"I was scared," she half-whispers to Al, who treats her with kid gloves. "He told me he'd beat me up; then he'd be nice. He'd be mean and then nice—I thought he might be a little crazy."

She went along with Tobet's scheme. She said she'd work for him, but only if he'd treat her right. The next night Tobet turned her out, sending her into the city with Jean. Alecia grabbed at her first chance to get away. With pent-up anger and the sure, careful temper of a Swede, she found her way to the Pimp Squad. Alecia was sure that the only way to deal with the likes of Tobet was through prison bars. It would be too involved to deal with the New Jersey police. A plan was made to lure the pimp back into the city.

Alecia calls him at the motel. A private party on Long Island was what made her disappear, she explains. Three men took her there. "Tobet, they gave me three hundred dollars."

"You take that three hundred dollars," he barks back, "and bring it to me. *Now!*"

Alecia says she's afraid to meet him in New Jersey. She says he sounds too angry. She wants to meet him in New York. They argue. Al slips her a note, and she tells Tobet she'll call him back in an hour.

"For that much money," says Sergeant Trapp, "he'll come through that tunnel like a roadrunner."

Donahue suggests that they make the squad room sound like a noisy bar so that Tobet will think she's blowing the bundle. In 60 minutes Tobet is shouting, "You're a green bitch. Remember, I'm teaching you the game." For his arrest Tobet picks the Chock-Full-O-Nuts at the corner of Fiftieth and Broadway. He'll be there in 20 minutes. Meeting in the city sounds better to him when it's his idea.

"If he were here," says Al, "he'd beat the hell out of her. But he'll settle the score later."

Alecia is glued to her chair. She's a smart woman. So even though her head's still level, her soft, firm voice begins to waver a bit. "Everything's okay, isn't it?" she asks. "I'd hate to have all this happen and then see him let go." Al lights her another cigarette and tells her it's all right. It's the perfect case.

Across the room, Sergeant Trapp is briefing some of the men. "We'll have to be right on top of him so he can't hurt her," Trapp says. "One hit could really do it." Tonight Al takes the medallion cab. The squad's rough on cars—the cab's ready to drop its transmission, too. Artie's off working on a case with Queens homicide. A pretty young girl, one like Alecia, was found with both her legs surgically removed—dismembered by her pimp or some john. Al will be sitting right across the counter from Alecia when Tobet arrives. Four plainclothes cops will be outside.

"I'm likely to be the one who gets hurt," figures Al. "Tobet's six-foot-one and well built. I'm five-foot-nine and dumpy-looking."

Not having eaten all day, Al's pissed at Tobet for wanting to meet so soon. He grabs a stool at the counter and orders a big bowel of chicken noodle soup. The luncheonette is nearly empty. Two blocks away, Sergeant Trapp is letting Alecia off. He'll follow her in. Al's crumbled saltines haven't turned soft when Tobet strides in and takes a seat directly opposite him. With no break in his hungry spooning and slurping, the cop casually studies the pimp.

Tobet is a tall, black man who has a lot of scars and wears a three-piece suit with an open shirt and a silk handkerchief in the breast pocket. Al decides that he's not as imposing as he'd imagined. Tobet orders a cup of coffee. Behind him, outside the window, a small crowd gathers.

Pimps have turned in their pimpmobiles for Porsches and Sevilles. They don't stand out as much anymore.

They're watching a chunky saxophonist belt out "I love you just the way you are . . ." with drum accompaniment.

Alecia enters. She sits beside Tobet, who is very sweet to her. He is explaining something with his hands. Clasping them to his chest. Laying them flat on the counter. Pointing one in a direction and bringing them together palms up beneath his chest. Alecia is nodding. She smiles once, nervously. Trapp enters, sits directly beside Tobet, and orders a cup of coffee. He leans almost on top of Tobet's back, picking up on the conversation as it is being taped. Alecia passes the marked money just as Al sucks in the last spoonful of soup. He nods to Trapp. The two follow Tobet as he grabs Alecia roughly by the elbow and goes through the door.

Outside, Tobet's eyes blink once and open to a close view of a concrete wall. Four plainclothesmen have pushed his nose in from behind. Alecia and Trapp have disappeared. A few bystanders stop to watch the arrest. More pay attention to the musicians. Most people continue on, thinking it just another mugging. Tobet's booked on charges of kidnapping and promoting prostitution. So is Jean, who is found waiting in a nearby van. Al will have to spend the next day in court.

The 750 arrests made by the Pimp Squad since 1976 have yielded an amazing 90 percent conviction rate. The squad works carefully to make sure that each one sticks. It's hard to make a pimp arrest stand up in court. The court system holds an innate prejudice against the complainant in these cases—the prostitute. She's viewed as a criminal, not a victim. She was dancing with the devil in hell, and she got burned. And it's not just juries; it's judges, too. The prejudice increases for black hookers.

There's another reason why arrested pimps get off.

"I've seen prosts repeat their statement a dozen separate times," moans Al. "Then they get up on the stand and freeze at one glance from their pimp. Sometimes they don't even show up."

When Nife stood before the judge in arraignment court, his lawyer first questioned "the credibility of the complainant—a prostitute," and then added that the district attorney would have "great difficulty proving the case, *if* the complainant shows up."

She didn't. Nife got off.

"You win some; you lose some," reasons Al, standing in the stark hallway of the Criminal Courthouse at 100 Centre Street. His distaste for the building controls him. Leaning against a cold, marble wall, he stays to himself. Away from the criminals. Away from the other cops.

Ten hours later Al's still waiting for his prisoner to be arraigned. It's 9:30 P.M. Night court. With the double shift he pulled last night, he's been awake 35 hours.

Two days later. Artie Stoecker's been on the phone all morning. There's been what you'd have to call a development in the gruesome case he's been working on in Queens. Late last night two charred, headless, handless torsos of prostitutes were discovered in a fire at the Travel Inn Motel on Forty-second Street near Times Square. The news has turned the city's stomach. Artie figures that for a while, at least, people will be reckoning with this side of the victimless crime.

Artie picks up the ringing telephone, expecting a call from homicide. But this one's from a woman who has just read the news in the paper. Several weeks ago Artie had returned her runaway daughter to their home in Oceanside. The woman says her baby's gone again. She asks Artie in a tearful voice if that was her child who got chopped up and left in flames on that motel room floor. Artie, who had just been talking about his two children a little while ago, takes a breath and asks the woman whether her daughter had birthmarks or scars. He promises he'll call her back.

While listening from across the squad room, Al Grossman says to the reporter, "This job and this fuckin' city suck, you know that?" Leaning back in his chair, staring over at his partner, Al reflects on his words, then adds, "Put that in quotes and say Artie Stoecker said it." O+

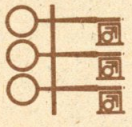
PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU NON-NEGOTIABLE?

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions that reveal if you know how to deal



PSYCHOGRAPH

Life is one long negotiation. We start out as mewling, puking babes (to borrow Mr. Shakespeare's words) and quickly learn that we can barter gurgles and giggles for attention and affection. From then on—day and night, year in and year out—we engage in numberless bargaining sessions. We try to get teachers to give us better grades, bosses to give us more money, clients to give us their business, women to give us their love.

We negotiate for everything from used cars to ego reinforcements. Some of these negotiations are clear-cut, with relatively firm ground rules. ("This is an automobile of exquisite design and rare distinction, well worth two thousand dollars." "It's a fucking heap; I'll give you one thousand dollars." Result: the car gets sold for $1,500.) Other negotiations are so amorphous they often pass unnoticed. ("Golly, Emmy Lou, I'm a real schmuck." "Oh, no, Harry, you're a genius." Result: He gets his ego petted; she feels maternal and supportive.)

This psychograph will measure how well you're doing at the bargaining table of life. Your answers can suggest whether you're more likely to win or lose the daily negotiations that have such profound effects on our lives.

To come up with questions that will distinguish the good negotiator from the bad, we reviewed the work of both the academic researchers in this field and the professional negotiators who spend their working days at bargaining tables in smoke-filled rooms. The former group consists of Dean Pruitt at the State University of New York at Buffalo, Kenneth Hammond of the Institute of Behavioral Science at the University of Colorado, Berndt Brehmer at the University of Umeå in Sweden, Bert Brown of Rutgers, and Daniel Druckman, senior research fellow at Mathematica, Inc., in Bethesda, Md. (The book *Negotiations: Social-Psychological Perspectives,* which Druckman edited, is one of the best overviews of recent research.) The latter group includes Chester Karrass, Herb Cohen, Henry Calero, and Tessa Albert Warschaw, all of whom have written popular books about negotiating.

If you're like most of us, you've probably never been involved in formal business negotiations. Don't let that intimidate you. You're as likely to score high on this psychograph as the professionals are. In fact, you may do better. In studying one long, drawn-out industrial negotiation, for example, Professors Brehmer and Hammond found that, even after seven months of wrangling, neither side had the vaguest idea which issues its opponent considered most important. And in an experiment conducted at the University of Southern California, Chester Karrass found that unskilled negotiators with very high aspirations consistently beat highly trained negotiators with lower aspiration levels. So much for the value of professional experience.

Answer the questions quickly and honestly. Some of them require that you make objective assessments of yourself. Try to see yourself as others see you. That's the first step to being a successful negotiator.

1. Do you have trouble keeping secrets?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Do you find that you often have aches and tiredness in your shoulders and neck?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) people should keep their problems to themselves; I hate listening to people talk about their troubles
   (b) I don't mind listening to people's problems; it may be tedious or boring at times, but you usually learn something

4. Think back to times when you've been listening carefully to what someone has been telling you. At such times in what position is your head most likely to be?
   (a) cocked to one side
   (b) straight, looking directly at the person speaking
   (c) bent slightly forward, looking at something other than the person speaking (your hands, notes in front of you, etc.)

5. Someone says to you, "I saw the new Woody Allen (Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, whatever) movie last night." You've been planning to see the same film. What would be your initial response to that statement?
   (a) "How did you like it? Was it any good?"
   (b) "I've been planning to see it myself."

6. An important negotiating meeting is coming up. It will take place in the afternoon. What kind of food should you have at lunch?
   (a) light food; food tends to dull the senses, and you don't want anything to drain your alertness
   (b) hearty food; you should go into a bargaining session with a full stomach since you'll need all the stamina you can get

7. Do you have a tendency to interrupt people?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "The business world is a jungle, and to succeed in it, you have to follow the law of the jungle: get the other guy before he gets you"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

9. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this characterization: "I dislike considering alternatives—to me it's like settling for second best; If I can't get what I really want, I'd just as soon get nothing"?
   (a) I agree; that's like me
   (b) I disagree; I'm not like that

10. If someone informs you that something is "nonnegotiable," he most likely means:
    (a) precisely what he says; he won't compromise on that subject
    (b) the opposite of what he says; "nonnegotiable" demands are usually just smokescreens, and the guy is just trying to act tough to get a better deal out of you
    (c) that this is a very tender issue with him; you may get him to compromise on the issue, but you'd better approach it very carefully

11. Do you have a strong need to be right all the time?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Which of the following statements more accurately reflects your view?
    (a) if we were more careful about dividing up life's resources (everything from money to happiness), everyone could be satisfied; there's enough of everything to go around; theoretically, at least, everybody can "win"
    (b) life is a "zero-sum" game—if one person wins, someone else has to lose; there just isn't enough of everything to go around

13. If you had to give an honest appraisal of yourself, would you say you're basically flexible or rigid?
    (a) flexible
    (b) rigid

14. When you're with people you know extremely well (lovers, spouses, children, parents, etc.), are you generally patient or impatient in your dealings with them?
(a) patient
(b) impatient

15. How do you feel about this statement: "The best time to win a negotiation is when your adrenalin is really pumping; that's when you're most alert and ready to go in for the kill"?
(a) it's true
(b) it's false

16. The best way to achieve success at negotiating is
(a) to focus very closely on the task at hand and not worry about what your opponent's hidden motives may be
(b) to figure out your opponent's motives before you do anything else; only then can you plan an effective strategy

17. You'll usually come out better at the end of a negotiation if you
(a) made high, hard demands at the beginning of it
(b) made reasonable, not extravagant, demands right from the beginning

18. Which of these statements do you think is more accurate?
(a) it's important to make the first concession during a negotiation; it gives you the upper hand and shows you're a reasonable person with an "adult" approach at the bargaining table
(b) it's not always important who makes the first concession, although often the "loser" of a negotiation is the one who made the first concession

19. Which of these approaches will give you a better chance of making a favorable deal?
(a) you drag the negotiation out
(b) you try to push the negotiation to a quick conclusion
(c) neither of the above; the length of a negotiation has nothing to do with its eventual outcome, and you're as likely to win the short ones as the long ones

20. The best way to get the upper hand in a negotiation is to make the other person feel inferior.
(a) true
(b) false

21. Logic is the key to successful negotiation; if you can show the other person the logic of your position, you're much more likely to win.
(a) true
(b) false

22. Having "facts" on your side is crucial to winning a negotiation. The person who can produce the most facts usually wins.
(a) true
(b) false

23. You've just started negotiating a big contract. You sense that you're going to achieve your objectives more easily than you thought. There isn't the resistance you expected. You should:
(a) be happy and settle for your original objectives
(b) raise your sights and go for a bigger payoff than you had originally planned on

24. The best negotiators tend to be
(a) unpredictable; you never know what they're going to come up with next
(b) regular and predictable

25. You've decided you're going to make a concession during a negotiation. You'll get most in return if you make the compromise
(a) just as conflict is about to erupt
(b) at the height of conflict, when tempers are really flaring
(c) after the conflict and impasse have dragged on a bit and the fires have begun to die down

SCORING
Here are the answers likely to be chosen by the most successful negotiators:

1. b	6. a	11. b	16. a	21. b
2. b	7. b	12. a	17. a	22. b
3. b	8. b	13. a	18. b	23. a
4. a	9. b	14. a	19. a	24. a
5. a	10. c	15. b	20. b	25. c

Give yourself four points for each of your answers that agree with those above.

If you scored 80–100 points:
You are extremely sensitive to the world around you. You know when the time is ripe to push for what you want, and you usually get it. You know when to apply pressure and when to back off. You're the guy who keeps his head when all those around him are losing theirs. Consequently, you see opportunities that others don't even realize exist. In short, you are a consistent winner at the bargaining table of life. Best of all, you not only win most of the negotiations you take part in but also leave your opponent feeling that he hasn't lost. That's important: it's what makes them keep coming back for more.

52–76 points:
You're an above-average negotiator, winning more than your share of the daily bargaining sessions that life confronts you with. However, you have a tendency to blow the more subtle negotiations. You're the type of guy, for instance, who may be a shrewd bargainer in the business world where the rules of the game are clear, but you may have trouble in the more nebulous area of interpersonal relations. If you relax a little and listen to what people are trying to tell you, you might see substantial improvement in your winning percentage. Basically you understand how to get what you want; you just have to pay a little more attention to the details.

24–48 points:
You are an average stiff. Like most of us, you win some and you lose some. But you're losing more than you have to. The reason may be that, deep down, you're less interested in winning than you are in beating your opponent. You may be so eager to dominate the people you bargain with that you sabotage your chances of dealing profitably with them. You have to remember that most of the people you confront every day (from your old lady to the guy who presses your pants) are part of the fabric of your life. You have to interact with them over the long haul. Don't try to wipe them out every time there's a sticky situation. If you let them win a little, you may find that you start winning a lot.

0–20 points:
You make Yasir Arafat look like a model of conciliatory behavior. There's a good chance that you have an extremely hostile view of the world. You go into each negotiation with a chip on your shoulder. When you approach a bargaining session with that attitude, you're likely to do one of two things: if you feel you're in a strong position, you'll hold out till hell freezes over; if you feel you're in a weak position, you'll assume everything is lost and give up immediately. In either case, you blow your chances for a successful outcome, which only increases your anger and frustration. You have to look at other people more objectively and realize that they have goals they want to achieve, goals that usually don't include screwing you. Most people are too busy pursuing their own objectives to carry on personal vendettas. If you incorporate this realization into your daily dealings with people, you might find you're suddenly winning a lot more than you used to.

"No man stands so tall as when he stoops to become the president."

— Bill Lee 81

ARCHITECTURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

several different study designs. The opponents were surprised and pleased to find that one of the earlier designs had exactly the traditional feeling—including ornament—that they felt was right. The firm agreed to present it to the review board, and it passed easily.

The existence of the alternate design ultimately accepted by the board flatly discredited the architect's original explanations as to why the building had to be "modernistic." It was obviously not too large to be traditional, because the architect's study design *was* traditional. As for modern needs demanding modern forms, the architect himself told me that the more traditional design fulfilled the functional requirements as well as the modern one.

This is not an isolated incident. Many architects face similar quandaries. They sincerely believe in the moral virtue of designing "modern" buildings; yet they find it difficult to convince the public that their designs are beautiful. So they are forced to resort to other means to gain approval.

Only at the end of my interview with the architect did I learn why the traditional design had not been shown first. While packing up my notes, I asked him to tell me which of the two designs he felt looked better in Alexandria. "Well," he said, "do you really want me to admit it? We just wanted to do something contemporary."

Virtually all architects nowadays "want to do something contemporary." They say: "This is 1980. It would be phony to design a building that looks old!" I have heard such statements dozens of times, from students and professionals alike. Yet the flaws in this sort of reasoning are obvious. First, if it is done now, it is obviously "of our times." And, second, there is no one view of "our times" that satisfies everyone. Each ethnic group, economic class, or geographic region has its own ideas about what is important in "our times." For retired persons in Southern California, it might be Spanish Colonial architecture. For a friend of mine who develops esoteric metals for the latest jet engines, it happens to be carpenter-built houses from the 1920s. There are, obviously, many different and equally valid views of our times. Architects, however, have too often insisted on giving us *their* version of *our* times.

New York City's Greenwich Village was a recent victim of this kind of egocentricity. In spring 1971 a terrible explosion ripped one house out of a row of nineteenth-century townhouses. The land was later purchased by a well-known and rather flamboyant architect who wanted to fill the gap with his own design. As the Village is a historic district, the law requires that new construction be approved by the Landmarks Preservation Commission. The commission's general directive is to en-

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sure that a new building fits in with the visual character of the surrounding neighborhood.

The other buildings along this street have flat facades with traditional ornament. True to modern fashion, this architect chose to be different. While the top and bottom floors of his house are exact copies of the buildings to the left and right, the second and third floors are startlingly different. They form an undecorated midsection that is twisted so that half of it pushes into the facade and the other half cantilevers out. It looks like an enormous secret panel, pivoted in the center, that has been left half open. You do not need a trained eye to see that it disrupts the street; when I was photographing it recently, a passerby, thinking I had been hired by the owners, planted herself in front of my camera and announced defiantly: "You can tell them that I think it looks like hell!"

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the new design's obvious incongruity, well-known architecture critics rallied to its support. One of them even tried to link its supposed "creativity" *(creative,* in this case, being synonymous with *different)* to some vaguely implied macho quality. The new design would apparently be more virile than, as the critic suggestively phrased it, a "soft and meek" building that fit more sympathetically into the neighborhood.

But perhaps there was a practical reason for this twisted facade? Surely no one—particularly not a talented architect like this one—would disrupt such a lovely street on a mere whim. Yet this projecting facade seems to have made the interior *less* practical. To emphasize the diagonal projection, the architect made almost all the rooms triangular in plan. Have you ever tried to fit four-sided appliances into a three-sided kitchen? The only comprehensible reason for the facade is its advertising value for the architect.

The Landmarks Preservation Commission approved the design by a one-vote margin. Although the commissioners are presumably chosen for their aesthetic sensitivity, among other qualifications, the majority failed to notice what the local greengrocer saw immediately: that the new design was not sympathetic to its neighbors.

We seem to get an insight into the commission's reasoning from the majority report, which says ". . . to insist on stylistic changes based on personal taste would, in our view, be to exceed our jurisdiction." But what a preposterous notion! No matter how they vote, they are making a decision based on personal taste. The only real question, then, is, Whose personal taste are they relying on?

In this case the design was passed because one of the commissioners, a real-estate broker, did not have enough confidence in his own judgment. Instead of acting on what his eyes told him, he gave in to the "professional expertise" of the head of the commission—an architect. In an official letter the real-estate broker said that the building offended his taste and sense of what was proper for the street, but, he went on, "I cannot substitute my own personal taste for that of an architect."

Hard to believe? Not at all. It just demonstrates the power of the professional.

Corporate architecture has been disrupting attractive neighborhoods for at least as long as the more prestigious designer buildings have. For years great American institutions like White Tower Hamburgers have erected their identical commercial palaces where and how they pleased. Kentucky Fried Chicken sported a red-and-white motif with a gigantic striped bucket out front, McDonald's had its plastic gold arches, and Burger King its red "shingle" roof. They kept their special "look" whether they built next to the local hash house or the town hall.

Such standardization was not dictated, as one might at first imagine, by the cost of changing the design for each location. These are billion-dollar organizations, and as a representative of Burger King put it, "a few thousand dollars in changes is nothing when the building costs half a million." The important factor was, not the cost of variations, but the importance of *image.* Corporations spend vast sums to create an image, to reinforce what the trade calls product identification. If all goes according to plan, the average American will salivate at the sight of golden arches, and when a red roof peeks through the jumble of highway signs and telephone poles, the first thing that comes to mind will be "having it your way."

Years ago people began complaining that these buildings were eyesores, and because of their persistence, many chain stores now have several designs from which the community can choose. Some will even make custom versions. When Atlantic Richfield (ARCO) retained a famous designer as a consultant, its service station turned out looking efficient, white, and modern. After enough people balked at having this antiseptic structure in their residential neighborhoods, ARCO produced several other versions, including a colonial model that made the design consultant shudder. It looked "fake," he was reported to have said; there were no gas stations in colonial times. Fortunately ARCO did not give in to this highbrow prejudice, and the colonial model is available on request.

Some chains still have only one design, but many will readily accommodate reasonable requests for changes. Upon demand Howard Johnson's happily replaces its famous enamel-shingle roof with clay tile. In the Bahamas it abandoned its orange roof for a white one—a Ho-Jo first—because whitewashed roofs are the local tradition.

The ultimate quality of the design the company provides depends in large part on how hard the community is willing to

fight. Tiberon, Calif., pushed moderately hard and got what could be called a "suburban" Mobil station that looks somewhat more residential than the designer model. Sausalito raised more of a ruckus and was rewarded with a completely customized version.

Thus, in sharp contrast to elitist architects, corporations have in recent years shown increasing awareness of their impact on the communities in which they do business. And perhaps that is the key: "they do business" and so are more directly subject to market demands. The new flexibility of these corporations is due mainly to community pressure exerted through design-review boards. The power of these boards varies. The more restricted ones only advise. Others have the power to deny building permits, although their decisions can be appealed to the planning boards and ultimately to the courts. A Burger King representative told me that most of the boards it deals with have almost dictatorial powers. If this sounds ominous, remember that board requests are seldom outrageous and often quite modest: a little more planting to hide parked cars or a smaller sign. Many corporations have actually been as pleased as the review boards with the final results. One of Howard Johnson's earliest community-influenced variations was so attractive that it turned up on the cover of its annual report. A spokesman for Kentucky Fried Chicken told me that he felt the company always got a better-looking building when it followed a review board's recommendations.

The truth about corporate-community relations is summed up in the comment of a Howard Johnson's spokesman: "We depend on community support; so we want to be a part of it." Communities thus can have considerable influence. But they must speak up.

If your town does not have a review board, and you think it should, this is what to do:

Get people interested in the way their community looks. Get them angry about ugliness. Stopping an inappropriate building—or saving an attractive old one—is often the easiest way to mobilize the community. Use newspapers, radio, television, petitions, and leaflets to attract attention. Then go to a town council meeting and ask that it appoint an architectural-review board. You may encounter resistance. Council members may even be receiving campaign contributions from the people you are likely to be fighting against, such as real-estate interests. But council members want to be reelected and therefore prefer to be seen as acting for the benefit of the community as a whole and not just for special interests. You don't need a huge delegation; sometimes a single individual is enough. "What people don't understand," Mike Leventhal, executive director of the Mobile (Ala.) Historical Preservation Society, told me, "is that they are powerful as hell! It's just that they are lazy. They don't want to get out and do it."

In making your presentation to the town council, you might stress that experience has shown that review boards, in addition to their obvious visual benefits, have another important advantage: real-estate values invariably increase when controls are enforced.

Once the decision has been made to establish a review board, the town council must decide what types of buildings will come under its jurisdiction—homes, factories, stores, etc.—as well as what criteria will be used in making aesthetic judgments. These criteria can be as narrow or as broad as the town council wants. Most lists of criteria cover such things as the height of new buildings and their materials; some even include the styles of architectural decoration that can be used. Before deciding on the final list, it is best to contact communities that already have review boards and to study their choices. If there are no such cities in your vicinity, here are a few that have review procedures of long standing: Santa Barbara, Calif.; Sante Fe, N. Mex.; New Orleans, La.; and Savannah, Ga.

If you want to serve on a review board, apply to the town council. Membership is sometimes a matter of political favoritism, but more often it is a question of showing an interest in this kind of civic activity. Qualifications are usually flexible, and all sorts of business or professional experience—training in real estate, land development, art, architecture, for example—may prove relevant. Civic interest and plain old-fashioned good judgment also count.

If there is no review board in your community as yet, effective tools are still available to you. One tool is a thorough knowledge of building codes and by-laws. The best way to stop a new building is to delay it, and one of the surest ways to delay it is to find some legal requirement, no matter how minor, which the architect or client has overlooked.

A small group in New York City recently showed how potent a tiny bit of information can be. A real-estate developer had proposed to insert a modern glass-and-brick apartment tower in the continuous wall of limestone facades along Fifth Avenue. The community was aghast. Mimi Levitt, one of the group's leaders, knew that the law required a variance if the ground floor area of the new building exceeded 20,000 square feet. At the last minute she discovered that this one was over the limit by a mere five square feet, but that was enough to get a temporary restraining order that prevented construction from beginning the next day. When the case came to court, the group had the good fortune to appear before a concerned and enlightened judge, the Honorable Edward J. Greenfield. In an unprecedented ruling he ordered the client to hire a new architect at his own expense and have the facade redesigned to comply more closely with

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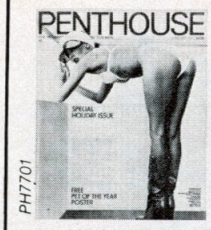

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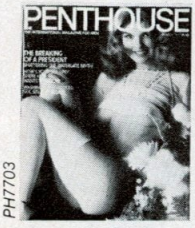

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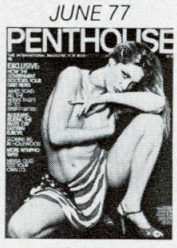

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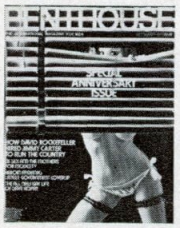

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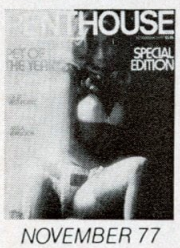

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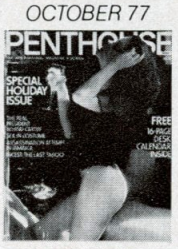

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the wishes of the community.

Whether you are fighting as an individual or serving on a review board, one of the problems you will face is deciphering architectural jargon. The sincerity with which many architects approach their task is often undermined by the confusing way they explain their work. Catch phrases like "form follows function" or "new forms to serve modern needs" tend to intimidate and confuse the layperson, thereby making it easier for architects to enforce their own aesthetic preferences. But under close scrutiny such phrases often prove meaningless.

Consider, for example, the pregnant phrase "form follows function." For nearly 60 years this has been the most oft-repeated aphorism in the architectural profession. Its literal meaning is that a building's outside should show what is happening on its inside; factories should look like factories, schools like schools, etc. While form may follow function in engineering structures—like bridges—the phrase means little when it is applied to buildings. Houses come in all styles—Victorian, colonial, ranch Western, and factory modern—and we can eat, sleep, and live as easily in one as we can in another. A building's appearance has little to do with how well it functions. An aircraft hangar could look like a Gothic cathedral, and so long as its doors were large enough to admit an airplane, it could still serve its purpose.

Architects seldom admit this fact. It would amount to a confession that they are influenced by the whims of fashion rather than by the iron rule of logic, and they like to think of their work as more immutable than that. Were they to concede the essentially whimsical nature of their design choices, this whole aspect of their profession would be demystified. The choice of what a building should look like would suddenly come down to a simple matter of personal taste. Jim Morgan, an architect who has served for many years on local planning boards in New York City, feels that nonarchitects generally have better judgment than do professionals when it comes to fitting new buildings with old. Architects try their best, but their view is all too often distorted by the demands of ego and the taboos against criticizing fellow professionals.

The language used by architects is also misleading in another way. Key words—*simple, functional, practical*—give the impression that "modern" is more economical than "traditional." But the fact is that modern buildings are not necessarily more economical than traditional ones and are often less so. Peter Millard, an award-winning architect who has designed both traditional and ultramodern buildings, reports that in his experience the per-square-foot cost is virtually the same; the "simple" details of modern buildings can be as costly as the complex ornament of older ones. The famous Seagram Building (New York City home of the whiskey empire) has nearly 37,000 linear feet of costly—and purely decorative—bronze mullions. Of course the architect did not call these ornaments, but they are as much decoration as any plaster angel on a church altar. As for operating expenses, every homeowner knows that large windows mean large heating and cooling bills, and the most familiar aspect of modern architecture is its vast walls of glass.

Yet the propaganda of the profession has been so effective that we still find ourselves excusing dreary modern buildings simply because we assume that they are more efficient. I had a pathetic demonstration of this kind of brainwashing when I visited the Salk Institute in California. As my group trailed obediently through one beige concrete corridor after another, our elderly guide proudly explained what went on in each laboratory. Toward the end of the tour, after scurrying across a desolate concrete plaza under the broiling sun, I screwed up my courage and asked the guide whether the architecture wasn't a bit dull and brutish. Her response was touching. "It's not meant to be beautiful," she said, beaming. "It's functional!"

If there is one lesson to be learned, it is this: don't uncritically accept architects' explanations of why their buildings look the way they do. Trust your eyes, and if the building doesn't look right, make your opinion known. Chances are that you are in the majority and others are just too intimidated to speak out.

Nothing is so simple, of course. Some architects claim that they have little say about what the building looks like because it is dictated by the client's requirements. There are undoubtedly times when this is true, but they cannot account for every incompatible new building, especially when we bear in mind that the more prestigious the architect, the more freedom he is given. And it is those who are least bound by constraints who often produce the worst eyesores.

Before the advent of modernism, many of the greatest Western architects showed remarkable sympathy for the public's sensibilities. Michelangelo went so far as to offer a choice of five different facades to one client. If a towering talent like Michelangelo could do that, there is no reason why architects of the present generation should not show a similar flexibility.

On the other hand, the public must make its wishes known. In our so-called market economy we are accustomed to "voting" on products. If we don't like a car, we don't buy it. If enough of us don't buy it, it is eventually taken off the market—witness the Edsel. But until recently it has been difficult to vote when it comes to building. Now, however, the public is learning how to make its opinions known. As individuals and as members of community groups and review boards, we are finding that we can "vote" on how well architects are meeting their special artistic responsibility to our communities.

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JIM CARROLL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

to nod while most guys would immediately start to think about making their next score. But for me the nods were magic—when the cigarette butt would burn your fingers, you'd jump back in total surprise that you weren't actually on that beach with the sun kissing the horizon. But the nods weren't like dreaming—there was no surrealism. Just an intensified reality."

Intensified reality catches you unaware the next morning, however, and as his prowess on the basketball slipped, the pusher's call became a shout. Carroll had split from home after continuing parental battles about drugs, politics, hair, and poetry (basketball they could understand), and he slept wherever he could, most often at "Headquarters," a shooting gallery of a rathole kept by a pair of teenage waifs. Here Jim would subsist on fast food and junk and wake from nods when a forgotten cigarette began to burn the chair in which he sat. He used to scrimmage with guys like Earl Manigault, a six-foot-one playground junkie legend from Harlem who could take a quarter off the backboard and stuff the ball with his elbows, but his habit was making him more of an observer than a participant. "The last line of the *Diaries*—'I just wanted to be pure'—came because I was trying to find purity in decay. Other junkies were oblivion seekers," he says without a hint of regret, "but I wanted to see what oblivion was like without staying in that pit. I wanted to see everything that was in me, and junk slowed things down so I could take it all in. Under junk everything became miniaturized. I'd take notes after a nod, and just a couple of words would bring it all back—my mind latched onto the scene, and it was like I was sliding into a tunnel of my own design."

Carroll was running on "dealer's time," his life bounded by the pursuit and purchase of junk. "I started to hustle gays, because ripping people off left a bad taste. You know, you leave a person in terror, even though you didn't go out to hurt him. By hustling, I could work alone and not have to worry about whether some cat was carrying a gun. This way I'd know how much money I'd make and then could score the dope and nod off." Though he was "an incredible flirt, especially with my eyes," Carroll wasn't a very good hustler. "I didn't like it, and there was only so much I would do. What's more, I was usually loaded with junk; so I couldn't really function. You know, I couldn't get it up."

In the winter of 1966, Carroll spent three months in Riker's Adolescent Detention Center for possession of three bags and a syringe. His mother refused to visit, and he shivered alone in withdrawal. A year earlier, in the throes of breaking away from his parents, Jim wrote an entry in his diary that explained why all the problems that can land a kid in Riker's can't keep him from calling for his mother:

"I just refuse to give the slightest fuck anymore and o.k. if I'm fucked up and, yes, every other race, creed & color sucks and the war in Nam is sanctioned by the Pope who is flawless of course and if I could just bend in half I could suck myself off all day and load up on some good scag and live in a closet because you can't beat them but you can ignore and induce ulcers and heart pangs and give them grey hair so to drive them stone bust on beauty parlor tint-up jobs and then you begin to cry in the closet because your veins are sore and you can't get over the fact that you love them somehow more or at least always."

He is a rose, he is together, all
together, like a wind tunnel,
and the rest of us are testing
our wings, our straining struts.
—Frank O'Hara, from "Poem"

"One day, I waited outside the Museum of Modern Art, where Frank was a curator, and followed him home. He took the subway down to Astor Place and walked to his apartment across from the Grace Church. Frank's *Lunch Poems* were bright lights—even a kid new to poetry could sense his spirit, whereas with somebody like John Ashbery, you needed a more sophisticated background. Frank would write these poems about what he saw in the streets during his lunch hour, stopping at a stationery store on the way back to the museum to use a sample Olivetti to type out the day's impressions. So I followed him home, keying on how he threw his head back like a proud stallion, like Roberto Clemente or somebody, and taking in everything that he looked at. Three weeks later he died."

When he was 15, Carroll began hanging out at the Wednesday night poetry readings at the St. Mark's Church. He kept to himself, absorbing influences and working on his first volume of poetry, *Organic Trains*, which was published a year later by a small press and included a number of works inspired by O'Hara. "I kept to myself that first year because I wanted my work to do the talking, just like I let my playing do the talking on the basketball court. I always wanted to offset my street image, and when I finally introduced myself to poets like Ted Berrigan and Anne Waldman, they said, 'Yeah, we wondered who the fuck you were, a street kid or some sort of tough.' It's all counterpoint—you use two sides, one against the other, to develop a presence, an impact."

Carroll became a fixture on the Lower East Side arts scene, showcasing his new work at open readings, contributing to literary magazines, and becoming friends with people like William Burroughs, painter Larry Rivers, and members of Andy Warhol's entourage, including the seminal New York rock band that would have a profound influence on his later work, the Velvet Underground. "Heroin, it's my life,

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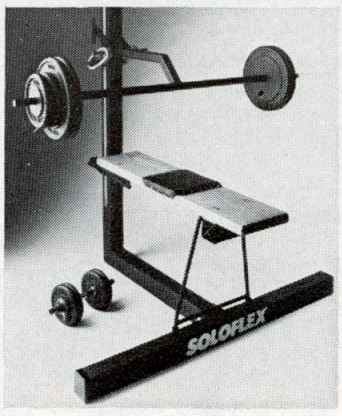

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and it's my wife," sang the Velvet's Lou Reed. Jim held the cheap microphone that captured their famous bootleg from Max's Kansas City, and he can be heard calling to Lou for Tuinals. In 1970 the *Paris Review* excerpted *The Basketball Diaries*, and his reputation blossomed, with Jack Kerouac writing that "at 13 years of age, Jim Carroll writes better prose than 89 percent of the novelists working today." At 22, Carroll published his third volume of poetry, *Living at the Movies*, which made him the youngest poet ever nominated for the Pulitzer Prize.

Despite the strokes to his ego, Carroll continued to kiss the needle, and although he took care to keep his junkie-hustling habits from his artist friends, some of them voiced concern. "In a personal one-to-one sense," he recalls, "It was 'Jim, you should get off this stuff and clean yourself up.' But in an overall abstract sense, the poetry scene fostered the life-style on me. People were living vicariously off my street life, their attitude saying, 'I admire you for this, for the fact that you have the balls to live out the image of the drugged-out poet.'"

As Carroll's teens turned into his twenties, his heroin habit became paramount. After graduation from Trinity, he entered Columbia University but dropped out after a semester, partly because he felt that he was learning more through his own work, but mostly because his veins were crying out for more and more junk. "You could always get good shit," he says, "but you'd have to hang around scenes you'd rather not, like dealing the shit and picking it up from the factory. And this was heavy, because you get busted there and it's no party—you're no longer a simple street junkie." His life became a hungry hustle, with few respites of relative sanity, such as shivering in a swaddle of blankets in a Chelsea Hotel room paid for by Jerry Ragni, the cowriter of *Hair*, while his girl friend, poet-turned-rocker Patti Smith, stroked his brow and fed him soup. But the streets were calling, and they were getting meaner by the minute.

"One day I scored from this drag queen and her boyfriend on West Seventeenth Street, and they had these great ten-dollar bags that were these little mounds of powder. It was nice," he recalls, blinking away the oasis, "and it seems that somebody else thought so, too, because later in the day these guys broke into the apartment with shotguns and beat the drag queen dead and killed another guy who was there with a baseball bat. They beat a third guy into a coma, but fortunately he lived, because there was this girl on the first floor who also copped from the drag queen and whom I had made the mistake of taking home and screwing one time at this friend's apartment on St. Mark's. She had seen me leaving earlier in the day and fingered me to the cops, who busted down my door and caught me nodding with my works on the table. And I thought, 'Fuck, I'm busted,' until one of the cops mentioned homicide, and the full Kafka scene came clear. So they took me to the hospital, because the third guy was still hanging on, and he said, 'No, that's not the guy at all.'"

Had the third man died, Carroll might have faced a triple murder rap, but frights like these don't stop junkies, and Jim was at the height of his habit. Two weeks later his craving came to a head. "I was still hustling, but it got to the point where my habit demanded more; so me and this other guy started ripping off dealers, which was much more dangerous but set you up to come out with a really big score. It was a totally heavy scene, you know, and I'm not embarrassed to say that it was terrifying. But at the time you do it, because frightening or not, when you begin to feel sick, there is a desperation where you have nothing to lose. And believe me, there's nobody who can tell me that if they were feeling the same physical sensations, they wouldn't be capable of hideous violence. Fortunately, I never had to hurt anybody, and certainly never shot or stabbed anyone, but the terror was always there.

At 22, Carroll published his third volume of poetry, *Living at the Movies,* making him the youngest poet ever nominated for the Pulitzer Prize.

"So me and this hardened tough guy had this rip-off scene going, until one day this dealer was waiting for us. We came onto this guy in the hallway, but he had a friend, because when my partner opened the door to the apartment, an ax came down and split his head right down the fucking middle. But I didn't start blasting or anything—the guy was dead, and I was lost to the wind."

The next day Jim Carroll enrolled in a methadone program.

It's when the body at the bottom
That body is my own reflection . . .
But it ain't hip to sink that low
unless you're gonna make a
resurrection . . .
—"City Drops (Into the Night)"

"If you kick junk cold," Carroll remembers, "you feel these hot and cold streaks coming from your groin out the tip of your head. You start shivering and pull a blanket around yourself only to feel heat spasms. And you sneeze, one after the other, continuously. They say that all bodily functions stop when you sneeze; so I guess it's a matter of dead cells coming back to life. And then there's this feeling that your head is no longer attached to your body. It feels almost like the adhesion around your skull is gone and your brain is literally rolling around your head like it's loose. You're totally weak, but you can't escape through sleep. There are blasts of light in your head when you close your eyes, and there is no way to distract yourself when time is moving so slowly, and a minute feels like an hour. Then you start rationalizing, like, 'I mean, what a fuck-up I am, but I'll have a little junk now to feel straight, and then I'll take the slow cure.' Then you start to look at things, like the abscesses on your body, like these here on the back of my hand. Sounds would be loud and light the brightest—it was as if everything was conspiring to make you feel terrible."

Jim took the slow cure, on methadone, occasionally shooting up his first love but more often drinking multiple doses of the legally dispensed substitute. He was not Keith Richards; so it wasn't practical for him to fly to Switzerland to have his blood changed, although he was intrigued by the concept and amazed that Keith initially interpreted the process as carte blanche to stay on the needle. New York City makes it tough to quit: the methadone programs were designed to hook the junkie on his morning glass of narcotic Tang so that he wouldn't stick a knife in somebody's back to steal a wallet. California offered a methadone withdrawal technique; so with a literary grant for subsistence, Carroll left in 1974 for seclusion in Bolinas, Calif., just north of San Francisco.

"The final step to breaking the habit is feeling that you need a second wind, that you can no longer sustain this level of abuse. But out West I was getting used to boredom and learning to use it. I wasn't around people, only dogs, and I liked the life I was leading, and it didn't require any junk. I finally decided that there would be some advantages to getting off junk, that I could start to see things from a whole new perspective and with a new consciousness. It was as simple as that—if my new head didn't satisfy me, I might have gone back to shooting.

"What helped me was the realization that you can never go home again. You could go up the river and go mad like Kurtz, or you could haul up the *Titanic* from the bottom of the ocean, or you could go to San Francisco and get into rock 'n' roll. But the only time you were really free in the heart sense is when you were young and on the streets, because then you were wild and free and murderous. But suddenly I felt detached, and the only thing that sustained me was my work."

Jim Carroll didn't mellow into Marin County hot-tub consciousness. He tended a garden, read and wrote through the day, took long walks with the dogs, and settled

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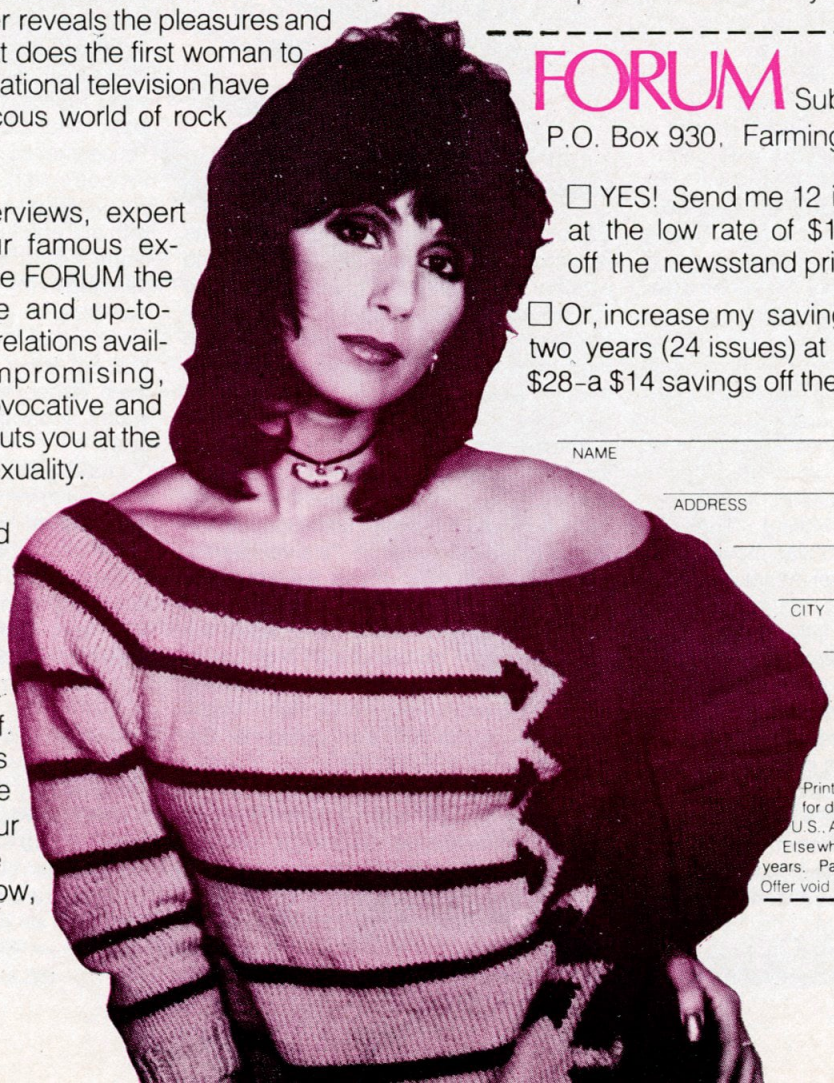

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down in the evening to three successive newscasts, an occasional chicken TV dinner, a joint, and prime-time television. The tube, the *Village Voice*, and long-distance phone calls with Patti were Jim's only connection with the outside world, which is to say New York. A couple lived next door, including a statuesque blonde beauty who was slowly recuperating from a near-fatal motorcycle accident and would come to use the bathroom in Jim's house, but he heard only jazz coming from their stereo; so he kept to himself. Soon the couple broke up, with the woman, Rosemary, staying behind and consoling herself by cranking up Patti Smith's *Horses*.

"One night I was sitting out in the yard, spacing with the dogs, when I noticed Rosemary. She stood up against the moon in a white gown that shook my spine. It was my vision of the Virgin, or at least a top-of-the-line saint, and she walked me over the hills and into San Francisco and from isolation to rock 'n' roll."

Rosemary was studying law at Stanford, where she was a deejay at the college station, and she dragged Jim to see the pioneering punk/new-wave bands. Once, when Patti was in town, the old lovers did an underground film, with Jim reading prose poetry to the accompaniment of Patti's guitar and piano, and the next night he traveled with her band to San Diego. When tempers flared between Patti and the opening act, Jim was hastily substituted and he rapped his lyrics, with Patti's band playing backup, and was immediately inspired by the verbal shove provided by a rock-'n'-roll band. Back in San Francisco, Carroll hooked up with a Stones-ish bar band called Amsterdamn, began collaborating on songs with the players and another of Patti's ex-boyfriends, Allen Lanier of the Blue Öyster Cult, and quickly won a Bay Area following after appearances at the Mabuhay Gardens. A demo was produced, and when Carroll returned to New York in 1979 to sign the Bantam deal for *The Basketball Diaries*, he played the tape for Earl McGrath, an old acquaintance and the president of Rolling Stones Records, who immediately signed the band. (By the time *Catholic Boy* was released in October 1980, McGrath had left Rolling Stones Records. Carroll's contract was moved over to Atco Records, another Atlantic subsidiary.)

Meanwhile, Jim had fallen in love, and he was wooing Rosemary with long-stemmed flowers in tiny glass bottles. Late one Friday night, September 15, 1978, the couple took an impulsive drive into the desert. They were married in the wee hours at the Chapel of Promises in Reno, putting the $35 tab on the bride's Master Charge and a two-bit ring on Rosemary's finger and taking home a cassette tape of the ceremony sweetened by Debby Boone's singing "You Light Up My Life." Jim Carroll, who was "redeemed through pain, not through joy," closed both of his eyes, and then he kissed the bride.

I want the angel
that knows the sky . . .
She got virtue . . .
got the parallel light in her eye

I want the angel
that's partly lame . . .
She filters clarity
from her desperate shame
—"I Want the Angel"

Jim Carroll is back in New York City, with Rosemary an attorney at Louis Nizer's law firm and their new loft apartment animated by a crate of Russian novels she had in storage. But look close, and his scars still show. "A doctor got rid of my tracks, but some of the bad abscesses are still visible. Like this one in the crack of my elbow. I'd torture myself trying to squeeze the shit out of this lump, but nothing worked until I went with this girl to a movie on Eighth Street. It was winter, and the theater was real crowded; so I stayed in my jacket and sweater. So on the way out I'm hot and roll up my sleeves and, pop, this shit is pouring out of my elbow. The women in the lobby shrieked, but I was practically joyful—'Hey, let me squeeze it this way to get it all out.'"

> The methadone program was designed to hook the junkie on his morning glass of narcotic Tang so that he wouldn't stick a knife in somebody's back to steal a wallet.

Carroll has never been one to hide his wounds, and though he stands by Blake's belief that "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," he understands the trap of his own reputation. "It's dangerous to let your exploits speak for you," he says. "It's a waste of talent, and it's a sin." And these days of heroin chic, when the middle class is dabbling with high-grade Middle Eastern smack, can be particularly troubling to an ex-junkie rock star. "These weekend dilettantes are going to get burned," warns the voice of experience. "They think heroin is like cocaine in its limited ability to take you out, but it's an insidious motherfucker. Sooner or later the habit's gonna getcha. What's more, the purity of the heroin spooks me, because there are times when I'd like to cop some of this shit and check it out. I haven't learned any lesson from heroin except that I never want to live on that wasted time. And now people think that they can endear themselves to me by offering me a dime bag, and I'm not at all sure that there won't be a time when I'll go for it."

Rosemary's sharp blue eyes slip into a faraway gaze when she is asked whether she worries about Jim's resolve. "I can't spend my life worrying about Jim," she says quietly. Last year, when Jim cut his hair to visit his father in the hospital, he saw a copy of *The Basketball Diaries*, currently the object of heated Hollywood bidding, mixed in among the pile of historical romances by the bed. "I found it rather dry," critiqued Dad, displaying the ability of his wife, and parents everywhere, innocently to blind themselves to the worst nightmares of their children's lives. Jim Carroll speaks from the heart, just as Sister Victoise taught him, and through a medium that Henry Miller, speaking of Rimbaud, called the "inner register." By stripping himself bare, he shoots his art straight into the main line, daring his audience to let the wind run through their veins. Notebooks litter his apartment, with scraps of language headed for a second volume of diaries, a collection of new poems that will supplement a reissued edition of *Living at the Movies*, and any number of unwritten books, poems, and songs. Carroll might sing that "vision's just a costly infection," but it's the safest narcotic he knows, and he's stalking the rock stage like a playground punk looking for an open shot.

"You know you're at the top of your basketball game when you jump for a shot, realize that you've misjudged the leap, and correct yourself in mid-air. These moves are important, not just for the correction, but for the implicit fact that you've taken a chance. It's the same thing with art, and I'm learning to move with the leaps I take onstage. When I play, I'm dancing in my head, and I want to put the audience in a state of ecstasy, to take them out of themselves in the same way that I'm freed by performing, and to let them dance with their heads, with their spirits, and with their hearts as well as their body."

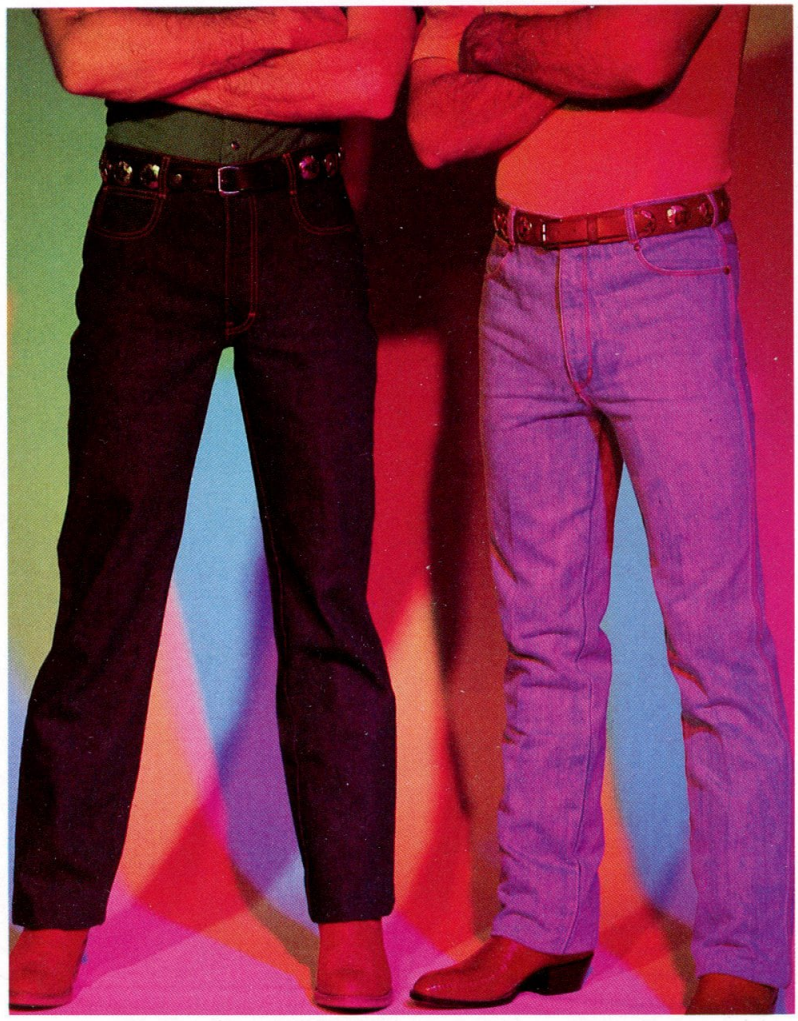
Leaving the Public Theater, Rosemary teases Jim for wearing her blue jeans, and the hairs on his neck bristle at the touch of the siren-scented streets of Manhattan. A vacant cab swallows the couple, and red taillights dance up Broadway where, they say, there's magic in the air and where one in a million junkies emerges to kiss the city in the heart of its night.

I sleep on a tar roof
scream my songs
into lazy floods of stars . . .
a white powder paddles through
blood and heart and
the sounds return
pure and easy . . .
the city is on my side.
—"Fragment: Little N.Y. Ode,"
by Jim Carroll

"Stop that. You'll become extinct!"

It's what's down below that counts—these hot designer jeans know how to hit below the belt.

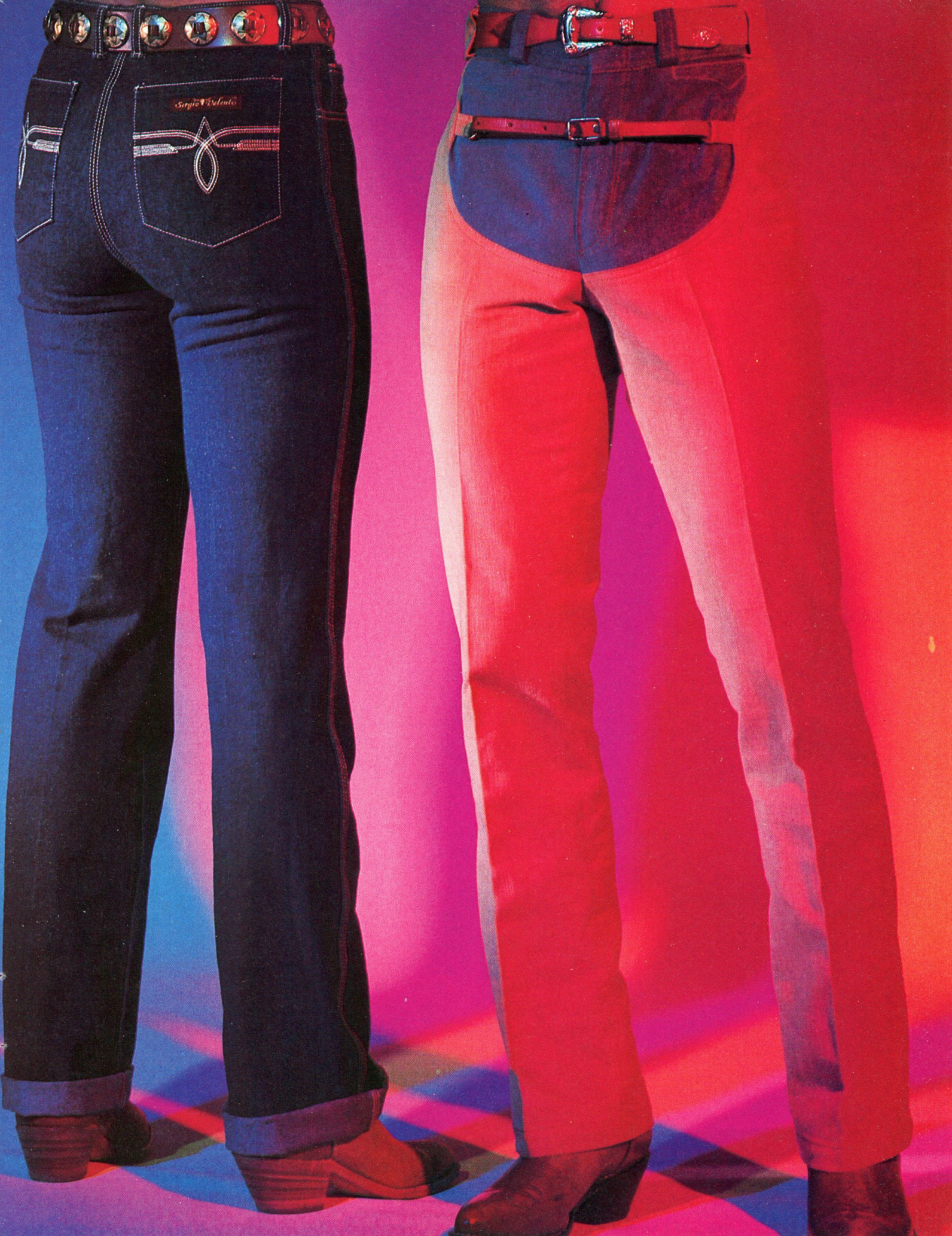
JEANITALIA

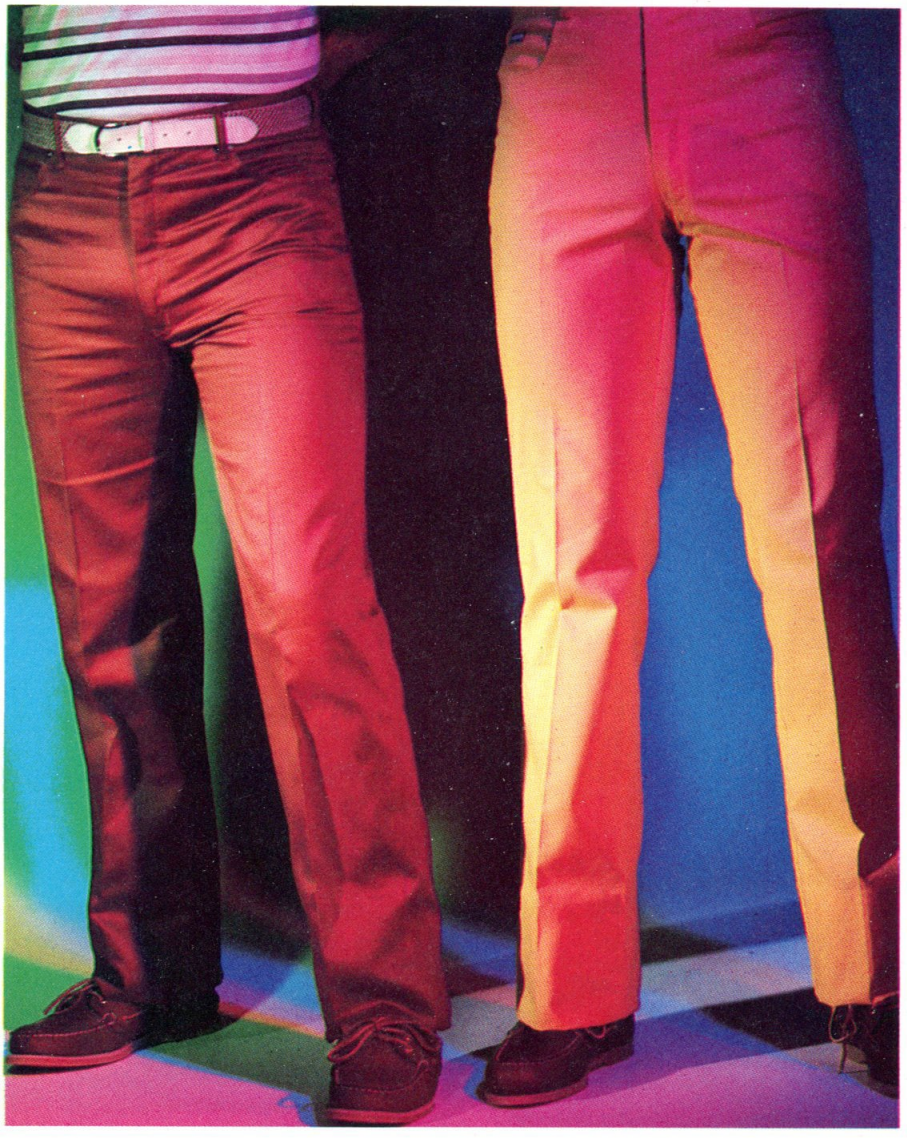


It's not easy to get an American boy to take off his blue jeans, but the current crop of sexy designer jeans just might inspire him to unbuckle his belt. The traditional khakis of the fifties have reappeared, preppied up with a crew-necked sweater and penny loafers or greased down with a black leather jacket and a D.A. ("duck's ass," to you). Camouflage patterns spring up every five years or so, making 1981 a year to dress mercenary a la mode. For the ultimate in class comfort, it's jeans in pale pastels below a casual shirt or sweater. Designer dungarees help you lose the blues, an in*jean*ious solution to the old dilemma of what to wear.

(this page) Genuine Western jeans—faded and worn, they are even more attractive. (left) The denim five-pocket jeans ($28) by Brittania. Boots by Frye Company. The faded jeans ($38) by Gloria Vanderbilt for Murjani. Boots are Dan Post by Acme Boot Company. (opposite page, left) Five-pocket denim jean ($38) by Sergio Valente. (right) Chaps sewn over jeans give a real Western look ($42), by Bronco Buster. All belts ($50) by Bob Curtis for Judy Buie at Texas Serendipity.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER


Sergio Valente



(opposite page) Camouflage prints are back. (left) The baggy cotton pants ($28) are by H. Cotler Company, Inc. The other pants, a cotton print with comfortable leg zipper inserts ($33), are by Liberty. Both belts are Modigliani for Gary E. Miller Associates; both hiking boots are by Wolverine. (this page) Rust and yellow give the latest look in jeans a striking style. (left) The cotton pants ($34) are by Yves St. Laurent and are worn with a striped-cotton shirt ($17) by Jean-Paul Germain. The belt is Modigliani for Gary E. Miller Associates. The straight-leg cotton jeans ($34) are by Sasson. The dark-striped cotton T-shirt ($20) is by Pierre Cardin for Eagle Shirtmakers. The belt ($31.50) is by Nancy Knox. Both leather moccasins are by Timberland.

These two pages show a wide variety of interpretations of the "denim" look. (this page, left) The all-cotton natural-color jeans ($34) are by Jesse Jeans. The lightweight hiking boot is by Wolverine. (right) The all-cotton white big-pocketed cargo pants ($52) are by Calvin Klein Jeans. The sport shoes are by Timberland. The belts are Modigliani for Gary E. Miller Associates. (opposite page) Sizzling colors and "shiny" fabrics highlight these jeans. (left) The wine-red all-cotton twill trousers ($40) by Cacharel. (right) To put a little "shine" in your life, here's this bright blue polyester-cotton straight-leg jean ($25), a Members Only by Europe Craft. Belts are by Nancy Knox; canvas and leather boat shoes ($30 each) are Crayons by Smerling.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 182

PENTHOUSE *Fashion Finder*

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 176–181, contact these manufacturers and stores.

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10 West Thirty-third Street
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Silverman's, all stores
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Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.

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Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
Miller's Outpost, Los Angeles, Calif.

SERGIO VALENTE
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New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 239-4440

Macy's, New York, N.Y.
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Calif.

CACHAREL
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Jordan Marsh, Miami, Fla.
Joseph Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.

MURJANI INTERNATIONAL, LTD.
1411 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 921-5656

Bamberger's, all stores
May Company, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE RUSSIANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

ations, says he must carry out a three-ocean mission with a "one-and-a-half ocean navy." We are told that Warsaw Pact armies are larger than those of NATO, and that greater quantities of superior Soviet equipment give the U.S.S.R. an overwhelming edge in both conventional and strategic forces. Our own strategic forces are said to face what Harold Brown, former secretary of defense, cautiously terms a "window of vulnerability."

There is not a shred of truth in any of this and there never has been. In fact, from the beginning of the arms race with the Soviet Union, the United States has maintained a solid lead, each time using a "gap" of alleged Soviet gains to justify taking the next step in the escalation of military power.

We detonated our first atomic bombs in August 1945, but it was not until August 1949, four years later, that the Soviets exploded the first of theirs. In 1948 we began talking of a "bomber gap," warning that the Soviets had deployed an overwhelming force of long-range bombers capable of launching a surprise attack. Billions of dollars were spent to produce the B-52s of our Strategic Air Command, which first entered service in 1955. Even by that time the Soviet Union had no strategic bombers at all.

Nevertheless, the bomber scare was still with us the following year, when President Eisenhower broke off arms-limitation talks he had initiated himself with the Soviet Union, claiming that any agreement at that time would leave the Soviets with a "clear strategic lead." What made him change his mind? The fact that 1956 was an election year and his challenger, Adlai Stevenson, had supported the arms talks. Ending them made Stevenson seem ignorant of the true threat and defeated him. Today we keep a force of 348 strategic bombers on active alert, while the Soviets have just 156.

In August 1957 the Soviets tested their first ballistic missile, and two months later they used it to launch the first Sputnik satellite into orbit. Our leadership responded as if in deep shock. We claimed that this missile could reach targets in the United States. In fact, it could reach no farther than Western Europe. The Gaither Committee warned that by 1959 the Soviets would be able to launch 100 intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) at the United States. In fact, they had only 35 ICBMs by 1960. However, since at that time we had built only 18 ICBMs, this created what seemed a genuine "missile gap."

John F. Kennedy made much of this presumed gap in his 1960 election campaign against Richard Nixon, charging that the Republicans had "allowed the nation to fall hostage" to Soviet missiles. This prompted President Eisenhower, before he left office, to restore funds he had earlier cut from the budget for the B-70 bomber. In 1961 the newly inaugurated President Kennedy announced that he had been relieved to discover that the missile gap did not exist and that the United States was way ahead of the U.S.S.R.

The gap had never existed, because within months of the launching of *Sputnik* in 1957, the United States deployed 105 Jupiter intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBMs) in Turkey and Italy. These were easily able to reach targets in the Soviet Union, long before the Soviets could hope to reach targets in the United States. Even by 1960, when the Soviets briefly had twice as many ICBMs, our force of IRBMs assured that we still had three times as many missiles targeted on Soviet cities.

The Jupiter missiles remained in Western Europe until the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, which Kennedy was able to end only by secretly agreeing to remove them provided that Khrushchev would remove the fewer than 40 Soviet missiles in Cuba, most of which had ranges of less than 250 miles and could barely reach Miami from San Cristóbal. Our 105 IRBMs no longer mattered to us anyway, because by that time we had built 156 ICBMs, while the Soviets had only 64.

In 1960 the Soviets placed in the ocean their first submarine equipped with submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). Again, these SLBMs had a range of only 350 miles. We quickly announced an "SLBM gap," even though in that same year we had launched our first Polaris submarines, whose missiles had a range of 1,200 miles. It was not until 1968 that the Soviets launched a submarine whose SLBMs had a comparable range. But by that time our Polaris A-3 missiles were deployed, with a range of 2,500 miles.

In August 1966 we tested the first Multiple Independently Targetable Reentry Vehicle (MIRV), which allowed several nuclear warheads to be placed on a single missile. The Soviets did not test MIRVs until 1973. All the same, we had announced a "MIRV gap," requiring that we bend every effort to catch up with the nonexistent Soviet lead, so that by 1970 we were deploying our first MIRVed missiles, while the Soviets did not deploy theirs until 1975.

The first SALT agreement, in 1972, limited the number of American ICBMs to 1,054 and the number of American SLBMs to 656, while the Soviets were allowed 1,618 ICBMs and 740 SLBMs. Were our leaders compromising our security by allowing the Soviets greater numbers? No. These different quantities were quite acceptable to us, because by that time we had accumulated enormous advantages over the U.S.S.R., including three times as many nuclear warheads on our MIRVed missiles.

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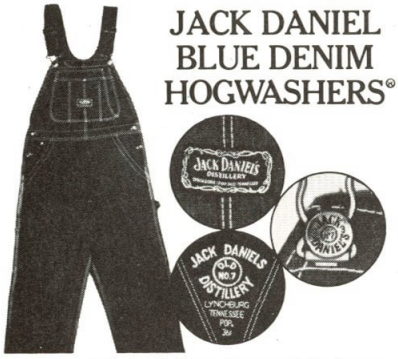

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permitted, nor did it prevent other qualitative improvements, such as the development of the Cruise missile and the neutron bomb. Consequently, qualitative improvement was the direction nuclear weapons technology would take in the following years.

SALT II would limit all strategic delivery systems on both sides, including ICBMs, SLBMs, and long-range bombers, to an initial total of 2,400 and a final total of 2,250 by the end of 1981. Within this total other limitations would also be specified, including the number of bombers that may be armed with Cruise missiles, the number of Cruise missiles each bomber may carry, and the number of ICBMs and SLBMs that may be MIRVed. Yet there is no limit on the number of warheads that may be placed on each MIRVed missile, on the size or character of their explosive yields, or on refinements that may be made in their accuracy. These available goals, consequently, set the direction nuclear-weapons technology will continue to take even if SALT II is revived and adopted.

We are now warned that the Soviets have 2,504 delivery systems of all types, including bombers and missiles, while the United States deploys a total of only 2,057. The Soviets have 950 SLBMs to our 656 and 1,398 ICBMs to our 1,053. There is much talk of the greater size and "throw-weight" of Soviet ICBMs and of their greater yield in explosive force. Indeed, the strategic nuclear weapons presently deployed by the Soviets can provide them with a combined total explosive yield of 7,672 megatons, compared with only 5,444 megatons available to our strategic forces.

This has led Gen. Daniel O. Graham to claim that "the Soviets outnumber the United States three to two in strategic missiles and five to one in deliverable megatonnage." While this is an extravagant exaggeration of the odds, the more modest numerical edge enjoyed by the Soviets would still seem to pose a strategic threat. The magnitude of that threat is the theme of *The Salt Syndrome*, a half-hour film that General Graham's American Security Council has placed on television more than 500 times and which is usually listed as a news program. Its conclusion is that ratification of SALT II would freeze the strategic balance with an overwhelming Soviet lead.

What General Graham and the makers of *The Salt Syndrome* fail to mention, though they cannot fail to know it, is that the Soviets have deliberately raised the explosive yield of their weapons in order to compensate for their inferior accuracy and for the lower number of warheads they have been able to deploy on each of their MIRVed missiles. This leads to the most telling fact of all, though it is rarely told: upon our lower number of smaller missiles we now have a total of 11,893 warheads, while the Soviets have only 5,119. Therefore, each time with a devastation equivalent to the largest of the Soviet warheads, the United States can hit twice as many targets.

The more accurate the missile, the lower the explosive force it requires to destroy even a hardened target. By 1985 we will have 13,766 warheads, and the power of these devices is so unimportant, compared with their precision, that the combined explosive yield of this larger number of warheads in 1985 will actually drop from 5,444 megatons to 4,908 megatons. At the same time our margin of strategic superiority over the U.S.S.R., SALT II or no SALT II, will increase.

We will continue to have the same enormous advantage in strategic power that we have always had. The idea that SALT II would leave us at a disadvantage is a myth perpetrated by those who would prefer to place no restraint on the arms race at all.

The claim that the Soviets might attempt a first strike in the hope of destroying elements of our retaliatory force is absurd. Since they cannot be sure of destroying any substantial part of this force, they have nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by attempting it. Even if they mistakenly believed that we were vulnerable, they would still be deterred by our fleet of strategic-ballistic-missile submarines, whose submerged locations are impossible to detect with sufficent accuracy and speed for a guaranteed preemptive strike, whose mobility outmaneuvers the retargeting ca-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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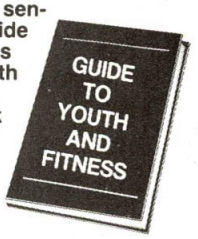

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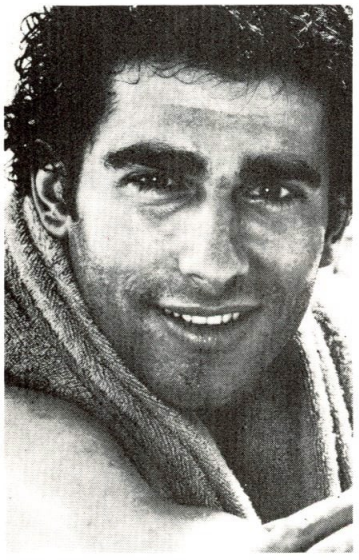

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pabilities of missiles already in flight, and whose SLBMs right now dispose a total of 7,424 warheads—enough all by themselves to obliterate the whole of the Soviet Union five times over.

The Soviets, of course, have SLBMs and early-warning systems, too, which is why it would be equally pointless for us to attempt a first strike at them. Thus, both of the superpowers have an effective deterrent against a first strike. Neither superpower can change reality by opting no longer to believe in this deterrent.

Yet this is what the American public is now being asked to do. We are told that the Soviets have never believed in deterrence. We are told we should no longer believe in it ourselves! The Soviets, it is said, have achieved greater accuracy in the delivery of nuclear weapons, thus improving their capability for a first strike at our missile silos. As a result, they may now be willing to risk such a strike. In order to prepare for that possibility, it is argued, we must move toward the same improved capability ourselves and adopt the same presumed willingness to use it.

Missiles accurate enough to hit another nation's silos constitute what strategists call a counterforce. A counterforce, they say, enables a nation to fight an extended nuclear war limited to military targets, in an attempt to destroy command centers and retaliatory forces that might otherwise be used against industrial and population centers. Civilian populations are supposed to be spared. The nation first struck is supposed to sue for peace rather than risk further devastation.

It is not explained how a missile with even pinpoint accuracy can destroy another missile that has already left its silo. There are two other problems. Many critical military targets are located in major population centers or adjacent to them. Finally, once the military targets are gone, we cannot be sure whether the nation threatened with defeat will any longer hesitate to seek retaliation against civilian populations. There is no way of ruling out the risk of such escalation.

Nevertheless, the counterforce doctrine is the only concept embodied in Presidential Directive 59, announced by the Carter administration last August. We were told we faced a "counterforce gap." Since the greater accuracy of our own missiles gave us an improved first-strike capability long before the Soviets had one, and since the greater number of our weapons permitted us to begin aiming hundreds of them at Soviet military targets as long ago as 1962, 11 years before the Soviets had even begun to plan such targeting refinements, this gap is no more real than the gaps that preceded it.

The sad truth is that the counterforce doctrine has been our unofficial policy since the early 1960s. Sadder still is the fact that we did not set out to attain the first-strike capability on which it is based. Once we had created a strategic deterrent force, we could have ended further devel-

opment of nuclear weapons. But research continued, because the continuing profitability of several major defense corporations engaged in this work depended on it. We continued to improve the accuracy of our weapons because there was no other direction in which technology could still evolve. Once we had begun to develop sufficient accuracy to raise the threat of a first strike, we forced the Soviets to do the same. Counterforce doctrine simply justifies what technology has wrought.

This doctrine also encourages some very dangerous thinking, requiring those who adopt it to believe, as George Bush has said, that "we can win a nuclear war" and that it is better to win such a war than lose it. On the contrary, if such a war is ever fought, the survivors may envy the dead.

Carter's announcement of PD 59, like so many previous warnings of Soviet intent, was timed for political reasons. It helped to preempt criticism of such controversial new weaponry as the Cruise and the MX missiles, and it enhanced congressional support for such programs. The issue of the MX, which had always been presented as a purely defensive system, had been bitterly fought for two years. Expected to cost more than $60 billion, it was going to require the largest construction effort ever undertaken by the U.S. government, surpassing even that for the Panama Canal. Many congressmen felt that it was a waste. Others objected to the substantial environmental damage it would cause. Shortly after the announcement of PD 59, it was revealed that the MX missile had been designed not only to escape a first strike but also with the required precision to make one. Resistance to the project has evaporated.

PD 59 was also announced just before the Democratic National Convention, in order to gain favor among delegates concerned with Republican charges that the incumbent administration had failed to provide for the nation's defense.

If ever there was an election year in which such charges seemed labored, 1980 was it. Aside from adding the Cruise and MX missiles to the arms race, Carter had also continued development of the neutron bomb and a new penetrating bomber—however much he made of postponing their actual production. This was the president who had vowed to cut military spending. Instead he raised it to record levels for three years in a row and pressed our NATO allies to do the same. He promised to cut back our arms exports. We continue, as before, to supply more than half the global arms trade, now worth more than $40 billion a year. He promised to reduce our military presence abroad. Instead he expanded it, adding three more nations to the 42 that already harbored the vast network of our military bases overseas, and inaugurating a Rapid Deployment Force that will cost more than $30 billion and duplicates projection forces already provided by our Marine

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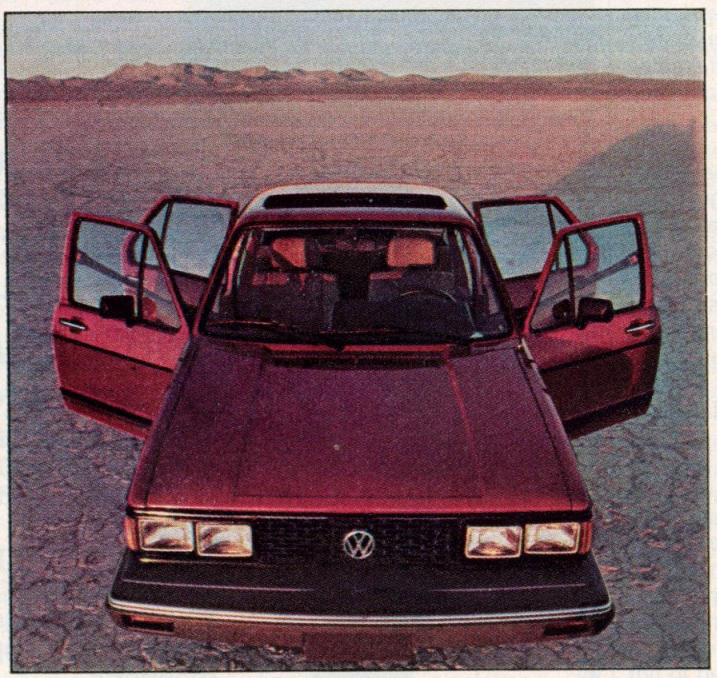
What do you get when you add a trunk to a bunny?

A FANCIER RABBIT

BY WADE HOYT

European manufacturers have an enviable tradition of building cars called "sports sedans." They look like ordinary go-to-market family cars, but they accelerate and handle like sports cars. Not like Porsches and Ferraris, perhaps, but well enough to blow the doors off many well-known two-seaters. The invention of the hatchback would seem to give the owners of such sporty sedans the best of two worlds—the performance of a sports car coupled with the practicality of a small station wagon. Who could ask for more? Apparently, enough potential customers to make many manufacturers rethink the whole hatchback philosophy.

There is a small but significant number of car buyers who wouldn't be caught dead in a hatchback. They demand a car that—to use Detroit terminology—is more "formal." It must have a notchback roofline (as opposed to a fastback) and a separate trunk.



Demand for this configuration is so great in Europe that BMW has never produced a hatchback. Audi's venture into hatchbacks was terminated before it was exported to the U.S. And manufacturers like Volkswagen are now offering the option of a trunk on a model called the Jetta, in their famous Rabbit series of cars.

Now that Detroit has finally gotten into hatchbacks in a big way, VW of America has switched signals by importing the Jetta from Germany. The Jetta and the Rabbit convertibles are the only German-made Rabbits available in the States. (All other U.S. bunnies are assembled in Pennsylvania.) This has its pluses and minuses. One minus is trading dollars for deutsche marks, which tends to drive up the price for Americans. However, VW is bringing a very "up-market" Jetta to our shores, which should justify the price tag.

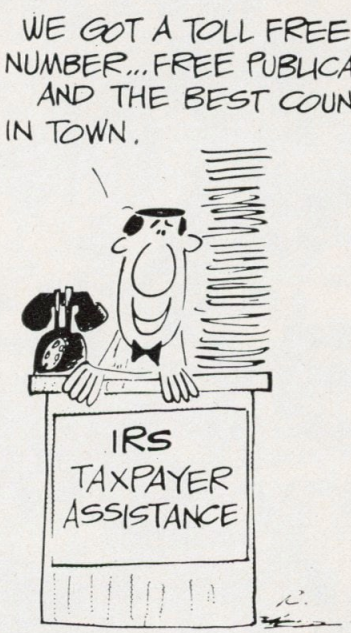
Our test car had attractive tan fabric upholstery, firm European seats (as opposed to the limp American ones in a Rabbit), a no-nonsense dash with simple white-on-black instruments, a "Quarz-Zeit" clock, and a neat row of beady little warning lights. The AM/FM stereo radio with cassette deck is standard equipment, as are the five-speed manual transmission, reclining seatbacks, dual remote-control outside rearview mirrors, and rear window defogger. A little window at the bottom of the parcel shelf lets you examine the fuses without the usual acrobatics. The real three-point lap and shoulder belts show that Wolfsburg, at least, sees its customers as adults. The Rabbit's two-point "automatic" belts make it a hassle to get in and out of the car and make you feel like a child being strapped into your high chair by overprotective parents.

On the outside, the Jetta is pretty much Rabbit from the rear doors forward, but some subtle detail changes give it such a classy appearance that people stop you in parking lots to ask "What kind of Volkswagen is that?" The front end sports a shallow grille with four rectangular headlights and a deep air dam. The flared wheel openings are protected from stone chips by black crinkle-finish plastic spats. And the trunk, although it adds 12½ inches of length, makes the Jetta look like a "real" car, not some little sawed-off shoebox. It is also a useful rectangular pit that will hold more luggage than a Cadillac Seville.

A rear stabilizer bar, wider wheels, 70-series Michelin XZX tires, and doubtless a little more weight out back give the Jetta the kind of snappy handling on twisty roads that the Rabbit used to have but which has since slowly disappeared as it has been Americanized. The car's steering is direct and responsive, and the acceleration is brisk, if not breathtaking. The Bosch K-Jetronic fuel injection makes the 76-horsepower, transverse, four-cylinder, overhead-camshaft engine a joy. Depress the gas pedal a tad, and the engine will start at the first twist of the key, hot or cold, with no stalling and none of the balkiness of today's carburetored engines.

Base price of a two-door Jetta is $7,650. The four-door costs $7,870. Mag wheels add $220 more, a manual sunroof is an extra $260, and air conditioning goes for $575; add $65 for tinted window glass and $95 for metallic paint. You can be looking at a $9,000 Volkswagen before you even pay the sales tax. On the other hand, you can pay that much for a fairly ordinary GM X-body or Chrysler K-car. The Jetta will give you as much fun and better mileage than sports sedans that reach into the five-figure bracket. In that light, it is still an economy car.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



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Corps. Though he pledged to revive SALT II when he was reelected, it was he who had shelved it.

Most significant of all, by publicly codifying a doctrine of limited nuclear war that our military had quietly followed for more than 18 years, Carter showed himself perfectly willing to let history record this senseless policy as his own administration's idea.

As if this were not enough, Birch Bayh, chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, reported that before the Soviets intervened in Afghanistan, our CIA had been supplying arms to the rebels there, in violation of the Hughes-Ryan amendment, which prohibited such covert action. At the same time Carter was pressing Congress to ratify a new CIA charter that would legally free that agency to do what it was already doing.

When the Soviets finally did intervene in Afghanistan, Carter called their action the "gravest threat" to world peace since 1945. He promptly organized a boycott of the Moscow Olympics, embargoed grain sales to the U.S.S.R., reversed a boycott of arms aid to Pakistan, embarked on a new program of military aid to China, openly announced our program of support for the Afghan "freedom fighters" as though it had just begun, and threatened the return of a draft that will do absolutely nothing to improve the readiness of our military services.

We do not need raw recruits. But we do need the pilots, missile control officers, radar technicians, and mechanics we have spent hundreds of millions of dollars to train but have lost to civilian industry. Higher salaries would keep them in the services. The money is already available, in abundance. Eliminate cost overruns in military contracts. These amounted to $17.4 billion in 1977 alone. Eliminate weapons we do not need. The navy has repeatedly tried to drop its own F-18 aircraft program, but Congress won't let it. The F-18 may cost more than $26 billion before procurement is ended. Reform the military retirement pay system. Twelve billion dollars was spent on retirement pay in 1980. Most of its recipients, known as "double dippers," left the military at the midpoint of their working lives and now receive full salaries—and retirement benefits—from civilian employers.

Fortified with the knowledge of Soviet armored divisions crossing the Afghan border, a newly discovered brigade of Soviet troops that had been in Cuba for 17 years, and a small contingent of American hostages in Tehran, Carter went to Congress and called for an increase in defense spending of 5.4 percent after adjustments to take account of inflation. Congress, frustrated by our inability to protect our embassies abroad or to guard our oil in the power vacuum of the Persian Gulf, added $19 billion more to that, raising the military budget over the White House request for the first time in ten years. Taxpayers were asked to heed the

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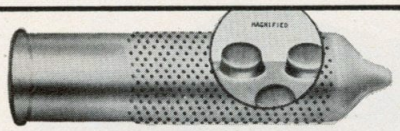

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ominous rumble of Soviet tanks in Kabul. Few also heard the accompanying pop of champagne bottles being uncorked on Wall Street.

Ronald Reagan was able to look at all of this and say that while we were in an arms race with the Soviet Union, "the only ones who are racing are the Soviets." It was comments like these from Reagan that once led Gerald Ford to observe that "Governor Reagan couldn't get us into a nuclear war. President Reagan could." All the same, Ford became one of Reagan's key campaigners, and the Republican platform called for "overall military and technological superiority over the Soviet Union." Superiority is more than deterrence requires. It is a continuing commitment to an excess of military power, to unrestrained growth in our defense sector, and to an outmoded imperialism in foreign policy that attempts to justify both.

Presidential security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski called the Afghan intervention "a watershed event," pointing out that it was the first time Soviet troops had been used beyond Soviet or Warsaw Pact borders. We were told that this threatened a major shift in the global balance of power, that the Soviets were now poised to strike at the Iranian oil fields, and that their continuing presence in Afghanistan was bound to spread their influence throughout the Persian Gulf.

For the better part of half a century, the Soviets have been within closer striking distance to the Iranian oil fields from Azerdzhan than they are now from Afghanistan. Yet in all this time they have not struck. If they remain in Afghanistan, they will share a border with Pakistan. This is a local strategic novelty that excites the domino theorists, who apparently believe any Communist nation is bound to have more influence upon its neighbor than its neighbor can have in return: if a socialist revolution should develop somewhere in the Persian Gulf, and it is precipitated by the Soviet hand, then it is bound to produce a regime hostile to us. It is we who hold to that view and who respond to most such regimes with distrust. There is no reason for this. We could tomorrow restore trade with Cuba, forget the United Fruit Company's loss of what it claims to be its bananas, and end Cuba's dependence on the Soviet Union.

The Soviets are said to have used Soman, a form of nerve gas, in Afghanistan. Soman is lethal. Its use, like that of other chemical agents in war, is prohibited by international treaty. If any real evidence of the use of Soman in Afghanistan had existed, there is little doubt that we would have found it, had the bodies autopsied by an international panel of recognized medical authorities, and dragged the whole issue before the World Court. This has not happened. What has happened is that in 1981 Congress approved the expenditure of $3.15 million to begin construction of a plant at the Pine Bluffs Arsenal to manufacture a new series of binary nerve gas weapons, together with $19 million for equipment for that plant. This was after the Soman rumors circulated for almost a year, giving rise to warnings of an indisputable Soviet lead in chemical warfare. The Soman rumors still have not been substantiated.

In the same way, last March the administration began to circulate reports that a serious outbreak of anthrax had occurred in Sverdlovsk. This, we are told, was the result of an accident at that city's bacteriological warfare laboratory. The Soviets said that it was the result of infected meat supplies. Neutral evidence from the International Red Cross appears to confirm that the type of anthrax suffered was gastric—not the kind to result from release of a bacteriological agent, which would have caused pulmonary anthrax instead. However, the reports were taken to indicate a massive Soviet effort in this field and helped gain support in Congress for the $20.4 million now budgeted in 1981 for research and development in biological warfare.

Similar allegations of Soviet progress in other fields have helped this year to secure research-and-development appropriations of $125 million for antisatellite weapons, $110 million for particle beam weapons, $210 million for laser weapons,

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and $266 million for antiballistic missiles. A total of $17 billion will be provided in 1981 for research and development on behalf of strategic and tactical systems.

Of our record military budget of $159.3 billion, a major portion will be spent for the improvement and expansion of existing forces, including $51.9 billion for general purpose forces and $10.9 billion for strategic forces. Procurement of new weapons and equipment has risen from $35.8 billion in 1980 to $44.2 billion this year. These sums are required, we are told, to catch up with Soviet expenditures, which far exceed our own.

Last January the CIA reported that the Soviets would spend an estimated equivalent of $165 billion on defense in the coming year, a figure that was bound to be compared with our own 1980 defense budget of $139.3 billion. The agency added that for the past decade Soviet defense expenditures had been running about 30 percent higher than those in the United States.

We must look to the Swedish International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI) in Stockholm and to the International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS) in London for the Soviet Union's actual ruble expenditures on defense. Both institutions give the figure of 17.1 billion rubles for the Soviet military budget in 1980. At the official exchange rate of $1.60, that is equivalent to $27.4 billion, less than 17 percent of the "comparable dollar estimate" offered by the CIA.

Nor is the CIA's estimate compared with an aggregate figure for our own activities, one that corresponds to those included, as the agency admits, in its Soviet figure. To make a proper comparison with the estimated Soviet expenditure of $165 billion, we would have to add to our own 1980 defense budget of $139.3 billion another $4.7 billion for the military exploration of space, $2.8 billion for civil defense, $1 billion for the Coast Guard, $2 billion for the manufacture of nuclear warheads budgeted to the Department of Energy, and $20.5 billion for the Veterans Administration. This brings the total of comparable spending in the United States to $170.3 billion, higher even than the CIA's prodigiously inflated figure for the U.S.S.R.

Despite the distortions in the CIA estimates, and despite the availability of more accurate comparisons, most of the American public, the press, and even Congress accepts the CIA figures without questioning their legitimacy or the purpose behind them. The purpose is not obscure. SIPRI notes that the "clear bias in propositions about Soviet military expenditures" has been "central to presentation of the threat" and calls the result "a successful propaganda exercise," chiefly responsible for large increases in spending by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Indeed, NATO spending exceeded the estimated spending of the Warsaw Pact each year through the 1970s, ending in 1979 with a total of $212 billion in NATO expenditures compared with an estimated total of $175 billion for the Warsaw Pact. This is a far more relevant comparison than that between ourselves and the Soviet Union.

If comparisons of spending cannot be persuasive once public opinion is properly informed, comparisons may be made of manpower and equipment. These, however, must be highly selective in order to magnify the threat. We are told, for example, that the Soviet Navy has 1,764 ships, while the U.S. Navy has only 462. Of the Soviet vessels, 1,045 are mine-warfare, patrol, or auxiliary types, but the U.S.S.R. still has 269 major surface combatants compared with our 178. This comparison does not take into account the fact that Soviet surface combatants are for the most part capable only of single salvos of antiship missiles, while each of ours is a floating munitions depot capable of sustained fire from guns and missile launchers for several hours. Nor does it consider that our ships employ much higher technology in fire control, missile guidance, radar, antiaircraft, antimissile defense, and antisubmarine warfare systems.

There is no mention of the fact that the Soviet Navy has 50 nuclear attack submarines while we have 75, or that the Soviets have 870 naval combat aircraft while we

have 1,820, 1,100 of them deployed on aircraft carriers—of which we have 13 while the U.S.S.R. has 2. Most important of all, the pleas for a stronger navy overlook the fact that the Soviets must maintain fleets in the Black Sea, the Baltic and Barents seas, and the Sea of Japan, where they may easily be denied access to the open oceans, as recent NATO exercises have shown. Admiral Hayward's three-ocean mission is therefore a good deal more difficult for the Soviets to carry out than it is for us. Because many Soviet surface combatants are stationed outside the NATO area, NATO holds the preponderance of naval force, with 485 surface combatants on station against the Warsaw Pact's 195. This gives NATO a two-to-one advantage in tonnage alone, aside from the technological superiority and incomparable lethality of these vessels. Our navy already has 109 more ships under construction, and 60 of these will have joined our fleet by 1985.

If the Soviet naval threat vanishes, there is still the vast armada of Soviet aircraft, giving the Warsaw Pact what seems a numerical superiority of 5,745 aircraft against the commonly cited figure of 3,300 for NATO. However, this NATO figure does not include the U.S. Navy's entire strength of 1,100 carrier-borne aircraft, 400 French combat aircraft, and an additional 100 dual-purpose NATO aircraft capable of a combat role. Almost all of these would be committed to any outbreak of hostilities in Western Europe, raising the actual NATO complement of aircraft to 4,900. An additional 807 Tornado multi-role combat aircraft now being added to the British, Italian, and West German Air Forces brings NATO air strength very close to numerical parity.

NATO planners know this, of course. They also know that the major proportion of Warsaw Pact aircraft cannot perform competitively against ours. Again, quality counts more than numbers. NATO has a higher proportion of multi-purpose aircraft, and almost all its aircraft have far more advanced navigation, flight control, weapons delivery, and electronic countermeasures systems.

Manpower comparisons are another means of raising the fear of the Soviet threat. It is usually pointed out that of its 2,700,000 uniformed personnel, the Soviet Union has 1,800,000 in its army, while the U.S. Army musters only 750,000. However, 800,000 Soviet soldiers, together with 25 percent of Soviet tactical air strength, have been assigned to the defense border with China that is 6,000 miles long.

Today there are 64 active NATO divisions pitted against 68 in the Warsaw Pact, which seems to suggest that the Pact has an edge in manpower. The reverse is true. NATO has a standing force of 2,800,000 compared with the Pact's 2,600,000. What if there were full mobilization? The addition of all available reserve strengths would give NATO a force of 5,184,500 compared with the Pact's 4,800,000—thus increasing the edge. Nor does this include 326,800 troops in the French Army.

Manpower comparisons of United States and Soviet forces usually are made only between army strengths, since by ourselves we exceed the Soviet Union in every other category, with 563,000 in our air force compared with 475,000 in theirs, 524,000 in our navy compared with 433,000 in theirs, and 184,000 of our marines, compared with 12,000 of theirs.

The most impressive comparison used for winning hearts and minds, and for opening the public purse, involves the unquestioned Soviet superiority in numbers of tanks. It is offered that the Warsaw Pact has 27,200 tanks compared with only 11,800 for NATO and France. This gives the pact what seems a decisive lead.

But NATO now deploys 193,000 antitank weapons, most of them precision-guided missiles, while the Warsaw Pact can muster 68,000 such weapons, few of them comparable in lethality. Dr. William Perry, under secretary of defense for research and engineering, confirms that the United States has "a substantial lead" in precision-guided weapons, which he regards "the most significant application of technology to modern warfare."

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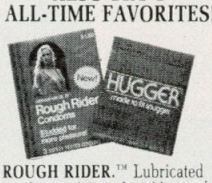

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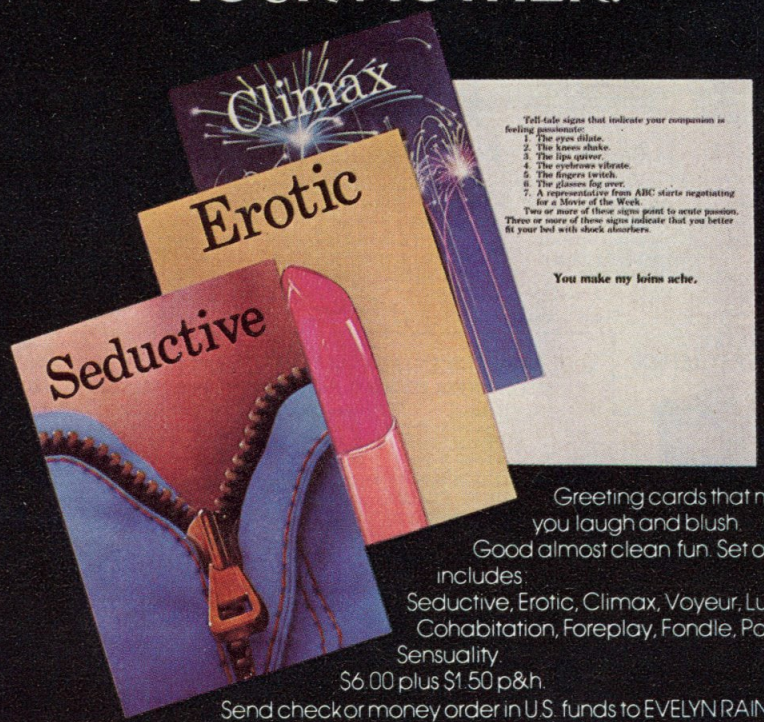

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Among the missiles in our antitank arsenal are the AGM-65 Maverick series of air-to-ground munitions with electro-optical, laser or infrared guidance, and the army's M-47 Dragon and MGM-71 TOW. The TOW is mounted on a variety of vehicles, from jeeps to armored personnel carriers, and is the standard armament for the AH-1Q and AH-1S Cobra and Hughes AH-64 attack helicopters. Congressmen who have learned how well the TOW performs are warned that the armor on the new Soviet T-72 tank is too tough to be penetrated by the TOW warhead. What they are not told is that every TOW missile in the NATO inventory has been equipped with an improved TOW-2 warhead that penetrates up to twice the thickness of that armor.

The capability of the TOW is matched by that of most of our other antitank missiles, as well as by the Copperhead laser-guided 155mm artillery projectile, the Walleye television-guided bomb, the GAU-8/A 30 mm multibarreled antitank cannon mounted on the A-10 Thunderbolt close-air-support aircraft, and the Mk 118 antitank fragmentation bomb that is used in our new Rockeye cluster munitions, producing fragments that cut through armor at speeds of up to 4,000 feet per second. "The technology balance," Dr. Perry allows, "is shifting in favor of the antitank systems." He adds that NATO "leads in the lethality of tanks, artillery, and rocket launchers as well as in the quantity and quality of antitank missiles and combat aircraft."

Our buildup of tactical nuclear weapons in Europe has been no less prodigal than our expansion of excess conventional and strategic power. We first introduced tactical nuclear weapons on the NATO battlefield in 1954, and with them we introduced the risk that conventional warfare might escalate into a nuclear exchange. For many years we minimized this risk, telling the Soviets to regard these weapons as battlefield systems that would be used only against military targets in the theater of combat. The Soviets did not accept this prescription. They took note of the fact that many of these weapons, especially those carried by aircraft with ranges of up to 1,200 miles, were well within reach of major cities deep in the Soviet heartland. Consequently, three years later they introduced their own tactical nuclear weapons in Europe.

Today we deploy more than 7,000 tactical nuclear weapons in Europe, including 72 Pershing I missiles with a range of 450 miles, 54 Lance and 91 Honest John missiles, and 3,800 rounds of 155 mm and 203 mm artillery projectiles with nuclear warheads for use, respectively, by the 215 M-109 and 300 M-110 self-propelled howitzers allocated to our Seventh Army's battalion and divisional artillery units. In addition, we deploy 400 Hound Dog air-launched missiles, a precursor of the Cruise missile with a range of 600 miles, and 2,500 B-61 and B-72 nuclear gravity

bombs for delivery by the 390 U.S. Air Force F-4 and F-111 aircraft and 100 U.S. Navy F-4, A-6, and A-7 aircraft that have been assigned NATO theater nuclear targets. The 807 Tornado aircraft now entering service with our European allies will also "be employed in the nuclear strike role," according to Gen. David C. Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Finally, 400 warheads have been allocated to NATO theater targets from our Poseidon submarine fleet.

Once again, we have achieved an overwhelming preponderance of power. The Soviet Union, which must also contend with the strategic nuclear forces of China, Great Britain, and France, has allocated 2,586 warheads to the Warsaw Pact theater. Its major tactical nuclear weapons are the SS-4 and SS-5 missiles and the SS-20, a new version of the SS-5 with three warheads instead of one, which began entering service in 1976. To date, about 120 SS-20s have been produced, and half are deployed with the Warsaw Pact. Of the 80 Tu-22M Backfire bombers produced to date, 50 are allocated, not to strategic targets in the United States, as is frequently claimed, but to theater nuclear targets in Europe.

Even if the current disparity in tactical nuclear power did not exist and the Soviets did not withdraw their 590 SS-4s and SS-5s as planned, at the current rate of production of 50 SS-20s per year it would take them another 33 years before they could balance the additional 5,000 tactical warheads we will have in Europe, with or without SALT II, by 1985. At the current production rate of 30 Backfire aircraft per year, it would take them 25 years before they could balance the force of 807 Tornado aircraft that will all be in NATO service by 1986.

Now we plan to deploy an additional force of 108 Pershing II and 464 Ground-Launched Cruise Missiles (GLCMs) in Europe. These are said to be needed to counter the presence of the new Soviet SS-20, whose initial appearance allegedly sent NATO into shock because its accuracy and range enabled the Soviets—for the first time, we are told—to strike at major European cities well behind the NATO front line. In fact, Soviet SS-4 and SS-5 missiles have been able to strike at European cities for the past 20 years.

We claim that our new missiles are needed to reassure our European allies of our commitment to their defense. Our European allies are not at all reassured. Every one of them bitterly resisted accepting these weapons, because they realize that if such weapons are used, they are going to be used on European soil, well within the retaliatory range of Soviet theater nuclear weapons, new and old.

The Pershing II was exempted from SALT II because we claimed that it had a range of only 400 miles and therefore should not be classified as a strategic weapon. It has a range of 1,200 miles. The GLCM has a range of 2,500 miles. Gen. David C. Jones acknowledges that the Pershing II and Cruise missile force will "pose a credible threat to the Soviet Union."

Once the true range of these missiles was revealed, we were told they were needed to remind the Soviets that they cannot attack Europe without risking a nuclear attack on their homeland. Yet they have faced this same risk for 26 years. If the power of our previous theater nuclear arsenal has not discouraged them from continuing their alleged buildup, why will new weapons discourage them now?

We were next told that the real purpose of the new weapons was "psychological." Surely, Soviet military analysts are expected to provide an accurate assessment of the threat, not a psychological response. It was said that these weapons would improve Soviet "perceptions" of our deterrent power. Will Soviet perceptions be influenced by whatever we do and say? If so, having appealed to Congress for higher defense spending, should we now expect immediate Soviet action against us to take advantage of the military vulnerability we claim to suffer? Fortunately, the Soviets do not believe this claim. Neither should anyone else.

The addition of more redundant tactical nuclear power in Europe only further

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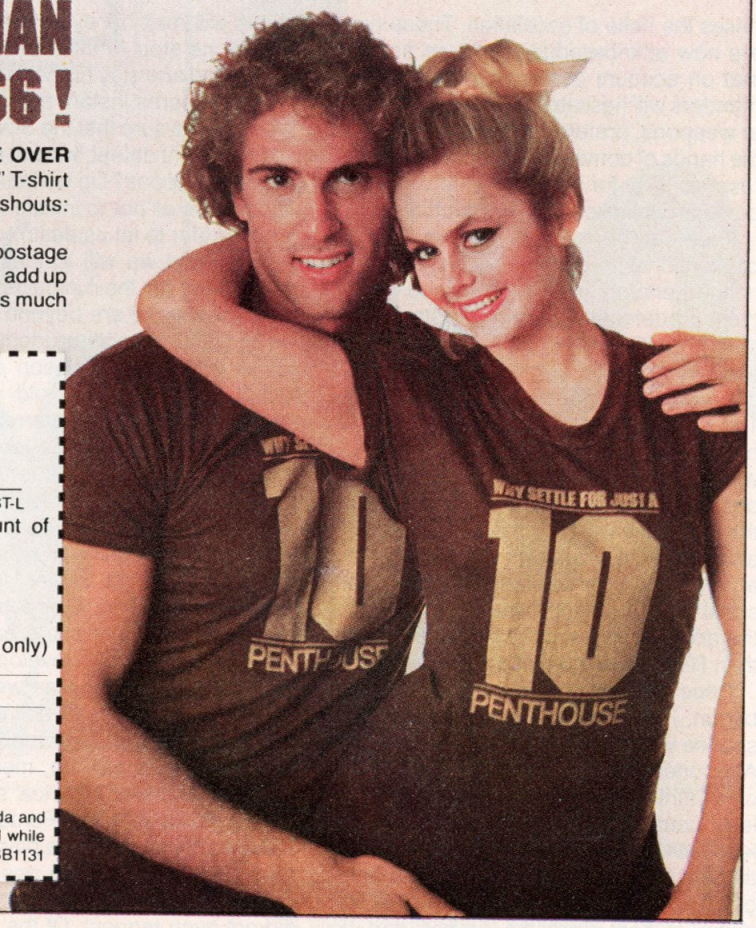

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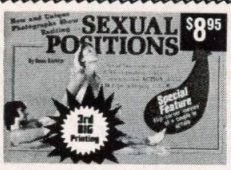

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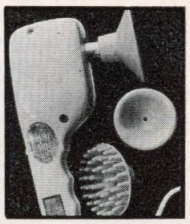

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raises the risks of escalation. Those risks are now acknowledged, and we are told that on account of them battlefield commanders will hesitate to use tactical nuclear weapons, preferring to accept defeat at the hands of conventional forces than take responsibility for initiating what could become an unlimited nuclear exchange.

If we can be made to believe that our conventional forces are weak, then this notion certainly justifies the need for increased defense spending to strengthen them. But it also suggests that a conventional war can be fought and won without eliciting an available nuclear response. This requires a selective understanding of human nature. Battlefield commanders will naturally hesitate to use nuclear weapons. No one wants to begin what may be the end of the world. But commanders are also trained to win, to use all the resources at hand, and to regard defeat, not as a personal loss, but as the shame of a nation, the downfall of a way of life. Better Dead than Red, the slogan of the 1950s ran.

Once the use of nuclear weapons has begun, it is even less clear what the response will be. Is "first use" the only sin? After one force has sustained the first nuclear strike, will its commander feel no less compunction about responding in kind? Will he find any comfort in knowing that he did not personally start the holocaust about to ensue? As he feels the first pulse of heat from the fireball that he knows will melt his eyes from their sockets, will he stop to think about the future of mankind and stay his hand from the button that assures instant revenge?

Can we be sure that the Soviets, if faced with imminent defeat, will not respond with nuclear weapons? Do we believe that they want above all not to initiate their use and would prefer to let us destroy their armies and do what we will to their peoples as punishment for their iniquities? The decisions they make are beyond our control.

Therefore the only prudent response is not to presume escalation can be controlled but rather to avoid war. Consequently, the nuclear deterrent in Europe has worked very well. So long as rational men are in command, it is unlikely there will ever be any kind of war between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. It is unlikely there will be any kind of military confrontation between the Soviet Union and the United States. The risk is too great.

The risk has been too great ever since the superpowers first developed a nuclear deterrent. Since that time we have spent hundreds of billions of dollars that could have been saved. Yet whenever we are told it is time to arm up, meet the Soviet threat, and make America strong again, money flows into the Pentagon coffers. The industry to which it is paid has not produced the weapons we need. Instead, it has produced a great many weapons we did not even request. Of the weapons we need, it has produced too few and at too high a price.

What this industry has produced in abundance is profits. Defense appropriations are the single most concentrated source of profit available to American corporations. Profits, after all, are what corporations exist to make, whether or not they make anything else. These profits benefit corporate shareholders more than they benefit the national security. Those shareholders do not feel the effects of inflation induced by defense spending as soon as the average taxpayer does.

Twenty cents out of every tax dollar now goes for defense. Taxpayers are asked to promote the very conditions from which they suffer. The more they give, the less they are able to manage with what they have left. It is like asking them to commit a slow form of suicide. The Soviets do not threaten us with extinction. We may accomplish it all by ourselves.

In this call to arms, then, the military-industrial establishment is asking the average citizen to subsidize corporate growth as a patriotic duty. Clearly, sacrifices in the name of national defense are not being made by all Americans. They are being made only by those who can least afford it. The myth of the Soviet threat is one of the largest frauds ever perpetrated upon the American public. Never have so many, for so little reason, given so much to so few.

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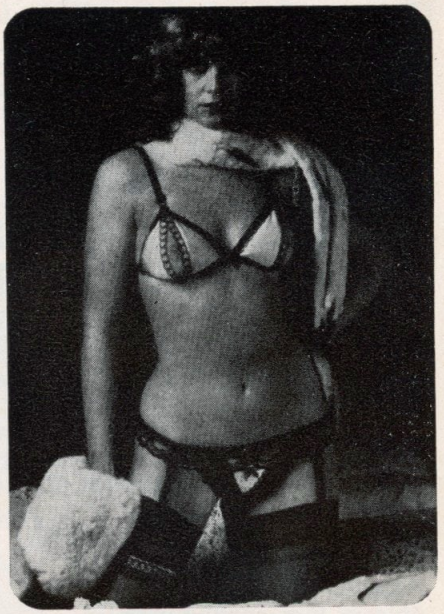

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Slowly at first, but her dirty talk had really turned me on. Soon I was bucking, reaming her lips good. I sneered down at her, "Suck it! Suck it good!" I was raving. "I'm going to come all over your face!" I threatened. She must have known when I was about to come, because she pulled her head away just in time, with her right hand firmly replacing wet lips, and in the same rhythm expertly stroked me. She held her face there, lips parted, almost smiling. Laura was looking up into my eyes like a devoted puppy, as two or three of the most powerful spurts of sperm I ever shot sprayed her lips and tongue. Her open mouth started catching and swallowing the gobs of sperm that dripped from the head. It was so perfect, I almost cried.

Laura sort of lay back on one hip on the floor, looking down, licking my jism from her chin. With her finger she wiped some from her cheek, and after contemplating it for a while, reaching inside her open front, as if to rub it on the hard nipples of her firm, small breasts, which I now saw for the first time. Instead, curiously, her finger wiped it on the gold arrowhead pendant of her necklace. I wondered if she was of Indian ancestry, for her features did not indicate it strongly. Noticing my complete attention, she giggled something about it being so warm and salty, like sea water. Still breathing heavily, I stepped out of my slacks and flopped across the bed. I remember wishing it was my water-bed back home. "Take off your clothes but leave your necklace on," I directed, now feeling in control.

She stood and stripped like she was in a trance, sort of like looking into a mirror. Still feeling a little high and very relaxed, I sat up on the corner of the bed, admiring her. The light from the window fell on half her nakedness, the other half shadow. Almost sensing my interest, she combed her long black hair over the front of one shoulder, the dark curls falling over one breast. They were firm, jutting tits with large dark nipples, the kind that look like they are already being sucked by something. A taut stomach with deep round navel, a curly black bush, rounded, almost athletic legs. Very small feet, so deliciously tempting I could have fallen to the floor and kissed every toe. She moved toward me, her hands going to her cunt, pulling those rather large pussy lips that I had peeked at earlier that day forward and apart.

She had something in mind and was going to show me what it was.

The light flashed for a moment on the inside of her thigh, and I caught a glimpse of the shimmering slickness of the wetness that already flooded her opening. Those juices and their musky smell invariably turn me on like a switch. I reached inside her legs and lay back as she walked up on the bed and got over me on her knees. Straddling my face, she lowered her sopping cunt and ass hole onto my hungry tongue and nose.

With one hand she grabbed a handful of my hair and, bracing the other against the wall, rocked herself across my flicking tongue and sucking lips. Her breathing turned to pants and grunts. "Lick it! Suck me here," she whispered heavily as her hand moved from my head, using her fingers to pull back the hood and protrude her swollen clit. Her slit was delicious, and I moved up, sucking her bud into my lips, nibbling and lashing it with my tongue side to side—the "buzz saw," I call it. Needless to say, I was motivated. Anyway, pussy eating is the greatest. It has become a specialty of mine, and my lovers usually receive large doses. It's good for 'em!

Must have been what she wanted. "Oooooh, baby! Yes, yes!" she cried. Her hips bucked up, and her soft ass hole was exposed. Anilingus at the right time can really pull a girl's trigger, so I circled the tip of my tongue on her rosebud like a drill. "Peter, baby! Ooooooeahaaaa . . ." Hoarsely, she whimpered as her back began to arch. I pushed my nose deep into her vagina and plunged my tongue in and out of her pliable ass. She ground her crotch down suffocatingly and exhaled with a deep hiss. My nose and mouth filled with her pungent juices, and I could feel

her pussy pulsating on my face. Her come was all over my face, dripping through my sideburns into my ears!

She then fell forward on the side of her face, leaving her ass propped up in the air, allowing me to escape. "Fuck me, Peter," she sighed, regaining composure. "Laura, *you* are a dream come true," I managed through an open jaw. Her hysterics had me ready to come on the first stroke, so, to slow the pace a little, I leaned over and kissed her ear. She raised up, and when we kissed, she got a taste of herself and, as is often the case, licked and sucked my face of all her juices. After eating a chick out, that is always very satisfying for me. She rolled over on her back, spreading her legs. A fantasy of mine presented itself, and since she was the girl of my dreams . . . I asked her to play with herself, the way she did when alone. She grinned, surprisingly without hesitation, grabbed her nipples and then rubbed her pussy. Using the first two fingers, she circled her clit, inserting a fingertip in her hole now and then. I began to lick and suck her swollen nipple, while she fingered the other. Her head flew back, and her breath quickened again. I moved to her neck and shoulders, covering her torso with kisses and little bites, then over to the other tit, where I licked and sucked at her pinching fingers. When she pulled this hand away, it found her wet hole and her masturbating hand pulled my head closer to her chest. Her natural aromas made me instinctively begin to lick and taste those fingers. Her hands were very feminine, with long fingers and beautiful, sensual nails, real bedroom claws.

Whenever I have really gotten a charge out of going down on a woman, I try to show her how good it is. A purely hedonistic desire made me command her to put her fingers deep inside the puffed-out folds of her cunt. She grinned, entertained by my curiosity about her self-manipulation. She got even by asking me to crank my semierect peter to hardness for her. While her eyes were on my demonstration of the "Rosie technique," she removed her fingers from between her legs and ran them into her sucking mouth, lips smacking when they came out. Still very involved in the extreme sensuality of this kitten's shameless displays, I was more or less content while she was thinking ahead again!

Throwing her arms around my neck and with one hand's nails sliding down my chest and stomach, she teased, "You said you were going to make love to me. Then I asked you to. Now I'm going to do it to *you*." Her hand stopped, grasping my cock, and in one motion pulled my head to her hot tunnel. She giggled at the irony she had created. Sensing the challenge and having waited long enough, I pushed away from her seductive play. Taking her by surprise, I grabbed her ankles. Pushing my shoulders under her legs, I drove into

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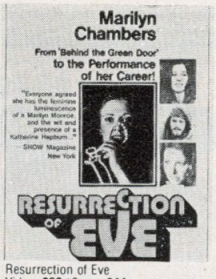

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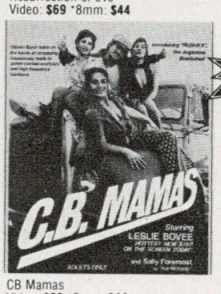

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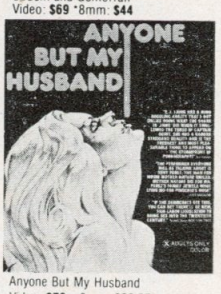

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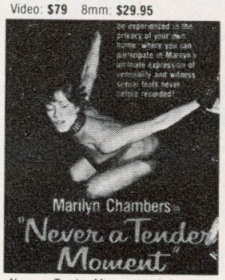

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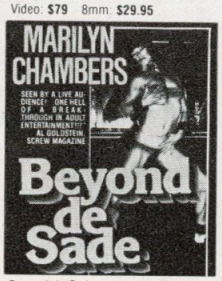

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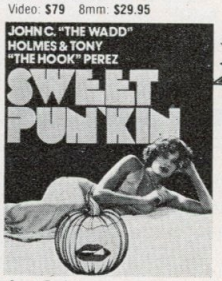

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her up to the hilt. I had a little trouble getting there, and being with a mature woman, I gave her another lunge. Jesus, was she tight! I told her I hadn't expected it so tight after her having kids and all. She said, "I know," like she had heard the same thing said before, and she was smiling. Lots of pearly white teeth as I long-stroked her beautiful hole.

This is the way she wanted it, to be taken and fucked with power. She moaned with pleasure, "This is so good!" bucking up against my thrusts now. "Am I in heaven?" I asked. "No, me." Sweetly sarcastic. I growled as animal-like as I could and began pumping faster in her now super-lubricated pussy. The last I remember we were across the bed, her head over the side, me gnawing on her shoulders, her legs wrapped around me . . . nails raking my back and ass, the wetness of her tongue in my ear . . . but mostly my cock in her cunt, gripped like a vise. . .

The next thing I recall was leaving Laura at the door of their hotel room back out at the beach. They were catching a plane at 6:00 A.M. I didn't know what time it was, nor did I care. At the door I remember Laura saying, "I loved tonight." I replied, "I loved you," my words reaching for her. "You did," she said, as she closed the door to the room and to my dream come true. I never asked her last name. I'll never see her again. I'll never forget her.—*Name and address withheld*

The proper cure

I am six feet two inches and blond, with blue eyes and wide shoulders. Girls think I am good-looking, but until recently I did not have a "Forum" sex life, because I was a premature ejaculator. Most of the girls on this small-college campus were aware of this fact through "dorm talk." Well, this summer I repeated a course in economics that I had flunked a couple of semesters before. Since Professor Laurence was the same teacher that I had flunked under prevously, I made arrangements to see him on a regular basis after class for extra help.

During the fourth week a coed in my class by the name of Mindy asked if she could study with me for an upcoming exam, as she was having trouble with the subject matter. (She was aware that I was receiving aid from the prof.) Did we have fun learning the Keynesian system! To begin with, we had to carefully define consumption. Mindy is a pert blonde, with uplifted tits and a beautiful ass. She was wearing her jeans so tight that I could detect her gorgeous slit. I directed her to show me her consumption as I intently glared at her sex pot, covered by her snug-fitting blue denims. She proceeded to "drop her trou" and display consumption in a manner that no red-blooded college stud could ever forget. I had to stop and "consume it on the margin" (and totally, too, I must confess). After much hard breathing she screamed out, "You hot-licking, multiplying stud!" and then proceeded to come gloriously as I consumed her juices in my mouth.

Next we needed to define investment. She had an immediate solution for that variable. By directing me to lie face down on the daybed, she placed her hands under me and unbuckled my belt, unzipped my designer Levi's, and expertly depantsed me (no junior in high school ever did it better). Since I was wearing no undershorts, she immediately went to work, engaging in a glorious rim job on my almost hairless ass. As she came up for breath, she gasped, "Lee, this investment is gorgeous." I thanked her as I stated, "Now we need the marginal propensity to consume." Still lying on my stomach, I brought her beautiful ass up to meet my tongue and proceeded to reciprocate with a rim job on her beautiful derriere. As I came up for air, I gasped, "Mindy, I cannot believe your propensity. It is anything but marginal."

Our system now had the following variables: consumption, investment, and the marginal propensity to consume. It still needed a multiplier. Both Mindy and I knew what that was going to be. Mindy stated that the multiplier times the investment would give us the increase in income or employment, as Professor Laurence had stated. I teased Mindy before I rolled over, stating that the value of the multiplier

had increased owing to the increase in consumption as a relationship to the employment of my mouth on her beautiful, properly trimmed quim. She directed me to roll over so that she might investigate. Surely enough, my usual seven-and-one-quarter-inch pole was reaching an unbelievable seven and one-half inches, aiming straight up in the air. She licked and purred on that most masculine part of my physique, and then she mounted it, and I began to consume her by using my investment to gain greater penetration and rhythmic thrusts by my multiplier.

All of a sudden I realized that we had forgotten a basic part of the Keynesian system—namely, government. But I knew where the taxes and government were bouncing. "Stop," I commanded. "We forgot something." She immediately dismounted, and I laid her down on her back and began kneading one tit with my multiplier as I said, "This is government." But to keep Governor Brown happy, I then proceeded to knead the other breast, saying, "This represents taxes." As I placed my multiplier between government and taxes, I said, "This represents the balanced budget . . ."

I did not finish this statement, because the value of the multiplier became so large that the system became unstable. The results included the largest ejaculation of my life, which was oozing and dripping on her chin, face, and golden locks of hair. As my climax subsided and my multiplier wilted between her government and taxes, I finished the statement I had begun at the point of my orgasm: ". . . multiplier, which always has a value of one." We both laughed until our sides hurt.

I hope that all you "Forum" fans will find the Keynesian system as fascinating as Mindy and I did. By the way, we both received a mark of *A* on this particular quiz, and Mindy has never mentioned my "problem," so I guess this was the proper cure.—*Name and address withheld*

New waves of pleasure

I am a student at a large university in Boston, and although my sex life was varied and plentiful, I never had an experience that I thought warranted printing in your column . . . until last weekend.

I went downtown Saturday morning to do some errands, not realizing the sexual delights that awaited me. In a record store I bumped into a blonde punk rocker as we searched through the latest New Wave imports. There seemed to be a natural attraction both mentally and physically. I felt a twinge in my cock. She invited me to her apartment, and I accepted.

As we walked, she introduced herself as Cindy, and God, was she sweet. She had sparkling blue eyes, a punk shag haircut, nice, firm-looking tits, just a bit more than a mouthful, the way I like them. Her ass was the nicest thing to come into designer jeans. My cock was slightly hard from my fantasizing, and I caught her eyeing it a few times. She just flashed a naive smile and batted her eyes. We walked and talked for what seemed like hours, and by the time we arrived at her place, I was hornier for this chick than a mutt in heat.

She fixed some drinks, and we smoked some joints and got into a pretty hot conversation. I leaned over to kiss her, and she placed her hand on my semirigid member. We kissed long and explored each other's mouth with our tongues and each other's body with our hands. She lay on top of me and pressed her thigh against my dick and swelling balls. I reached under her T-shirt and began to massage her swollen nipples. She was rubbing her crotch against my leg with my hard-on straining to get out of my jeans and next to her soft belly. She was moaning softly and rubbing her cunt against my leg faster and faster. I brought her tits to my mouth and worked her nipples hard with my lips. She began to thrash around as she became hot, so I got on top of her, removed her shirt, and started at her nipples again. My leg was pressed firmly against her now wet jeans, and she

humped at it wildly. As I began to bite her rock-hard nipples, she started to scream and shudder with her first orgasm. I kissed her neck and face as she regained her composure.

She suddenly hugged me and shoved her tongue deep into my throat. She maneuvered herself on top of me and pulled off my shirt. She began to outline the muscles of my chest with her tongue, all the time rubbing against my aching hard-on, and suck and nip at my nipples, which were surprisingly hard, and I began to go slowly out of my mind with pleasure. She finally moved down and pulled off my pants and shorts and socks. Releasing my rock-hard tool, she worked at it slowly with her mouth, taking all seven inches to the base. She worked like a pro, using her lips, tongue, mouth, teeth, and throat to explore my cock, balls, and ass. She finally began to really suck my throbbing, veiny member, working it slowly in and out of her mouth. Her hands were working at my balls and tits alternately. I began to pump my cock faster into her mouth. My whole body tingled, and I felt my balls contract as I shot my thick load into her mouth. It felt like a bomb went off in my head. She licked me clean and then came up and kissed me, the taste of come still in her mouth.

She removed the rest of her clothes and sat on my face, her mouth returning to my cock. I worked slowly up her legs to her honeypot and went at her like it was my last meal. She came a few times and was soaked with her cunt juice. I mounted her when my cock reawoke and slowly entered her. I'll never forget the sight of my uncut shaft entering her blonde pussy. She was wet and hot, and I began to slowly pump her hole. As our rhythm got in tune, I began to pump her hard and fast at first and slowed and fucked her gently and deeply whenever I thought I'd lose my wad. We fucked in just about every way possible. She had come already three times, and as I felt her build for her fourth, I pumped wildly and my cock let loose another load as she came again. I had a cigarette and dozed off.

I was awakened about an hour later by voices. I was covered by a blanket, and Cindy and a male guest were talking on the other couch, Cindy covered by a clingy bathrobe. She introduced David, and we smoked and drank for about a half hour. Cindy had let her robe open up and began to slowly message her now exposed cunt and tits. She told David to strip and came over and planted her cunt once again on my eager mouth. I reached up and rubbed her firm tits. She reached back and grabbed hold of my dong and soon had it hard. David had stripped and began to suck my balls. The sensation was amazing. Cindy began to rub her tits roughly as she came to a climax. Cindy got up and sat, legs spread apart, on the other couch, watching and masturbating slowly. David sucked at my dong and balls and slowly worked a finger up my tight ass hole. We got into a 69 position, and as I sucked him slowly, he began to eat my ass. I went wild as he tongued me and jerked my cock. He moved out from under me, still eating my ass. Cindy moved over and got under me, and I stuck my dick up her cunt. I fucked her wildly and came quickly with David working my hole. David said it was my turn to get fucked and preceeded to stick his long, hard cock up my hole. It hurt at first, but as I loosened up, I began to enjoy his tool up my ass. He had great control and fucked my ass long and hard. I had a hard-on again, and Cindy took me in her mouth once again as David came. I followed shortly. We turned our attention to Cindy's hot box and brought her off also.

I showered and soon returned to the living room. Cindy had prepared some dinner, and we all ate hungrily. Cindy invited a friend over, and she arrived shortly. Her name was Claire, and what a fox she was! She was also blonde, with big tits and a nice figure. As David and I were in nothing but slight hard-ons and Cindy was only in her robe, Claire went into the bedroom and came out in one of Cindy's negligees. What a sight! Her big tits were barely contained by the flimsy material. She sat on the couch and David spent no time burying his face between her legs. Cindy lay on the floor between David's legs and started to suck his now hard shaft. I buried my head deep into her muff. Claire, like Cindy, came quickly while being eaten, and soon both girls were coming. Claire was yelling, "Fuck me," which David wasted little time in doing. As they fucked, Cindy and I got into a lazy 69 and she slowly brought my cock to life again with her expert mouth. My dick hurt slightly because of all the previous workouts but still had no problem becoming rock-hard. David pulled his dong out of Claire's cunt and shot a load all over her chest and belly. All three of us began to lick her body clean. As David and I worked her big tits, Cindy set upon her hot cunt and soon the girls were giving each other some great head.

David and I moved over to the couch and started to slowly jerk off each other. David's cock was long and thick, with a head the size of a small plum, and it was really erotic watching him play with my uncut prick as I pulled on his. The girls brought each other off and turned to us. "Now it's our turn to watch," said Cindy. David positioned himself with his bung hole about an inch from my mouth. "Eat my ass, punk," he said. I hesitated, and he planted his eager hole on my mouth. I soon was going at that hole like I would a cunt. David's big balls were bouncing around my chin. I reached up and began to squeeze them.

Then he removed his hot mouth from my aching dick and begged, "Fuck me. Fuck my ass." He squatted over my rock-hard cock and slowly pulled down the foreskin. He pressed it against his hot ass and worked it slowly in. I never had a cunt so

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tight. He started up and down. I've heard chicks talk dirty, but this guy was awesome. "Fuck me, stud. Fuck my ass good. Ram it harder, oooh." He went on and on. I couldn't believe it. "Fuck me with your big dick. Fuck me good!" I pulled my dong out and told him to put his ass up in the air while on all fours. I entered him slow and hard and started to fuck him hard. "Fuck me, please. Oooh, fuck me." I could feel my balls tightening as my orgasm approached. I spit on my hand and reached around to David's hard cock. I began to jerk him off, and he started yelling, "Shoot your come up my ass. I want your hot come." My cock responded immediately, and I shot my load up his twitching hole as he came in my hand. I began to fall asleep and remember David saying to me, "Cindy said you were a good fuck. She was right."—*Name and address withheld*

Hesitations in heaven

I'm an ordinary sort of guy: I work hard in the sweat, steam, and grime of a foundry all day, and when I come home, I enjoy a little relaxation and fun; and fun and relaxation was what I got when my girl friend, Joy, was living at my apartment this summer. With a 34-27-34 and five-foot-one-inch frame, she really knows how to make a man feel good. When she went up north to go to school, however, it got tough. We made do, though, by frequenting one of the quaint motels that are near the campus. Well, the week before finals, she called me up long distance—collect—and informed me that she wouldn't be seeing me for our customary wild weekend this time. "Maybe next week," she said, when the study load wouldn't be so heavy. I hung up on her. Her studying was just too damned important to her, huh?

By the time Friday came, I was so mad that I decided that I would go and see her anyway—even if I had to drag her down from her third-floor dorm room . . . or maybe we'd just stay in her room. I climbed the stairs to my apartment, imagining how I would stroke her through her little lacy panties, just enough so she would get excited but not enough to really get her off. I thought of her moaning, begging me to press harder—begging me to push my fingers into her waiting pussy. My cock began to grow hard as I imagined what I would do to this sexy little woman when I got hold of her. I squirmed uncomfortably as I fumbled with the keys and pushed the door open. A quick shower and some fresh clothes, and I'd be off to my lady.

I jumped as I heard the pulsating strains of a rock love song in the background and saw the familiar silhouette of my woman. "Surprise," Joy whispered sensuously.

Joy sat on the couch facing me, dressed in a long white T-shirt and a pair of baby-blue, lace-edged bikini panties. So I sat my lunchbox on the counter and walked toward her, blinking to make sure that I wasn't dreaming. I knew when she reached out and drew me toward her,

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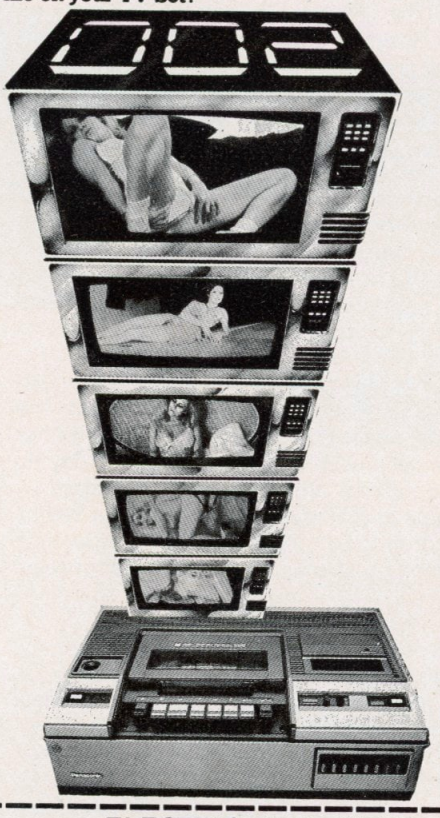

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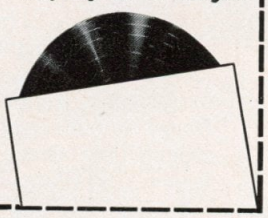

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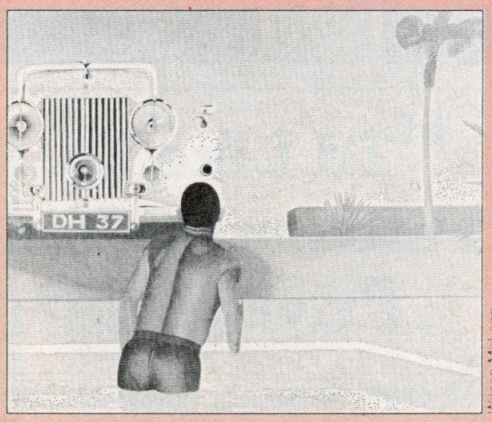

Wilson McLean

YOUNG, RICH, AND MISERABLE

American Gestapo—There is a government agency whose systematic abuse of civil rights makes the illegal activities of the CIA, the FBI, and the DEA pale by comparison. The agents of the Internal Revenue Service operate under a subsection of the U.S. Code that specifically gives them the "power of distraint and seizure by any means." As tax time nears, it is time for the new Reagan administration to begin reforming this so-called service, which Nevada Sen. Paul Laxalt (Reagan's campaign director) has described as "a national disgrace." He went on to accuse the IRS of being "out of control." In a major investigative article, Ernest Volkman and John Cummings show how the IRS ignores major tax-fraud cases and concentrates its terror on ordinary people who, in many instances, don't even realize that they're in violation of some obscure regulation. Moreover, many agents admit that the IRS is actually corrupt. "Let's face it," one of them said, "money spent in the right circles will buy you immunity these days from tax prosecutions; there's no doubt about it."

Psychiatry Kills—An increasing number of psychiatrists are drugging their patients when they discover that traditional methods of treatment have failed. The problem is, writes *Penthouse* contributing editor David Rorvik, "perhaps half or more of the million Americans who are given neuroleptics on any given day do not need them." In fact, many of these patients are permanently damaged by the incredible abuses of "up-to-the-minute psychiatry, which is characterized by an up-to-the-minute multi-billion-dollar drug habit." America, Rorvik reports, is on its way to becoming a nation of zombies, thanks to the unholy alliance of psychiatrists and drug companies.

Young, Rich, and Miserable—After writer Ben Stein moved to Hollywood several years ago, he gradually became friendly with a group of young millionaires . . . car-wash kings in their mid-twenties, songwriters who just happened to meet Donna Summer when she was starting her career, agents who handled the deals for monster film hits. They would take Stein aside and tell him how rough their lives were. "From this group of young millionaires," writes Stein, "I have learned a few things about the rich. They are, as F. Scott Fitzgerald said, different from you and me. But different apparently does not mean better, or happier." In a biting but funny article, Stein profiles four of these wretched millionaires, who whine all the way to the bank.

Yankee Ingenuity—Peter Sprague is a young American who is called the savior of the British automotive industry. He is a maverick businessman who has made and lost fortunes in chicken farming, semiconductors, films, and retail stores; a former whiz kid who delights in buying up floundering industries and turning them around; a would-be congressman and erstwhile movie producer. Andrew Duncan profiles this uniquely American creature, an energetic, farsighted, imaginative, romantic entrepreneur.

Touring—Three singers arrive in Moorhead, Minn., for a concert. Playing a hick town for a one-night stand isn't unusual, but these three have never been on the same stage at the same time. Janis could swear that the overweight man in the sequined shirt is Elvis. The skinny kid with the big glasses—isn't that Buddy Holly? Somehow the greatest legends of the world of rock have been brought together for just one night. Gardner Dozois, Jack Dann, and Michael Swanwick tell the story of a concert that we wish had happened but never will. O+

however, that this was indeed no fantasy—this was heaven! I kissed her damp lips, letting my warm, moist tongue slip inside her mouth to run along the edges of her pearly teeth. I pulled her to her feet, embracing her with strong arms, and she drew herself across me like a Siamese cat, setting my nerves on fire.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred. I nibbled at her ears, and she began to unbutton my flannel work shirt. When my shirt had fallen to the floor, she undid my zipper with expert hands and began massaging my hard cock through my boxer shorts. Then she let my underwear and pants slide down around my ankles and fell to her knees in front of me. Slowly, methodically, she began caressing the head of my cock with her talented tongue. I groaned with pleasure and stepped out of my clothes, kicking off my socks and shoes. As she gnawed gently on my cock, I felt the tension growing inside me. I grabbed her shoulders, forcing myself deep into her mouth as my muscles stiffened in preparation for a gigantic orgasm. Joy felt it, too—and stopped! She smiled slyly as I tried to force her back down on me and then slid out of my arms and went into the bedroom. I followed in a trance.

When I entered the room, she was sitting on the bed, naked, her pert, full breasts erect, her breath heavy. "Come fuck me," she beckoned. I went to her and shoved her down, pinning her hands behind her, and began licking her sweet, juicy pussy. She gasped, begging me to go faster and faster as I flicked my tongue over her clit. In the meantime my cock rubbed rhythmically against the sheets.

Her breathing became more frantic as she neared orgasm, and she squirmed violently. I held her down tight, however. Insistently I rubbed my face in her pussy, letting my tongue probe into the folds of skin surrounding her cunt. Suddenly she exploded into convulsion as she came, but still I kept eating her until she pleaded for me to stop. Then I raised my body on top of hers and shoved my burning, swollen cock inside of her. I plunged in deep, and her cunt opened up to receive me. I thrust hard, quickly losing control. Her hot pussy closed around me, and within seconds I knew that there was no stopping now. With one long, hard thrust, I came. As the sperm spewed into her, it felt like my guts were ripped out by a series of frenzied spasms. She milked me until I was dry. Then she wriggled out from under me. When I rolled onto my back, exhausted, she sucked the last drop of come into her mouth and I contracted in one last wild spasm. I fell asleep with her muff in my face and my cock in her mouth.—*Name and address withheld* O+

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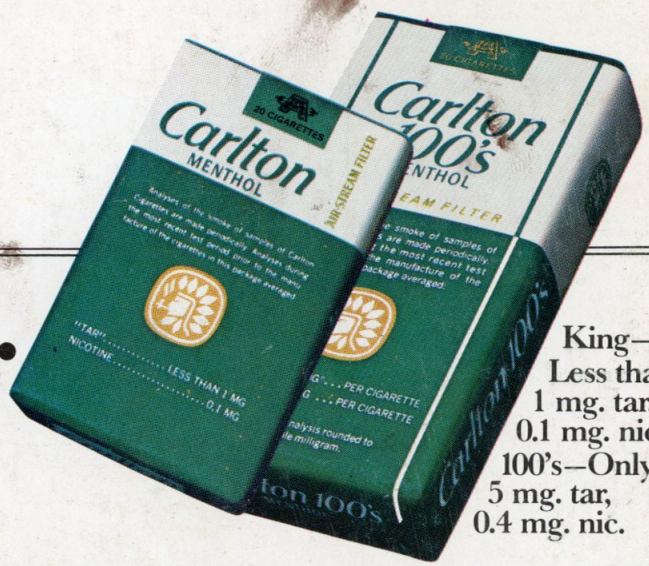

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